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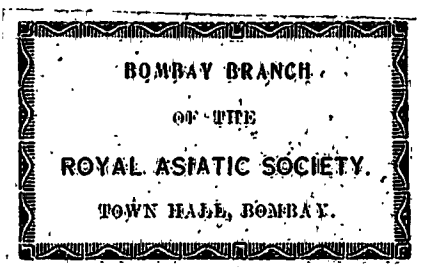

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HORÆ SUBSECIVÆ.

BY JOHN BROWN, M.D.
F R.S.E.

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"Ce fagotage de tant si diverses pièces, se faict en cette condition : que je n'y mets la main, que lors qu'une trop lasche oysifveté me presse."—MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

A SECOND SERIES.

NNA cc 5

EDINBURGH :
EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.
1861.

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"Who made you?" was asked of a small girl. She replied, "God made me that length," indicating with her two hands the ordinary size of a new-born infant; "and I growed the rest mysel'." This was before Topsy's time, and is wittier than even "'Spects I growed," and not less philosophical than Descartes' nihil *with Leibnitz's* nisi *as its rider.*

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THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE,
M.P. D.C.L. LL.D.

RECTOR of the University of Edinburgh,

from his

ASSESSOR.

ANDREW COVENTRY DICK,

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY,

AND

JOHN RUSKIN,

from their old

FRIEND.

PREFACE.

IN making my bow, with this Second Series, I don't go the length of the man (an ancestor, I suppose, of Uriah Heep) of whom Robert Hall tells, "that he was for ever begging pardon of all flesh for being in the body;" but I sincerely wish this volume had been better than it is, or half as good as I wished it to be. There have been many reasons for this; some good, some bad. Perhaps my wish was not strong enough to condense itself into will, and maybe could was not commensurate with would; or, as it is in the last line of an odd doggrel verse that comes into my head as I write—

"I wud nut lyv all ways,
I wud nut ef I cud;
But, I kneed nut fret about it,
'Caws I cudn't ef I wud."

These Hours must, I fear, appear to many *Sub-*

seciviores—idler than ever; and some of the studies—browner than brown. I had intended to sober them by two professional papers—one, on the Doctrine and Practice of Prevention in Medicine; and the other, on the Management of Convalescence, how to make the most of it; but these must wait for that season which we may hope Felix of old did after all encounter, and they will. For what is not mine, I am sure all my readers will thank me; and thank still more the kind friend who has, through my importunity, allowed me to steal so much of her "Mystifications," which I am mistaken greatly if my readers do not relish and value. I have, by the kindness of Dr. Cairns, appended my letter to him, which forms a supplementary chapter to his admirable Memoir of my father. I somehow wished it, lame and imperfect and wandering as it is, to be in these Hours. It is little else than an expansion, and often, I fear, a dilution of the noble passage, by the same friend and brother, which

closes the Preface to the First Series. . May my father's Master, and his, deal kindly with him, as he has dealt with the dead!

FEBRUARY 1861.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
VAUGHAN'S POEMS, ETC.	1
DR. CHALMERS	5
DR. GEORGE WILSON	97
DICK *MIHI*, OR *CUR*, WHY? Being Vestiges of the Natural History of the Creation of a Highland Terrier; with a new rendering of "*de cespite vivo*," and a Theory of BLACK and TAN.	113
HER LAST HALF-CROWN	129
OUR DOGS	135
QUEEN MARY'S CHILD-GARDEN	167
ΑΓΧΙΝΟΙΑ — NEARNESS OF THE ΝΟΥΣ — PRESENCE OF MIND—ΕΥΣΤΟΧΙΑ: HAPPY GUESSING	177
LETTER TO JOHN CAIRNS, D.D.	191
"MYSTIFICATIONS"	313
NOTES ON ART	329
"OH, I'M WAT, WAT!"	415

VAUGHAN'S POEMS, &c.

Ὅσα ἐστὶ προσφιλῆ—ταῦτα λογίζεσθε.—St. Paul.

VAUGHAN'S POEMS, &c.

WHAT do you think of Dr. Channing, Mr. Coleridge?" said a brisk young gentleman to the mighty discourser, as he sat next him at a small tea-party. "Before entering upon that question, Sir," said Coleridge, opening upon his inquirer those "noticeable grey eyes," with a vague and placid stare, and settling himself in his seat for the night, "I must put you in possession of my views, *in extenso*, on the origin, progress, present condition, future likelihoods, and absolute essence of the Unitarian controversy, and especially the conclusions I have, upon the whole, come to on the great question of what may be termed the philosophy of religious difference." In like manner, before telling our readers what we think of Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, or of "V.," or of Henry Ellison, the Bornnatural, or

of E. V. K., it would have been very pleasant (to ourselves) to have given, *in extenso*, our views *de Re Poeticâ*, its nature, its laws and office, its means and ends; and to have made known how much and how little we agreed on these points with such worthies as Aristotle and Plato, Horace and Richard Baxter, Petronius Arbiter and Blaise Pascal, Ulric von Hütten and Boileau, Hurdis and Hurd, Dr. Arnold and Montaigne, Harris of Salisbury and his famous uncle, Burke and "John Buncle," Montesquieu and Sir Philip Sidney, Dr. Johnson and the two Wartons, George Gascoyne and Spenser's friend Gabriel Harvey, Puttenham and Webbe, George Herbert and George Sand, Petrarch and Pinciano, Vida and Julius Cæsar Scaliger, Pontanus and Savage Landor, Leigh Hunt and Quinctilian, or Tacitus (whichever of the two wrote the Dialogue *De Oratoribus*, in which there is so much of the best philosophy, criticism, and expression), Lords Bacon and Buchan and Dr. Blair, Dugald Stewart and John Dryden, Charles Lamb and Professor Wilson, Vinet of Lausanne and John Foster, Lord Jeffrey and the two brothers Hare, Drs. Fuller and South, John Milton and Dr. Drake, Dante and "Edie Ochiltree," Wordsworth and John Bunyan, Plutarch and Winkelman, the

Coleridges, Samuel, Sara, Hartley, Derwent, and Henry Nelson, Sir Egerton Bridges, Victor Cousin and "the Doctor," George Moir and Madame de Staël, Dr. Fracastorius and Professor Keble, Martinus Scriblerus and Sir Thomas Browne, Macaulay and the Bishop of Cloyne, Collins and Gray and Sir James Mackintosh, Hazlitt and John Ruskin, Shakspere and Jackson of Exeter, Dallas and De Quincey, and the six Taylors, Jeremy, William, Isaac, Jane, John Edward, and Henry. We would have had great pleasure in quoting what these famous women and men have written on the essence and the art of poetry, and to have shown how strangely they differ, and how as strangely at times they agree. But as it is not related at what time of the evening our brisk young gentleman got his answer regarding Dr. Channing, so it likewise remains untold what our readers have lost and gained in our not fulfilling our somewhat extensive desire.

It is with poetry as with flowers or fruits, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, we would all rather have them, and smell them, and taste them, than hear about them. It is a good thing to know all about a lily, its scientific ins and outs, its botany, its archæology, its æsthetics, even its anatomy and "organic radicals," but it

is a better thing to look at itself, and "consider" it how it grows—

"White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure."

It is one thing to know what your peach is, that it is the fruit of a rosal exogen, and is of the nature of a true drupe, with its carpel solitary, and its style proceeding from the apex,—that its ovules are anatropal, and that its *putamen* separates *sponte suâ* from the sacrocarp; to know, moreover, how many kinds of peaches and nectarines there are in the world, and how happy the Canadian pigs must be of an evening munching the downy odoriferous drupes under the trees, and what an aroma this must give to the resulting pork,[1]—it is another and a better thing to pluck the peach, and sink your teeth into its fragrant flesh. We remember only one exception to this rule. Who has ever yet tasted the roast pig of reality which came up to the roast pig of Charles Lamb? Who can forget "that young and tender suckling, under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the stye, with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*—the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest, and which, when prepared aright, is, of all the delicacies in the

[1] We are given to understand that peach-fed pork is a poor pork after all, and goes soon into decomposition. We are not sorry to know this.

mundus edibilis, the most delicate—*obsoniorum facile princeps*—whose fat is not fat, but an indefinable sweetness growing up toward it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence, the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean not lean, but a kind of animal manna—*cœlestis—cibus ille angelorum*—or rather shall we say, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosial result." But here, as elsewhere, the exception proves the rule, and even the perusal of "Original" Walker's delicious schemes of dinners at Lovegrove's, with flounders water-zoutched, and iced claret, would stand little chance against an invitation to a party of six to Blackwall, with "Tom Young of the Treasury" as Prime Minister.

Poetry is the expression of the beautiful—by words—the beautiful of the outer and of the inner world; whatever is delectable to the eye or the ear, the every sense of the body and of the soul—it presides over *veras dulcedines rerum*. It implies at once a vision and a faculty, a gift and an art. There must be the vivid conception of the beautiful, and its fit manifestation in numerous language. A thought may be poetical, and yet not poetry; it may be a sort of

mother liquor, holding in solution the poetical element, but waiting and wanting its precipitation,—its concentration into the bright and compacted crystal. It is the very blossom and fragrancy and bloom of all human thoughts, passions, emotions, language; having for its immediate object—its very essence—pleasure and delectation rather than truth; but springing from truth, as the flower from its fixed and unseen root. To use the words of Puttenham in reference to SirWalter Raleigh, poetry is a lofty, insolent (unusual) and passionate thing.

It is not philosophy, it is not science, it is not morality, it is not religion, any more than red is or ever can be blue or yellow, or than one thing can ever be another; but it feeds on, it glorifies and exalts, it impassionates them all. A poet will be the better of all the wisdom, and all the goodness, and all the science, and all the talent he can gather into himself, but *quâ* poet he is a minister and an interpreter of τὸ καλὸν, and of nothing else. Philosophy and poetry are not opposites, but neither are they convertibles. They are twin sisters;—in the words of Augustine:—"PHILOCALIA *et* PHILOSOPHIA *prope similiter cognominatæ sunt, et quasi gentiles inter se videri volunt et sunt. Quid est enim Philosophia? amor sapientiæ. Quid Philocalia? amor*

pulchritudinis. Germanæ igitur istæ sunt prorsus, et eodem parente procreatæ." Fracastorius beautifully illustrates this in his "*Naugerius, sive De Poeticâ Dialogus.*" He has been dividing writers, or composers as he calls them, into historians, or those who record appearances; philosophers, who seek out causes; and poets, who perceive and express *veras pulchritudines rerum, quicquid maximum et magnificum, quicquid pulcherrimum, quicquid dulcissimum;* and as an example, he says, if the historian describe the ongoings of this visible universe; I am taught; if the philosopher announce the doctrine of a spiritual essence pervading and regulating all things, I admire; but if the poet take up the same theme, and sing—

> "*Principio cœlum ac terras camposque liquentes*
> *Lucentemque globum lunæ, titaniaquè astra*
> *Spiritus intus alit; totamque infusa per artus*
> *Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.*"

"*Si inquam, eandem rem, hoc pacto referat mihi, non admirabor solum, sed adamabo: et divinum nescio quid, in animum mihi immissum existimabo.*"

In the quotation which he gives, we at once detect the proper tools and cunning of the poet: fancy gives us *liquentes campos, titania astra, lucentem globum lunæ*, and phantasy or imagina-

tion, in virtue of its royal and transmuting power, gives us *intus alit—infusa per artus*—and that magnificent idea, *magno se corpore miscet*—this is the *divinum nescio quid*—the proper work of the imagination—the master and specific faculty of the poet—that which makes him what he is, as the wings make a bird, and which, to borrow the noble words of the Book of Wisdom, "is more moving than motion,—is one only, and yet manifold, subtle, lively, clear, plain, quick, which cannot be letted, passing and going through all things by reason of her pureness; being one, she can do all things; and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new."

The following is Fracastorius' definition of a man who not only writes verses, but is by nature a poet: "*Est autem ille naturâ poeta, qui aptus est veris rerum pulchritudinibus capi monerique; et qui per illas loqui et scribere potest;*" and he gives the lines of Virgil,—

"*Aut sicuti nigrum*
Ilicibus crebris sacra nemus accubat umbra,"

as an instance of the poetical transformation. All that was merely actual or informative might have been given in the words *sicuti nemus*, but phantasy sets to work, and *videte, per quas pulchritudines, nemus depinxit; addens* ACCUBAT, ET NIGRUM *crebris ilicibus et* SACRA UMBRA! *quam*

ob rem, recte Pontanus dicebat, finem esse poetæ, apposite dicere ad admirationem, simpliciter, et per universalem bene dicendi idèam. This is what we call the *beau idéal*, or κατ' ἐξοχὴν the ideal—what Bacon describes as "a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul, and the exhibition of which doth raise and erect the mind by submitting *the shews of things* to the desires of the mind." It is "the wondrous and goodly paterne" of which Spenser sings in his "Hymne in honour of Beautie:"—

"What time this world's great Workmaister did cast
To make al things such as we now behold,
It seems that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly Paterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashioned them, as comely as he could,
That now so faire and seemly they appeare,
As nought may be amended any wheare.

"That wondrous Paterne wheresoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore—
That is the thing that giveth pleasant grace
To all things fair.

"For through infusion of celestial powre
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,

And life-full spirits privily doth powre
Through all the parts, that to the looker's sight
They seeme to please."

It is that "loveliness" which Mr. Ruskin calls "the signature of God on his works," the dazzling printings of His fingers, and to the unfolding of which he has devoted, with so much of the highest philosophy and eloquence, a great part of the second volume of "Modern Painters."

But we are as bad as Mr. Coleridge, and are defrauding our readers of their fruits and flowers, their peaches and lilies.

Henry Vaughan, "Silurist," as he was called, from his being born in South Wales, the country of the *Silures*, was sprung from one of the most ancient and noble families of the Principality. Two of his ancestors, Sir Roger Vaughan and Sir David Gam, fell at Agincourt. It is said that Shakspere visited Scethrog, the family-castle in Brecknockshire; and Malone guesses that it was when there that he fell in with the word "Puck." Near Scethrog, there is Cwn-Pooky, or Pwcca, the Goblin's valley, which belonged to the Vaughans;

"Sic sedebat."

and Crofton Croker gives, in his Fairy Legends, a fac-simile of a portrait, drawn by a Welsh peasant, of a Pwcca, which (whom?) he himself had seen sitting on a mile-stone,[1] by the road-side, in the early morning, a very unlikely personage, one would think, to say,—

"I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow."

We can more easily imagine him as one of those Sprites—

"That do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the Sun,
Following darkness like a dream."

Henry, our poet, was born in 1621; and had a twin-brother, Thomas. Newton, his birth-

[1] We confess to being considerably affected when we look at this odd little fellow, as he sits there with his innocent upturned toes, and a certain forlorn dignity and meek sadness, as of "one who once had wings." What is he? and whence? Is he a surface or a substance? is he smooth and warm? is he glossy, like a blackberry? or has he on him "the raven down of darkness," like an unfledged chick of night? and if we smoothed him, would he smile? Does that large eye wink? and is it a hole through to the other side? (whatever that may be;) and is that a small crescent moon of darkness swimming in its disc? or does the eye disclose a bright light from within, where his soul sits and enjoys bright day? Is he a point of admiration whose head is too heavy, or a quaver or crotchet that has lost his neighbours, and fallen out of the scale? Is he an aspiring Tadpole in search of an idea? What have been and what will be the fortunes of this our small Nigel. (*Nigellus*)? Think of

place, is now a farm-house on the banks of the Usk, the scenery of which is of great beauty. The twins entered Jesus College, Oxford, in 1638. This was early in the Great Rebellion, and Charles then kept his Court at Oxford. The young Vaughans were hot Royalists; Thomas bore arms, and Henry was imprisoned. Thomas, after many perils, retired to Oxford, and devoted his life to alchemy, under the patronage of Sir Robert Murray, Secretary of State for Scotland, himself addicted to these studies. He published a number of works, with such titles as "*Anthroposophia Theomagica*, or a Discourse of the Nature of Man, and his State after Death, grounded on his Creator's Proto-chemistry;" "*Magia Adamica*, with a full discovery of the true *Cælum terræ*, or the Magician's Heavenly Chaos and the first matter of all things."

Henry seems to have been intimate with the

"Elia" having him sent up from the Goblin Valley, packed in wool, and finding him lively! how he and "Mary" would doat upon him, feeding him upon some celestial, unspeakable *pap*, "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, or Cytherea's breath." How the brother and sister would croon over him "with murmurs made to bless," calling him their "tender novice" "in the first bloom of his nigritude," their belated straggler from the "rear of darkness thin," their little night-shade, not deadly, their infantile Will-o'-the-wisp caught before his sins, their "poor Blot," "their innocent Blackness," their "dim Speck."

famous wits of his time: "Great Ben," Cartwright, Randolph, Fletcher, &c. His first publication was in 1646:—"Poems, with the Tenth Satyre of Juvenal Englished, by Henry Vaughan, Gent." After taking his degree in London as M.D., he settled at his birthplace, Newton, where he lived and died the doctor of the district. About this time he prepared for the press his little volume, "Olor Iscanus, the Swan of Usk," which was afterwards published by his brother Thomas, without the poet's consent. We are fortunate in possessing a copy of this curious volume, which is now marked in the Catalogues as "*Rariss.*" It contains a few original poems; some of them epistles to his friends, hit off with great vigour, wit, and humour. Speaking of the change of times, and the reign of the Roundheads, he says,—

"Here's brotherly Ruffs and Beards, and a strange sight
Of high monumental Hats, tane at the fight
Of eighty-eight; while every Burgesse foots
The mortal Pavement in eternall boots."

There is a line in one of the letters which strikes us as of great beauty:—

"Feed on the vocal silence of his eye."

And there is a very clever poem *Ad Amicum Fœneratorem*, in defiance of his friend's demand of repayment of a loan.

There is great beauty and delicacy of expression in these two stanzas of an epithalamium:—

"Blessings as rich and fragrant crown your heads,
As the mild heaven on roses sheds,
When at their cheeks (like pearls) they weare
The clouds that court them in a tear.

"Fresh as the houres may all your pleasures be,
And healthfull as Eternitie!
Sweet as the flowre's first breath, and close
As th' unseen spreadings of the Rose
When she unfolds her curtained head,
And makes her bosome the Sun's bed!"

The translations from Ovid, Boece, and Cassimir, are excellent.

The following lines conclude an invitation to a friend:—

"Come then! and while the slow isicle hangs
At the stiffe thatch, and Winter's frosty pangs
Benumme the year, blithe as of old let us
Mid' noise and war, of peace and mirth discusse.
This portion thou wert born for. Why should we
Vex at the time's ridiculous miserie?
An age that thus hath fooled itself, and will,
Spite of thy teeth and mine, persist so still.
Let's sit then at this fire; and, while wee steal
A revell in the Town, let others seal,
Purchase, and cheat, and who can let them pay,
Till those black deeds bring on the darksome day.
Innocent spenders wee! a better use
Shall wear out our short lease, and leave the obtuse
Rout to their husks. They and their bags at best
Have cares in earnest. Wee care for a jest!"

When about thirty years of age, he had a long and serious illness, during which his mind underwent an entire and final change on the most important of all subjects; and thenceforward he seems to have lived "soberly, righteously, and godly."

In his Preface to the "*Silex Scintillans*," he says, "The God of the spirits of all flesh hath granted me a further use of mine than I did look for in the body; and when I expected and had prepared for a message of death, then did he answer me with life; I hope to his glory, and my great advantage; that I may flourish not with leafe only, but with some fruit also." And he speaks of himself as one of the converts of "that blessed man, Mr. George Herbert."

Soon after, he published a little volume, called "*Flores Solitudinis*," partly prose and partly verse. The prose, as Mr. Lyte justly remarks, is simple and nervous, unlike his poetry, which is occasionally deformed with the conceit of his time.

The verses entitled "St. Paulinus to his wife Theresia," have much of the vigour and thoughtfulness and point of Cowper. In 1655, he published a second edition, or more correctly a re-issue, for it was not reprinted, of his *Silex Scintillans*, with a second part added. He seems

not to have given anything after this to the public, during the next forty years of his life.

He was twice married, and died in 1695, aged 73, at Newton, on the banks of his beloved Usk, where he had spent his useful, blameless, and, we doubt not, happy life; living from day to day in the eye of Nature, and in his solitary rides and walks in that wild and beautiful country, finding full exercise for that fine sense of the beauty and wondrousness of all visible things, "the earth and every common sight," the expression of which he has so worthily embodied in his poems.

In "The Retreate," he thus expresses this passionate love of Nature—

"Happy those early dayes, when I
Shin'd in my Angell-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, Celestiall thought;
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded Cloud or flowre
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound

My Conscience with a sinfule sound,
Or had the black art to dispence
A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sence,
But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright shootes of everlastingnesse.
O how I long to travell back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine;
From whence th' Inlightned spirit sees
That shady City of Palme trees."

To use the words of Lord Jeffrey as applied to Shakspeare, Vaughan seems to have had in large measure and of finest quality, "that indestructible love of flowers, and odours, and dews, and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight, which are the material elements of poetry; and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion which is its essence and its vivifying power."

And though what Sir Walter says of the country surgeon is too true, that he is worse fed and harder wrought than any one else in the parish, except it be his horse; still, to a man like Vaughan, to whom the love of nature and its scrutiny was a constant passion, few occupations could have furnished ampler and more exquisite manifestations of her magnificence and beauty.

Many of his finest descriptions give us quite the notion of their having been composed when going his rounds on his Welsh pony among the glens and hills, and their unspeakable solitudes. Such lines as the following to a Star were probably direct from nature on some cloudless night:—

"Whatever 'tis, whose beauty here below
Attracts thee thus, and makes thee stream and flow,
And winde and curle, and wink and smile,
Shifting thy gate and guile."

He is one of the earliest of our poets who treats external nature subjectively rather than objectively, in which he was followed by Gray (especially in his letters) and Collins and Cowper, and in some measure by Warton, until it reached its consummation, and perhaps its excess, in Wordsworth.

We shall now give our readers some specimens from the reprint of the *Silex* by Mr. Pickering, so admirably edited by the Rev. H. F. Lyte, himself a true poet, of whose careful life of our author we have made very free use.

THE TIMBER.

"Sure thou didst flourish once! and many Springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers

Past o'er thy head: many light Hearts and Wings,
Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.

" And still a new succession sings and flies;
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies;
While the low Violet thriveth at their root.

" But thou beneath the sad and heavy Line
Of death dost waste all senseless, cold and dark;
Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,
Nor any thought of greenness, leaf or bark.

" And yet, as if some deep hate and dissent,
Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,
Were still alive, thou dost great storms resent,
Before they come, and know'st how near they be.

" Else all at rest thou lyest, and the fierce breath
Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease;
But this thy strange resentment after death
Means only those who broke in life thy peace."

This poem is founded upon the superstition that a tree which had been blown down by the wind gave signs of restlessness and anger before the coming of a storm from the quarter whence came its own fall. It seems to us full of the finest phantasy and expression.

THE WORLD.

"I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright;

And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd."

There is a wonderful magnificence about this; and what a Bunyan-like reality is given to the vision by "*the other night*"!

MAN.

"Weighing the stedfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful Clocks the noiseless date
And Intercourse of times divide,
Where Bees at night get home and hive, and flowrs,
Early as well as late,
Rise with the Sun, and set in the same bowrs:

"I would, said I, my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for these
To His divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine,
The flowres without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never drest so fine.

"Man hath still either toyes or Care;
He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd,
But ever restless and Irregular
About this Earth doth run and ride.
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where;
He says it is so far,
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

"He knocks at all doors, strays and roams:
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have,

Which in the darkest nights point to their homes
By some hid sense their Maker gave:
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest."

There is great moral force about this; its measure and words put one in mind of the majestic lines of Shirley, beginning

"The glories of our earthly state
Are shadows, not substantial things."

COCK-CROWING.

"Father of lights! what Sunnie seed,
What glance of day hast thou confin'd
Into this bird? To all the breed
This busie Ray thou hast assign'd;
Their magnetisme works all night,
And dreams of Paradise and light.

"Their eyes watch for the morning-hue,
Their little grain expelling night
So shines and sings, as if it knew
The path unto the house of light.
It seems their candle, howe'er done,
Was tinn'd and lighted at the sunne."

This is a conceit, but an exquisite one.

PROVIDENCE.

"Sacred and secret hand!
By whose assisting, swift command
The Angel shewd that holy Well,
Which freed poor Hagar from her fears,
And turn'd to smiles the begging tears
Of yong, distressëd Ishmael."

There is something very beautiful and touching in the opening of this on Providence, and in the "yong distressëd Ishmael."

THE DAWNING.

"Ah! what time wilt thou come? when shall that crie,
The Bridegroome's Comming! fill the sky?
Shall it in the Evening run
When our words and works are done?
Or will thy all-surprizing light
Break at midnight,
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure
Possesseth mad man without measure?
Or shall these early, fragrant hours
Unlock thy bowres?
And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crown'd with eternitie?
Indeed, it is the only time
That with thy glory doth best chime;
All now are stirring, ev'ry field
Full hymns doth yield;
The whole Creation shakes off night,
And for thy shadow looks the light."

This last line is full of grandeur and originality.

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

"Lord, when thou didst on *Sinai* pitch,
And shine from *Paran*, when a firie Law,
Pronounc'd with thunder and thy threats, did thaw
Thy People's hearts, when all thy weeds were rich,
And Inaccessible for light,
Terrour, and might;—

How did poore flesh, which after thou didst weare,
Then faint and fear!
Thy Chosen flock, like leafs in a high wind,
Whisper'd obedience, and their heads inclin'd."

The idea in the last lines, we may suppose, was suggested by what Isaiah says of the effect produced on Ahaz and the men of Judah, when they heard that Rezin, king of Syria, had joined Israel against them. "And his heart was moved, and the heart of his people, *as the trees of the wood are moved by the winds.*"

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"Welcome, dear book, soul's Joy and food! The feast
Of Spirits; Heav'n extracted lyes in thee.
Thou art life's Charter, The Dove's spotless nest
Where souls are hatch'd unto Eternitie.

"In thee the hidden stone, the Manna lies;
Thou art the great Elixir rare and Choice;
The Key that opens to all Mysteries,
The Word in Characters, God in the Voice."

This is very like Herbert, and not inferior to him.

In a poem having the odd mark of "¶," and which seems to have been written after the death of some dear friends, are these two stanzas, the last of which is singularly pathetic:—

"They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingring here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

"He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair Dell or Grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown."

Referring to Nicodemus visiting our Lord:—

THE NIGHT. (JOHN III. 2.)

"Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blinde eyes
Thy long expected healing wings could see,
When thou didst rise;
And, what can never more be done,
Did at midnight speak with the Sun!

"O who will tell me where
He found thee at that dead and silent hour?
What hallow'd solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower;
Within whose sacred leaves did lie
The fulness of the Deity?

"No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty Cherub, nor carved stone,
But his own living works, did my Lord hold
And lodge alone;
Where trees and herbs did watch and peep,
And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

"Dear night! this world's defeat;
The stop to busie fools; care's check and curb;

The day of Spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christ's[1] progress and his prayer time;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

"God's silent, searching flight:
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
His still, soft call;
His knocking time; the soul's dumb watch,
When spirits their Fair Kindred catch.

"Were all my loud, evil days,
Calm and unhaunted as is Thy dark Tent,
Whose peace but by some Angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent;
Then I in Heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here."

At the end he has these striking words—

"There is in God, some say,
A deep but dazzling darkness——"

This brings to our mind the concluding sentence of Mr. Ruskin's fifth chapter in his second volume—"The infinity of God is not mysterious, it is only unfathomable; not concealed, but incomprehensible; *it is a clear infinity, the darkness of the pure, unsearchable sea.*" Plato, if we rightly remember, says—"Truth is the body of God, light is His shadow."

[1] Mark i. 35; Luke xxi. 37.

Death.

"Though since thy first sad entrance
By just Abel's blood,
'Tis now six thousand years well nigh,
And still thy sovereignty holds good;
Yet by none art thou understood.

"We talk and name thee with much ease,
As a tryed thing,
And every one can slight his lease,
As if it ended in a Spring,
Which shades and bowers doth rent-free bring.

"To thy dark land these heedless go,
But there was One
Who search'd it quite through to and fro,
And then, returning like the Sun,
Discover'd all that there is done.

"And since his death we throughly see
All thy dark way;
Thy shades but thin and narrow be,
Which his first looks will quickly fray:
Mists make but triumphs for the day."

The Water-fall.

"With what deep murmurs, through time's silent stealth,
Doth thy transparent, cool and watry wealth
Here flowing fall,
And chide and call,
As if his liquid, loose Retinue staid
Lingring, and were of this steep place afraid."

THE SHOWER.

"Waters above! Eternal springs!
The dew that silvers the Dove's wings!
O welcome, welcome to the sad!
Give dry dust drink, drink that makes glad.
Many fair Evenings, many flowers
Sweetened with rich and gentle showers,
Have I enjoyed, and down have run
Many a fine and shining Sun;
But never, till this happy hour,
Was blest with such an evening shower!"

What a curious felicity about the repetition of "drink" in the fourth line.

"Isaac's Marriage" is one of the best of the pieces, but is too long for insertion.

"THE RAINBOW"

has seldom been better sung:

"Still young and fine! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnisht, flaming Arch did first descry!
When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine darkness looks white and fair,
Forms turn to Musick, clouds to smiles and air:
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.

Bright pledge of peace and Sunshine! the sure tye
Of thy Lord's hand, the object[1] of His eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in thine see Him
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And mindes the Covenant 'twixt *All* and *One*.

What a knot of the grey fathers!

"Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot!"

Our readers will see whence Campbell stole, and how he spoiled in the stealing (by omitting the word "youthful"), the well-known line in his "Rainbow"—

"How came the world's grey fathers forth
To view the sacred sign."

Campbell did not disdain to take this, and no one will say much against him, though it looks ill, occurring in a poem on the rainbow; but we cannot so easily forgive him for saying that "Vaughan is one of the harshest even of the inferior order of conceit, having some few scattered thoughts that meet our eye amidst his harsh pages, like wild flowers on a barren heath."

"Rules and Lessons" is his longest andone of his best poems; but we must send our readers to the book itself, where they will find much to make them grateful to "The Silurist" and to

[1] Gen. ix. 16.

Mr. Pickering, who has already done such good service for the best of our elder literature.

We have said little about the deep godliness, the spiritual Christianity, with which every poem is penetrated and quickened. Those who can detect and relish this best, will not be the worse pleased at our saying little about it. Vaughan's religion is deep, lively, personal, tender, kindly, impassioned, temperate, central. His religion grows up, effloresces into the ideas and forms of poetry as naturally, as noiselessly, as beautifully as the life of the unseen seed finds its way up into the "bright consummate flower."

Of "IX. Poems by V.," we would say with the *Quarterly*, βαιὰ μὲν, ἀλλὰ *ΡΟΔΑ*. They combine rare excellences; the concentration, the finish, the gravity of a man's thought, with the tenderness, the insight, the constitutional sorrowfulness of a woman's—her purity, her passionateness, her delicate and keen sense and expression. We confess we would rather have been the author of any one of the nine poems in this little volume, than of the somewhat tremendous, absurd, raw, loud, and fuliginous "Festus," with his many thousands of lines and his amazing reputation, his bad English, bad religion, bad philosophy, and very bad jokes—his "buttered

thunder" (this is his own phrase), and his poor devil of a Lucifer—we would, we repeat (having in this our *subita ac sæva indignatio* run ourselves a little out of breath), as much rather keep company with "V." than with Mr. Bailey, as we would prefer going to sea for *pleasure*, in a trim little yacht, with its free motions, its quiet, its cleanliness, to taking a state berth in some Fire-King steamer of one thousand horse power, with his mighty and troublous throb, his smoke, his exasperated steam, his clangour, and fire and fury, his oils and smells.

Had we time, and were this the fit place, we could, we think, make something out of this comparison of the boat with its sail and its rudder, and the unseen, wayward, serviceable winds playing about it, inspiring it, and swaying its course,—and the iron steamer, with its machinery, its coarse energy, its noises and philosophy, its ungainly build and gait, its perilousness from within; and we think we could show how much of what Aristotle, Lord Jeffrey, Charles Lamb, or Edmund Burke would have called genuine poetry there is in the slender "V.," and how little in the big "Festus." We have made repeated attempts, but we cannot get through this poem. It beats us. We must want the *Festus* sense. Some of

our best friends, with whom we generally agree on such matters, are distressed for us, and repeat long passages with great energy and apparent intelligence and satisfaction. Meanwhile, having read the six pages of public opinion at the end of the third and People's edition, we take it for granted that it is a great performance, that, to use one of the author's own words, there is a mighty "*somethingness*" about it—and we can entirely acquiesce in the quotation from *The Sunday Times*, that they "read it with astonishment, and closed it with bewilderment." It would appear from these opinions, which from their intensity, variety, and number (upwards of 50), are curious signs of the times, that Mr. Bailey has not so much improved on, as happily superseded the authors of Job and Ecclesiastes, of the Divine Comedy, of Paradise Lost and Regained, of Dr. Faustus, Hamlet, and Faust, of Don Juan, the Course of Time, St. Leon, the Jolly Beggars, and the Loves of the Angels.

He is more sublime and simple than Job—more royally witty and wise, more to the quick and the point than Solomon—more picturesque, more intense, more pathetic than Dante—more Miltonic (we have no other word) than Milton—more dreadful, more curiously blasphemous, more sonorous than Marlowe—more worldly-wise

and clever, and intellectually *svelt* than Goethe. More passionate, more eloquent, more impudent than Byron—more orthodox, more edifying, more precocious than Pollok—more absorptive and inveterate than Godwin; and more hearty and tender, more of love and manhood all compact than Burns—more gay than Moore—more μυριάνους than Shakspeare.

It may be so. We have made repeated and resolute incursions in various directions into his torrid zone, but have always come out greatly scorched and stunned and affronted. Never before did we come across such an amount of energetic and tremendous words, going "sounding on their dim and perilous way," like a cataract at midnight—not flowing like a stream, nor leaping like a clear waterfall, but always among breakers—roaring and tearing and tempesting with a sort of transcendental din; and then what power of energizing and speaking, and philosophizing and preaching, and laughing and joking and love-making, *in vacuo!* As far as we can judge, and as far as we can keep our senses in such a region, it seems to us not a poem at all, hardly even poetical—but rather the materials for a poem, made up of science, religion, and love, the (very raw) materials of a structure—as if the bricks and mortar,

and lath and plaster, and furniture, and fire and fuel and meat and drink, and inhabitants male and female, of a house were all mixed "through other" in one enormous *imbroglio.* It is a sort of fire-mist, out of which poetry, like a star, might by curdling, condensation, crystallization, have been developed, after much purging, refining, and cooling, much time and pains. Mr. Bailey is, we believe, still a young man full of energy—full, we doubt not, of great and good aims; let him read over a passage, we daresay he knows it well, in the second book of Milton on Church Government, he will there, among many other things worthy of his regard, find that "the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within," which is the haunt and main region of his song, may be "painted out and described" with "*a solid and treatable smoothness.*" If he paint out and describe after this manner, he may yet more than make up for this sin of his youth; and let him take our word for it and fling away nine-tenths of his adjectives, and in the words of Old Shirley—

"Compose his poem clean without 'em.
A row of stately SUBSTANTIVES would march
Like Switzers, and bear all the fields before 'em;
Carry their weight; show fair, like Deeds enroll'd;
Not Writs, that are first made and after filed.
Thence first came up the title of Blank Verse;—

You know, sir, what Blank signifies;—when the sense,
First framed, is tied with adjectives like points,
Hang't, 'tis pedantic vulgar poetry.
Let children, when they versify, stick here
And there, these piddling words for want of matter.
Poets write masculine numbers."

Here are some of "V.'s" Roses—

THE GRAVE.

"I stood within the grave's o'ershadowing vault;
Gloomy and damp it stretch'd its vast domain;
Shades were its boundary; for my strain'd eye sought
For other limit to its width in vain.

"Faint from the entrance came a daylight ray,
And distant sound of living men and things;
This, in th' encountering darkness pass'd away,
That, took the tone in which a mourner sings.

"I lit a torch at a sepulchral lamp,
Which shot a thread of light amid the gloom;
And feebly burning 'gainst the rolling damp,
I bore it through the regions of the tomb.

"Around me stretch'd the slumbers of the dead,
Whereof the silence ached upon my ear;
More and more noiseless did I make my tread,
And yet its echoes chill'd my heart with fear.

"The former men of every age and place,
From all their wand'rings gather'd, round me lay;
The dust of wither'd Empires did I trace,
And stood 'mid Generations pass'd away.

"I saw whole cities, that in flood or fire,
Or famine or the plague, gave up their breath;
Whole armies whom a day beheld expire,
Swept by ten thousands to the arms of Death.

"I saw the old world's white and wave-swept bones,
A giant heap of creatures that had been;
Far and confused the broken skeletons
Lay strewn beyond mine eye's remotest ken.

"Death's various shrines—the Urn, the Stone, the Lamp—
Were scatter'd round, confused, amid the dead;
Symbols and Types were mould'ring in the damp,
Their shapes were waning and their meaning fled.

"Unspoken tongues, perchance in praise or wo,
Were character'd on tablets Time had swept;
And deep were half their letters hid below
The thick small dust of those they once had wept.

"No hand was here to wipe the dust away;
No reader of the writing traced beneath;
No spirit sitting by its form of clay;
No sigh nor sound from all the heaps of Death.

"*One place alone had ceased to hold its prey;*
A form had press'd it and was there no more;
The garments of the Grave beside it lay,
Where once they wrapp'd him on the rocky floor.

"*He only with returning footsteps broke*
Th' eternal calm wherewith the Tomb was bound;
Among the sleeping Dead alone He woke,
And bless'd with outstretch'd hands the host around.

"*Well is it that such blessing hovers here,*
To soothe each sad survivor of the throng,
Who haunt the portals of the solemn sphere,
And pour their wo the loaded air along.

"*They to the verge have follow'd what they love,*
And on th' insuperable threshold stand;
With cherish'd names its speechless calm reprove,
And stretch in the abyss their ungrasp'd hand.

"But vainly there they seek their soul's relief,
And of th' obdurate Grave its prey implore;
Till Death himself shall medicine their grief,
Closing their eyes by those they wept before.

"All that have died, the Earth's whole race, repose
Where Death collects his Treasures, heap on heap;
O'er each one's busy day, the nightshades close;
Its Actors, Sufferers, Schools, Kings, Armies—sleep."

The lines in italics are of the highest quality, both in thought and word; the allusion to Him who by dying abolished death, seems to us wonderfully fine—sudden, simple,—it brings to our mind the lines already quoted from Vaughan:—

"But there was One
Who search'd it quite through to and fro,
And then returning like the Sun,
Discover'd all that there is done."

What a rich line this is!

"And pour their wo the loaded air along."

"The insuperable threshold!"

Do our readers remember the dying Corinne's words? *Je mourrais seule—au reste, ce moment se passe de secours; nos amis ne peuvent nous suivre que jusqu'au seuil de la vie. Là, commencent des pensées dont le trouble et la profondeur ne sauraient se confier.*

We have only space for one more—verses entitled "Heart's-Ease."

HEART'S-EASE.

" Oh, Heart's-Ease, dost thou lie within that flower?
How shall I draw thee thence?—so much I need
The healing aid of thine enshrinèd power
To veil the past—and bid the time good speed!

" I gather it—it withers on my breast;
The heart's-ease dies when it is laid on mine;
Methinks there is no shape by Joy possess'd,
Would better fare than thou, upon that shrine.

" Take from me things gone by—oh! change the past—
Renew the lost—restore me the decay'd;—
Bring back the days whose tide has ebb'd so fast—
Give form again to the fantastic shade!

" My hope, that never grew to certainty,—
My youth, that perish'd in its vain desire,—
My fond ambition, crush'd ere it could be
Aught save a self-consuming, wasted fire:

" Bring these anew, and set me once again
In the delusion of Life's Infancy—
I was not happy, but I knew not then
That happy I was never doom'd to be.

" Till these things are, and powers divine descend—
Love, kindness, joy, and hope, to gild my day,
In vain the emblem leaves towards me bend,
Thy Spirit, Heart's-Ease, is too far away!"

We would fain have given two poems entitled " Bessy " and " Youth and Age." Everything in this little volume is select and good. Sensibility and sense in right measure and proportion and keeping, and in pure, strong, classical

language; no intemperance of thought or phrase. Why does not "V." write more?

We do not very well know how to introduce our friend Mr. Ellison, "The Bornnatural," who addresses his "Madmoments to the Light-headed of Society at large." We feel as a father, a mother, or other near of kin would at introducing an ungainly gifted and much loved son or kinsman, who had the knack of putting his worst foot foremost, and making himself *imprimis* ridiculous.

There is something wrong in all awkwardness, a want of nature *somewhere*, and we feel affronted even still, after we have taken the Bornnatural[1] to our heart, and admire and love him, at his absurd gratuitous self-befoolment. The book is at first sight one farrago of oddities and offences—coarse foreign paper—bad printing—italics broad-cast over every page—the words run into each other in a way we are glad to say is as yet quite original, making such extraordinary monsters of words as these—beingsriddle—sunbeammotes—gooddeed—midjune—summerair—selffavour—seraphechoes—puredeed-

[1] In his Preface he explains the title Bornnatural, as meaning "one who inherits the natural sentiments and tastes to which he was born, still artunsullied and customfree."

prompter—barkskeel, &c. Now we like Anglo-Saxon and the polygamous German,[1] but we like better the well of English undefiled—a well, by the bye, much oftener spoken of than drawn from; but to fashion such words as these words are, is as monstrous as for a painter to *compose* an animal not out of the elements, but out of the entire bodies of several, of an ass, for instance, a cock and a crocodile, so as to produce an outrageous individual, with whom even a duck-billed Platypus would think twice before he fraternized—ornithorynchous and paradoxical though he be, poor fellow.

And yet our Bornnatural's two thick and closely small-printed volumes are as full of poetry as is an "impassioned grape" of its noble liquor.

He is a true poet. But he has not the art of *singling* his thoughts, an art as useful in composition as in husbandry, as necessary for young fancies as young turnips. Those who have seen our turnip fields in early summer, with

[1] *ex. gr.—Konstantinopolitanischerdudelsackspfeifergeselle.* Here is a word as long as the sea-serpent—but, like it, having a head and tail, being what lawyers call *unum quid* —not an up and down series of infatuated *phocæ*, as Professor Owen somewhat insolently asserts. Here is what the Bornnatural would have made of it—

AConstantinopolitanbagpiperoutofhisapprenticeship.

the hoers at their work, will understand our reference. If any one wishes to read these really remarkable volumes, we would advise them to begin with "Season Changes" and "Emma, a Tale." We give two Odes on Psyche, which are as nearly perfect as anything out of Milton or Tennyson.

The story is the well-known one of Psyche and Cupid, told at such length, and with so much beauty and pathos and picturesqueness by Apuleius, in his "Golden Ass." Psyche is the human soul—a beautiful young woman. Cupid is spiritual, heavenly love—a comely youth. They are married, and live in perfect happiness, but, by a strange decree of fate, he comes and goes unseen, tarrying only for the night; and he has told her, that if she looks on him with her bodily eye, if she tries to break through the darkness in which they dwell, then he must leave her, and for ever. Her two sisters—Anger and Desire, tempt Psyche. She yields to their evil counsel, and thus it fares with her:—

ODE TO PSYCHE.

"1. Let not a sigh be breathed, or he is flown!
With tiptoe stealth she glides, and throbbing breast,
Towards the bed, like one who dares not own
Her purpose, and half shrinks, yet cannot rest
From her rash Essay: in one trembling hand
She bears a lamp, which sparkles on a sword;

In the dim light she seems a wandering dream
Of loveliness: 'tis Psyche and her Lord,
Her yet unseen, who slumbers like a beam
Of moonlight, vanishing as soon as scann'd!

" 2. One Moment, and all bliss hath fled her heart,
Like windstole odours from the rosebud's cell,
Or as the earthdashed dewdrop which no art
Can e'er replace: alas! we learn fullwell
How beautiful the Past when it is o'er,
But with seal'd eyes we hurry to the brink,
Blind as the waterfall: oh, stay thy feet,
Thou rash one, be content to know no more
Of bliss than thy heart teaches thee, nor think
The sensual eye can grasp a form more sweet—

" 3. Than that which for itself the soul should chuse
For higher adoration; but in vain!
Onward she moves, and as the lamp's faint hues
Flicker around, her charmëd eyeballs strain,
For there he lies in undreamt loveliness!
Softly she steals towards him, and bends o'er
His slumberlidded eyes, as a lily droops
Faint o'er a folded rose: one caress
She would but dares not take, and as she stood,
An oildrop from the lamp fell burning sore!

" 4. Thereat sleepfray'd, dreamlike the God takes Wing
And soars to his own skies, while Psyche strives
To clasp his foot, and fain thereon would cling,
But falls insensate;

. . . . .

Psyche! thou shouldst have taken that high gift
Of Love as it was meant, that mystery
Did ask thy faith, the Gods do test our worth,
And ere they grant high boons our heart would sift!

" 5. Hadst thou no divine Vision of thine own?
Didst thou not see the Object of thy Love
Clothed with a Beauty to dull clay unknown?
And could not that bright Image, far above
The Reach of sere Decay, content thy Thought?
Which with its glory would have wrapp'd thee round,
To the Gravesbrink, untouched by Age or Pain!
Alas! we mar what Fancy's Womb has brought
Forth of most beautiful, and to the Bound
Of Sense reduce the Helen of the Brain!"

What a picture! Psyche, pale with love and fear, bending in the uncertain light, over her lord, with the rich flush of health and sleep and manhood on his cheek, "*as a lily droops faint o'er a folded rose!*" We remember nothing anywhere finer than this.

ODE TO PSYCHE.

" 1. Why stand'st thou thus at Gaze
In the faint Tapersrays,
With strainëd Eyeballs fixed upon that Bed?
Has he then flown away,
Lost, like a Star in Day,
Or like a Pearl in Depths unfathomëd?
Alas! thou hast done very ill,
Thus with thine Eyes the Vision of thy Soul to kill!

" 2. Thought'st thou that earthly Light
Could then assist thy Sight,
Or that the Limits of Reality
Could grasp Things fairer than
Imagination's Span,
Who communes with the Angels of the Sky,

Thou graspest at the Rainbow, and
Wouldst make it as the Zone with which thy Waist
is spanned!

"3. And what find'st thou in his Stead?
Only the empty Bed!

. . . . .

Thou sought'st the Earthly and therefore
The heavenly is gone, for that must ever soar!

"4. For the bright World of
Pure and boundless Love
What hast thou found? alas! a narrow room!
Put out that Light,
Restore thy Soul its Sight,
For better 'tis to dwell in outward Gloom,
Than thus, by the vile Body's eye,
To rob the Soul of its Infinity!

"5. Love, Love has Wings, and he
Soon out of Sight will flee,
Lost in far Ether to the sensual Eye,
But the Soul's Vision true
Can track him, yea, up to
The Presence and the Throne of the Most High:
For thence he is, and tho' he dwell below,
To the Soul only he his genuine Form will show!"

Mr. Ellison was a boy of twenty-three when he wrote this. That, with so much command of expression and of measure, he should run waste and formless and even void, as he does in other parts of his volumes, is very mysterious and very distressing.

How we became possessed of the poetical

Epistle from "E. V. K. to his Friend in Town," is more easily asked than answered. We avow ourselves in the matter to have acted for once on M. Proudhon's maxim—"*La propriété c'est le vol.*" We merely say, in our defence, that it is a shame in "E. V. K.," be he who he may, to hide his talent in a napkin, or keep it for his friends alone. It is just such men and such poets as he that we most need at present, sober-minded and sound-minded and well-balanced, whose genius is subject to their judgment, and who have genius and judgment to begin with—a part of the poetical stock in trade with which many of our living writers are not largely furnished. The Epistle is obviously written quite off-hand, but it is the off-hand of a master, both as to material and workmanship. He is of the good old manly, classical school. His thoughts have settled and cleared themselves before forming into the mould of verse. They are in the style of Stewart Rose's *vers de société*, but have more of the graphic force and deep feeling and fine humour of Crabbe and Cowper in their substance, with a something of their own which is to us quite as delightful. But our readers may judge. After upbraiding, with much wit, a certain faithless town-friend for not making out his visit, he thus describes his residence:—

"Though its charms be few,
The place will please you, and may profit too;—
My house, upon the hillside built, looks down
On a neat harbour and a lively town.
Apart, 'mid screen of trees, it stands, just where
We see the popular bustle, but not share.
Full in our front is spread a varied scene—
A royal ruin, grey or clothed with green,
Church spires, tower, docks, streets, terraces, and trees,
Back'd by green fields, which mount by due degrees
Into brown uplands, stretching high away
To where, by silent tarns, the wild deer stray.
Below, with gentle tide, the Atlantic Sea
Laves the curved beach, and fills the cheerful quay,
Where frequent glides the sail, and dips the oar,
And smoking steamer halts with hissing roar."

Then follows a long passage of great eloquence, truth, and wit, directed against the feverish, affected, unwholesome life in town, before which he fears

"Even he, my friend, the man whom once I knew,
Surrounded by blue women and pale men,"

has fallen a victim; and then concludes with these lines, which it would not be easy to match for everything that constitutes good poetry. As he writes he chides himself for suspecting his friend; and at that moment (it seems to have been written on Christmas day) he hears the song of a thrush, and forthwith he "bursts into a song," as full-voiced, as native, as sweet and

strong, as that of his bright-eyed feathered friend.

"But, hark that sound! the mavis! can it be?
Once more! It is. High perched on yon bare tree,
He starts the wondering winter with his trill;
Or by that sweet sun westering o'er the hill
Allured, or for he thinks melodious mirth
Due to the holy season of Christ's birth.—
And hark! as his clear fluting fills the air,
Low broken notes and twitterings you may hear
From other emulous birds, the brakes among;
Fain would they also burst into a song;
But winter warns, and muffling up their throats,
They liquid—for the spring—preserve their notes.
O sweet preluding! having heard that strain,
How dare I lift my dissonant voice again?
Let me be still, let me enjoy the time,
Bothering myself or thee no more with rugged rhyme."

This author must not be allowed to "muffle up *his* throat," and keep his notes for some imaginary and far off spring. He has not the excuse of the mavis. He must give us more of his own "clear fluting." Let him, with that keen, kindly and thoughtful eye, look from his retreat, as Cowper did, upon the restless, noisy world he has left, seeing the popular bustle, not sharing it, and let his pen record in such verses as these what his understanding and his affections think and feel and his imagination informs, and we

shall have something in verse not unlike the letters from Olney. There is one line which deserves to be immortalized over the cherished bins of our wine-fanciers, where repose their

"Dear prisoned spirits of the impassioned grape."

What is good makes us think of what is better, as well, and it is to be hoped more, than of what is worse. There is no sweetness so sweet as that of a large and deep nature; there is no knowledge so good, so strengthening as that of a great mind, which is for ever filling itself afresh. "Out of the eater comes forth meat; out of the strong comes forth sweetness." Here is one of such "*dulcedines veræ*"—the sweetness of a strong man:—

"Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompany'd; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glow'd the firmament
With living saphirs; Hesperus that led
The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

Were we inclined to do anything but enjoy this and be thankful—giving ourselves up to its

gentleness, informing ourselves with its quietness and beauty,—we would note the simplicity, the neutral tints, the quietness of its language, the "sober livery" in which its thoughts are clad. In the first thirty-eight words, twenty-nine are monosyllables. Then there is the gradual way in which the crowning phantasy is introduced. It comes upon us at once, and yet not wholly unexpected; it "sweetly creeps" into our "study of imagination;" it lives and moves, but it is a moving that is "delicate;" it flows in upon us *incredibili lenitate.* "Evening" is a matter of fact, and its stillness too—a time of the day; and "twilight" is little more. We feel the first touch of spiritual life in "*her* sober livery," and bolder and deeper in "all things *clad.*" Still we are not deep, the real is not yet transfigured and transformed, and we are brought back into it after being told that "Silence accompanied," by the explanatory "for," and the bit of sweet natural history of the beasts and birds. The mind dilates and is moved, its eye detained over the picture; and then comes that rich, "thick warbled note"—"*all but the wakeful nightingale;*" this fills and informs the ear, making it also "of apprehension more quick," and we are prepared now for the great idea coming "into the eye and prospect of our soul"—SILENCE

WAS PLEASED! There is nothing in all poetry above this. Still evening and twilight grey are now Beings, coming on, and walking over the earth like queens, "with Silence,"

"Admiration's speaking'st tongue,"

as their pleased companion. All is "calm and free," and "full of life," it is a "Holy Time." What a picture!—what simplicity of means! what largeness and perfectness of effect!—what knowledge and love of nature! what supreme art!—what modesty and submission! what self-possession!—what plainness, what selectness of speech! "As is the height, so is the depth. The intensities must be at once opposite and equal. As the liberty, so the reverence for law. As the independence, so must be the seeing and the service, and the submission to the Supreme Will. As the ideal genius and the originality, so must be the resignation to the real world, the sympathy and the intercommunion with Nature." — *Coleridge's Posthumous Tract "The Idea of Life."*

Since writing the above, our friend "E.V.K." has shown himself curiously unaffected by "that last infirmity of noble minds,"—his "clear spirit" heeds all too little its urgent "spur."

The following sonnets are all we can pilfer from him. They are worth the stealing:—

AN ARGUMENT IN RHYME.

I.

" Things that now are beget the things to be,
As they themselves were gotten by things past;
Thou art a sire, who yesterday but wast
A child like him now prattling on thy knee;
And he in turn ere long shall offspring see.
Effects at first, seem causes at the last,
Yet only seem; when off their veil is cast,
All speak alike of mightier energy,
Received and pass'd along. The life that flows
Through space and time, bursts in a loftier source.
What's spaced and timed is bounded, therefore shows
A power beyond, a timeless, spaceless force,
Templed in that infinitude, before
Whose light-veil'd porch men wonder and adore.

II.

" Wonder! but—for we cannot comprehend,
Dare not to doubt. Man, know thyself! and know
That, being what thou art, it must be so.
We creatures are, and it were to transcend
The limits of our being, and ascend
Above the Infinite, if we could show
All that He is and how things from Him flow.
Things and their laws by Man are grasp'd and kenn'd,
But creatures must no more; and Nature's *must*
Is Reason's choice; for could we all reveal
Of God and acts creative, doubt were just.
Were these conceivable, they were not real.

Here, ignorance man's sphere of being suits,
'Tis knowledge self, or of her richest fruits.

III.

" Then rest here, brother! and within the veil
Boldly thine anchor cast. What though thy boat
No shoreland sees, but undulates afloat
On soundless depths; securely fold thy sail.
Ah! not by daring prow and favouring gale
Man threads the gulfs of doubting and despond,
And gains a rest in being unbeyond,
Who roams the furthest, surest is to fail;
Knowing nor what to seek, nor how to find.
Not far but near, about us, yea within,
Lieth the infinite life. The pure in mind
Dwell in the Presence, to themselves akin;
And lo! thou sick and health-imploring soul,
He stands beside thee—touch, and thou art whole."

DR. CHALMERS.

"*Fervet immensusque ruit.*"—HOR.

"*His memory long will live alone*
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the night."

TENNYSON.

"*He was not one man, he was a thousand men.*"—SYDNEY SMITH.

DR. CHALMERS'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

WHEN, towards the close of some long summer day, we come suddenly, and, as we think, before his time, upon the broad sun, "sinking down in his tranquillity" into the unclouded west, we cannot keep our eyes from the great spectacle,—and when he is gone the shadow of him haunts our sight: we see everywhere,—upon the spotless heaven, upon the distant mountains, upon the fields, and upon the road at our feet,—that dim, strange, changeful image; and if our eyes shut, to recover themselves, we still find in them, like a dying flame, or like a gleam in a dark place, the unmistakable phantom of the mighty orb that has set,—and were we to sit down, as we have often done, and try to record by pencil or by pen, our impression of that supreme hour, still would IT be there. We must have patience with our eye, it will not let the impression go,—

that spot on which the radiant disc was impressed, is insensible to all other outward things, for a time: its best relief is, to let the eye wander vaguely over earth and sky, and repose itself on the mild shadowy distance.

So it is when a great and good and beloved man departs, sets—it may be suddenly—and to us who know not the times and the seasons, *too soon*. We gaze eagerly at his last hours, and when he is gone, never to rise again on our sight, we see his image wherever we go, and in whatsoever we are engaged, and if we try to record by words our wonder, our sorrow, and our affection, we cannot see to do it, for the "idea of his life" is for ever coming into our "study of imagination"—into all our thoughts, and we can do little else than let our mind, in a wise passiveness, hush itself to rest.

The sun returns—he knows his rising—

> "To-morrow he repairs his drooping head,
> And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
> Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;"

but man lieth down, and riseth not again till the heavens are no more. Never again will he whose "Meditations" are now before us, lift up the light of his countenance upon us.

We need not say we look upon him, as a great man, as a good man, as a beloved man,—

quis desiderio sit pudor tam cari capitis? We cannot now go very curiously to work, to scrutinize the composition of his character,—we cannot take that large, free, genial nature to pieces, and weigh this and measure that, and sum up and pronounce; we are too near as yet to him, and to his loss, he is too dear to us to be so handled. "His death," to use the pathetic words of Hartley Coleridge, "is a recent sorrow; his image still lives in eyes that weep for him." The prevailing feeling is,—He is gone—"*abiit ad plures*—he has gone over to the majority, he has joined the famous nations of the dead."

It is no small loss to the world, when one of its master spirits—one of its great lights—a king among the nations—leaves it. A sun is extinguished; a great attractive, regulating power is withdrawn. For though it be a common, it is also a natural thought, to compare a great man to the sun; it is in many respects significant. Like the sun, he rules his day, and he is "for a sign and for seasons, and for days and for years;" he enlightens, quickens, attracts, and leads after him his host—his generation.

To pursue our image. When the sun sets to us, he rises elsewhere—he goes on rejoicing, like a strong man, running his race. So does a

great man: when he leaves us and our concerns —he rises elsewhere; and we may reasonably suppose that one who has in this world played a great part in its greatest histories—who has through a long life been pre-eminent for promoting the good of men and the glory of God—will be looked upon with keen interest, when he joins the company of the immortals. They must have heard of his fame; they may in their ways have seen and helped him already.

Every one must have trembled when reading that passage in Isaiah, in which Hell is described as moved to meet Lucifer at his coming: there is not in human language anything more sublime in conception, more exquisite in expression; it has on it the light of the terrible crystal. But may we not reverse the scene? May we not imagine, when a great and good man—a son of the morning—enters on his rest, that Heaven would move itself to meet him at his coming? That it would stir up its dead, even all the chief ones of the earth, and that the kings of the nations would arise each one from his throne to welcome their brother? that those who saw him would "narrowly consider him," and say, "is this he who moved nations, enlightened and bettered his fellows, and whom the great Taskmaster welcomes with 'Well done!'"

We cannot help following him, whose loss we now mourn, into that region, and figuring to ourselves his great, childlike spirit, when that unspeakable scene bursts upon his view, when, as by some inward, instant sense, he is conscious of God—of the immediate presence of the All-seeing Unseen; when he beholds "His honourable, true, and only Son," face to face, enshrined in "that glorious form, that light unsufferable, and that far-beaming blaze of majesty," that brightness of His glory, that express image of His person; when he is admitted into the goodly fellowship of the apostles—the glorious company of the prophets—the noble army of martyrs—the general assembly of just men—and beholds with his loving eyes the myriads of "little ones," outnumbering their elders as the dust of stars with which the galaxy is filled exceeds in multitude the hosts of heaven.

What a change! death the gate of life—a second birth, in the twinkling of an eye: this moment, weak, fearful, in the amazement of death; the next, strong, joyful,—at rest,—all things new! To adopt his own words: all his life, up to the last, "knocking at a door not yet opened, with an earnest indefinite longing,—his very soul breaking for the longing,—drinking of water, and thirsting again"—and then—suddenly

and at once—a door opened into heaven, and the Master heard saying, "Come in, and come up hither!" drinking of the river of life, clear as crystal, of which if a man drink he will never thirst,—being filled with all the fulness of God!

Dr. Chalmers was a ruler among men: this we know historically; this every man who came within his range felt at once. He was like Agamemnon, a native ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν, and with all his homeliness of feature and deportment, and his perfect simplicity of expression, there was about him "that divinity that doth hedge a king." You felt a power, in him, and going from him, drawing you to him in spite of yourself. He was in this respect a *solar* man, he drew after him his own firmament of planets. They, like all free agents, had their centrifugal forces acting ever towards an independent, solitary course, but the centripetal also was there, and they moved with and around their imperial sun,—gracefully or not, willingly or not, as the case might be, but there was no breaking loose: they again, in their own spheres of power, might have their attendant moons, but all were bound to the great massive luminary in the midst.

There is to us a continual mystery in this power of one man over another. We find it

acting everywhere, with the simplicity, the ceaselessness, the energy of gravitation; and we may be permitted to speak of this influence as obeying similar conditions; it is proportioned to *bulk*—for we hold to the notion of a bigness in souls as well as bodies—one soul differing from another in quantity and momentum as well as in quality and force, and its intensity increases by nearness. There is much in what Jonathan Edwards says of one spiritual essence having more being than another, and in Dr. Chalmers's question, "Is he a man of *wecht?*"

But when we meet a *solar* man, of ample nature—soul, body, and spirit; when we find him from his earliest years moving among his fellows like a king, moving them whether they will or not—this feeling of mystery is deepened; and though we would not, like some men (who should know better), worship the creature and convert a hero into a god, we do feel more than in other cases the truth, that it is the inspiration of the Almighty which has given to that man understanding, and that all power, all energy, all light, come to him, from the First and the Last—the Living One. God comes to be regarded by us, in this instance, as he ought always to be, "the final centre of repose"—the source of all being, of all life—the *Terminus ad quem* and the

Terminus a quo. And assuredly, as in the firmament that simple law of gravitation reigns supreme—making it indeed a *kosmos*—majestic, orderly, comely in its going—ruling, and binding not the less the fiery and nomadic comets, than the gentle, punctual moons—so certainly, and to us moral creatures to a degree transcendently more important, does the whole intelligent universe move around and move towards and in the Father of Lights.

It would be well if the world would, among the many other uses they make of its great men, make more of this,—that they are manifestors of God—revealers of His will—vessels of His omnipotence—and are among the very chiefest of His ways and works.

As we have before said, there is a perpetual wonder in this power of one man over his fellows, especially when we meet with it in a great man. You see its operations constantly in history, and through it the Great Ruler has worked out many of His greatest and strangest acts. But however we may understand the accessory conditions by which the one man rules the many, and controls, and fashions them to his purposes, and transforms them into his likeness—multiplying as it were himself—there remains at the bottom of it all a mystery—a reaction between

body and soul that we cannot explain. Generally, however, we find accompanying its manifestation, a capacious understanding—a strong will — an emotional nature quick, powerful, urgent, undeniable, in perpetual communication with the energetic will and the large resolute intellect—and a strong, hearty, capable body; a countenance and person expressive of this combination—the mind finding its way at once and in full force to the face, to the gesture, to every act of the body. He must have what is called a "presence;" not that he must be great in size, beautiful, or strong; but he must be expressive and impressive—his outward man must communicate to the beholder at once and without fail, something of indwelling power, and he must be and act as *one*. You may in your mind analyse him into his several parts; but practically he acts in everything with his whole soul and his whole self; whatsoever his hand finds to do, he does it with his might. Luther, Moses, David, Mahomet, Cromwell—all verified these conditions.

And so did Dr. Chalmers. There was something about his whole air and manner, that disposed you at the very first to make way where he went—he held you before you were aware. That this depended fully as much upon

the activity and the quantity—if we may so express ourselves—of his affections, upon that combined action of mind and body which we call temperament, and upon a straightforward, urgent will, as upon what is called the pure intellect, will be generally allowed; but with all this, he could not have been and done, what he was and did, had he not had an understanding, in vigour and in capacity, worthy of its great and ardent companions. It was large, and free, mobile, and intense, rather than penetrative, judicial, clear, or fine,—so that in one sense he was more a man to make others *act* than *think;* but his own actings had always their origin in some fixed, central, inevitable *proposition*, as he would call it, and he began his onset with stating plainly, and with lucid calmness, what he held to be a great seminal truth; from this he passed at once, not into exposition, but into illustration and enforcement —into, if we may make a word, overwhelming insistance. Something was to be done, rather than explained.

There was no separating his thoughts and expressions from his person, and looks, and voice. How perfectly we can at this moment recall him! Thundering, flaming, lightening in the pulpit; teaching, indoctrinating, drawing

after him his students in his lecture-room; sitting among other public men, the most unconscious, the most king-like of them all, with that broad leonine countenance, that beaming, liberal smile; or on the way out to his home, in his old-fashioned great-coat, with his throat muffled up, his big walking-stick moved outwards in an arc, its point fixed, its head circumferential, a sort of companion, and playmate, with which doubtless, he demolished legions of imaginary foes, errors, and stupidities in men and things, in Church and State. His great look, large chest, large head, his amplitude every way; his broad, simple, childlike, inturned feet; his short, hurried impatient step; his erect, royal air; his look of general goodwill; his kindling up into a warm but vague benignity when one he did not recognise spoke to him; the addition, for it was not a change, of keen speciality to his hearty recognition; the twinkle of his eyes; the immediately saying something very personal to set all to rights, and then the sending you off with some thought, some feeling, some remembrance, making your heart burn within you; his voice indescribable; his eye—that most peculiar feature—not vacant, but *asleep*—innocent, mild, and large; and his soul, its great inhabitant, not always at his window; but then, when he did

awake, how close to you was that burning vehement soul! how it penetrated and overcame you! how mild, and affectionate, and genial its expression at his own fireside!

Of his portraits worth mentioning, there are Watson Gordon's, Duncan's—the Calotypes of Mr. Hill—Kenneth M'Leay's miniatures—the Daguerreotype, and Steell's bust. These are all good, and all give bits of him, some nearly the whole, but not one of them that τι θερμόν, that *fiery particle* — that inspired look — that "diviner mind"—the *poco più*, or little more. Watson Gordon's is too much of the mere clergyman—is a pleasant likeness, and has the shape of his mouth, and the setting of his feet very good. Duncan's is a work of genius, and is the giant looking up, awakening, but not awakened —it is a very fine picture. Mr. Hill's Calotypes we like better than all the rest; because what in them is true, is absolutely so, and they have some delicate renderings which are all but beyond the power of any human artist; for though man's art is mighty, nature's is mightier. The one of the Doctor sitting with his grandson "*Tommy*," is to us the best; we have the true grandeur of his form—his bulk. M'Leay's is admirable—spirited—and has that look of shrewdness and vivacity and immediateness which he had when

he was observing and speaking keenly; it is, moreover, a fine, manly bit of art. M'Leay is the Raeburn of miniature painters—he does a great deal with little. The Daguerreotype is, in its own way, excellent; it gives the externality of the man to perfection, but it is Dr. Chalmers at a stand-still—his mind and feelings "pulled up" for the second that it was taken. Steell's is a noble bust—has a stern heroic expression and pathetic beauty about it, and from wanting colour and shadow and the eyes, it relies upon a certain simplicity and grandeur;—in this it completely succeeds—the mouth is handled with extraordinary subtlety and sweetness, and the hair hangs over that huge brow like a glorious cloud. We think this head of Dr. Chalmers the artist's greatest bust.

In reference to the assertion we have made as to bulk forming one primary element of a powerful mind, Dr. Chalmers used to say, when a man of activity and public mark was mentioned, "Has he *wecht?* he has promptitude—has he power? he has power—has he promptitude? and, moreover, has he a discerning spirit?"

These are great practical, universal truths. How few even of our greatest men have had all these three faculties large—fine, sound, and in "perfect diapason." Your men of

promptitude, without power or judgment, are common and are useful. But they are apt to run wild, to get needlessly brisk, unpleasantly incessant. A weasel is good or bad as the case may be,—good against vermin—bad to meddle with; —but inspired weasels, weasels on a mission, are terrible indeed, mischievous and fell, and swiftness making up for want of momentum by inveteracy; "fierce as wild bulls, *untamable as flies.*" Of such men we have now-a-days too many. Men are too much in the way of supposing that *doing* is *being;* that theology and excogitation, and fierce dogmatic assertion of what they consider truth, is godliness; that obedience is merely an occasional great act, and not a series of acts, issuing from a state, like the stream of water from its well.

"Action is transitory—a step—a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that;
'Tis done—and in the after vacancy,
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed.
Suffering" (*obedience*, or *being* as opposed to *doing*)—
"Suffering is permanent,———
And has the nature of infinity."

Dr. Chalmers was a man of genius—he had his own way of thinking, and saying, and doing, and looking everything. Men have vexed themselves in vain to define what genius is; like every ultimate term we may describe it

by giving its effects, we can hardly succeed in reaching its essence. Fortunately, though we know not what are its elements, we know it when we meet it; and in him, in every movement of his mind, in every gesture, we had its unmistakable tokens. Two of the ordinary accompaniments of genius — Enthusiasm and Simplicity—he had in rare measure.

He was an *enthusiast* in its true and good sense; he was "entheat," as if full of God, as the old poets called it. It was this ardour, this superabounding life, this immediateness of thought and action, idea and emotion, setting the whole man agoing at once—that gave a power and a charm to everything he did. To adopt the old division of the Hebrew Doctors, as given by Nathanael Culverwel, in his "Light of Nature:" In man we have—1*st*, πνεῦμα ζωοποιοῦν, *the sensitive soul*, that which lies nearest the body—the very blossom and flower of life; 2*d*, τὸν νοῦν, *animam rationis*, sparkling and glittering with intellectuals, crowned with light; and 3*d*, τὸν θυμὸν, *impetum animi*, *motum mentis*, the vigour and energy of the soul—its temper—the mover of the other two—the first being, as they said, resident *in hepate* — the second *in cerebro*—the third *in corde*, where it presides over the issues of life, commands the

circulation, and animates and sets the blood a-moving. The first and second are informative, explicative, they "take in and do"—the other "gives out." Now in Dr. Chalmers, the great ingredient was the ὁ θυμὸς as indicating *vis animæ et vitæ*,—and in close fellowship with it, and ready for its service, was a large, capacious ὁ νοῦς, and an energetic, sensuous, rapid τὸ πνεῦμα. Hence his energy, his contagious enthusiasm—this it was which gave the peculiar character to his religion, to his politics, to his *personnel;* everything he did was done heartily—if he desired heavenly blessings he "panted" for them—"his soul broke for the longing." To give again the words of the spiritual and subtle Culverwel, "Religion (and indeed every thing else) was no matter of indifferency to him. It was θερμὸν τι πρᾶγμα, a certain fiery thing, as Aristotle calls love; it required and it got, the very flower and vigour of the spirit—the strength and sinews of the soul—the prime and top of the affections—this is that grace, that panting grace—we know the name of it and that's all—'tis called zeal—a flaming edge of the affection—the ruddy complexion of the soul." Closely connected with this temperament, and with a certain keen sensation of truth, rather than a perception of it, if we may so express ourselves,

an intense consciousness of objective reality,—was his simple animating faith. He had faith in God—faith in human nature—faith, if we may say so, in his own instincts—in his ideas of men and things—*in himself;* and the result was, that unhesitating bearing up and steering right onward—"never bating one jot of heart or hope" so characteristic of him. He had "the *substance* of things hoped for." He had "the *evidence* of things not seen."

By his *simplicity*, we do not mean the simplicity of the head—of that he had none; he was eminently shrewd and knowing—more so than many thought; but we refer to that quality of the heart and of the life, expressed by the words, "in simplicity a child." In his own words, from his Daily Readings,—

"When a child is filled with any strong emotion by a surprising event or intelligence, it *runs* to discharge it on others, impatient of their sympathy; and it marks, I fancy, the simplicity and greater naturalness of this period (Jacob's), that the grown-up men and women *ran* to meet each other, giving way to their first impulses—even as children do."

His emotions were as lively as a child's, and he ran to discharge them. There was in all his ways a certain beautiful unconsciousness of self—an outgoing of the whole nature that we see in children, who are by learned men said to be

long ignorant of the Ego—blessed in many respects in their ignorance! This same Ego, as it now exists, being perhaps part of "the fruit of that forbidden tree;" that mere knowledge of *good* as well as of *evil*, which our great mother bought for us at such a price. In this meaning of the word, Dr. Chalmers, considering the size of his understanding—his personal eminence—his dealings with the world—his large sympathies—his scientific knowledge of mind and matter—his relish for the practical details, and for the spirit of public business—was quite singular for his simplicity; and taking this view of it, there was much that was plain and natural in his manner of thinking and acting, which otherwise was obscure, and liable to be misunderstood. We cannot better explain what we mean than by giving a passage from Fénélon, which D'Alembert, in his Eloge, quotes as characteristic of that "sweet-souled" prelate. We give the passage entire, as it seems to us to contain a very beautiful, and by no means commonplace truth:—

"Fénélon," says D'Alembert, "a caractérisé lui-même en peu de mots cette simplicité qui se rendoit si cher à tous les cœurs, 'La simplicité est la droiture d'une ame qui s'interdit tout retour sur elle et sur ses actions—cette vertu est différente de la sincérité, et la surpasse. On voit beaucoup de gens qui sont sincères sans être simples—Ils ne veulent passer que pour ce qu'ils sont, mais ils craignent sans cesse de passer pour ce

qu'ils ne sont pas. L'homme simple n'affecte ni la vertu, ni la vérité même; il n'est jamais occupé de lui, il semble d'avoir perdu ce *moi* dont on est si jaloux.' "

What delicacy and justness of expression! how true and clear! how little we see now-a-days, among grown-up men, of this straightness of the soul—of this losing or never finding "*ce moi!*" There is more than is perhaps generally thought in this. Man in a state of perfection, would no sooner think of asking himself—am I right? am I appearing to be what inwardly I am? than the eye asks itself—do I see? or a child says to itself—do I love my mother? We have lost this instinctive sense; we have set one portion of ourselves aside to watch the rest; we must keep up appearances and our consistency; we must respect—that is, look back upon—ourselves, and be respected, if possible; we must, by hook or by crook, be respectable.

Dr. Chalmers would have made a sorry Balaam; he was made of different stuff, and for other purposes. Your "respectable" men are ever doing their best to keep their status, to maintain their position. He never troubled himself about his status; indeed, we would say *status* was not the word for him. He had a *sedes* on which he sat, and from which he spoke; he had an *imperium*, to and fro which he roamed

as he listed: but a *status* was as little in his way as in that of a Mauritanian lion. Your merely "sincere" men are always thinking of what they said yesterday, and what they may say to-morrow, at the very moment when they should be putting their whole self into to-day. Full of his idea, possessed by it, moved altogether by its power,—believing, he spoke, and without stint or fear, often *apparently* contradicting his former self—careless about every thing, but speaking fully his mind. One other reason for his apparent inconsistencies was, if one may so express it, the spaciousness of his nature. He had room in that capacious head, and affection in that great, hospitable heart, for relishing and taking in the whole range of human thought and feeling. He was several men in one. Multitudinous but not multiplex, in him odd and apparently incongruous notions dwelt peaceably together. The lion lay down with the lamb. Voluntaryism and an endowment—both were best.

He was *childlike* in his simplicity: though in understanding a man, he was himself in many things a child. Coleridge says, every man should include all his former selves in his present, as a tree has its former years' growths inside its last; so Dr. Chalmers bore along with him his childhood, his youth, his early and full manhood

into his mature old age. This gave himself, we doubt not, infinite delight—multiplied his joys, strengthened and sweetened his whole nature, and kept his heart young and tender, it enabled him to sympathize, to have a fellow-feeling with all, of whatever age. Those who best knew him, who were most habitually with him, know how beautifully this point of his character shone out in daily hourly life. We well remember long ago loving him before we had seen him—from our having been told, that being out one Saturday at a friend's house near the Pentlands, he collected all the children and small people—the *other* bairns, as he called them—and with no one else of his own growth, took the lead to the nearest hill-top,—how he made each take the biggest and roundest stone he could find, and carry,—how he panted up the hill himself with one of enormous size,—how he kept up their hearts, and made them shout with glee, with the light of his countenance, and with all his pleasant and strange ways and words,—how having got the breathless little men and women to the top of the hill, he, hot and scant of breath —looked round on the world and upon them with his broad benignant smile like the *ἀνήριθμον κυμάτων γέλασμα*—the unnumbered laughter of the sea,—how he set off his own huge "fellow,"

—how he watched him setting out on his race, slowly, stupidly, vaguely at first, almost as if he might die before he began to live, then suddenly giving a spring and off like a shot—bounding, tearing, *αὖτις ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδής, vires acquirens eundo;* how the great and good man was *totus in illo;* how he spoke to, upbraided him, cheered him, gloried in him, all but prayed for him,—how he joked philosophy to his wondering and ecstatic crew, when he (the stone) disappeared among some brackens—telling them they had the evidence of their senses that he was in, they might even know he was there by his effects, by the moving brackens, himself unseen; how plain it became that he had gone in, when he actually came out!—how he ran up the opposite side a bit, and then fell back, and lazily expired at the bottom,—how to their astonishment, but not displeasure—for he "set them off so well," and "was so funny"—he took from each his cherished stone, and set it off himself! showing them how they all ran alike, yet differently; how he went on, "making," as he said, "an induction of particulars," till he came to the Benjamin of the flock, a *wee wee* man, who had brought up a stone bigger than his own big head; then how he let him, *unicus omnium*, set off his own, and

how wonderfully IT ran! what miraculous leaps! what escapes from impossible places! and how it ran up the other side farther than any, and by some felicity remained there.

He was an orator in its specific and highest sense. We need not prove this to those who have heard him; we cannot to those who have not. It was a living man sending living, burning words into the minds and hearts of men before him, radiating his intense fervour upon them all; but there was no reproducing the entire effect when alone and cool; some one of the elements was gone. We say nothing of this part of his character, because upon this all are agreed. His eloquence rose like a tide, a sea, setting in, bearing down upon you, lifting up all its waves—"deep calling unto deep;" there was no doing anything but giving yourself up for the time to its will. Do our readers remember Horace's description of Pindar?

> "Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
> Quem super notas aluere ripas,
> Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
> Pindarus ore:
>
> ——'per audaces nova dithyrambos
> Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
> Lege solutis.'"

This is to our mind singularly characteristic of our perfervid Scotsman. If we may indulge our conceit, we would paraphrase it thus. His eloquence was like a flooded Scottish river,—it had its origin in some exalted region—in some mountain-truth—some high, immutable reality; it did not rise in a plain, and quietly drain its waters to the sea,—it came sheer down from above. He laid hold of some simple truth—the love of God, the Divine method of justification, the unchangeableness of human nature, the supremacy of conscience, the honourableness of all men; and having got this vividly before his mind, on he moved—the river rose at once, drawing everything into its course—

> "All thoughts, all passions, all desires,—
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

things outward and things inward, interests immediate and remote—God and eternity—men, miserable and immortal—this world and the next—clear light and unsearchable mystery—the word and the works of God—everything contributed to swell the volume and add to the onward and widening flood. His river did not flow like Denham's Thames,—

> "Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

There was strength, but there was likewise rage; a fine frenzy—not unoften due mainly to its rapidity and to its being raised suddenly by his affections; there was some confusion in the stream of his thoughts, some overflowing of the banks, some turbulence, and a certain noble immensity; but its origin was clear and calm, above the region of clouds and storms. If you saw *it;* if you took up and admitted his proposition, his starting idea, then all else moved on; but once set agoing, once on his way, there was no pausing to inquire, why or how—*fervet — ruit — fertur*, he boils — he rushes—he is borne along; and so are all who hear him.

To go on with our figure—There was no possibility of sailing up his stream. You must go with him, or you must go ashore. This was a great peculiarity with him, and puzzled many people. You could argue with him, and get him to entertain your ideas on any purely abstract or simple proposition,—at least for a time; but once let him get down among practicals, among applications of principles, into the regions of the affections and active powers, and such was the fervour and impetuosity of his nature, that he could not stay leisurely to discuss, he could not then entertain the opposite; it was

hurried off, and made light of, and disregarded, like a floating thing before a cataract.

To play a little more with our conceit—The greatest man is he who is both born and made—who is at once poetical and scientific—who has genius and talent—each supporting the other. So with rivers. Your mighty world's river rises in high and lonely places, among the everlasting hills; amidst clouds, or inaccessible clearness. On he moves, gathering to himself all waters; refreshing, cheering all lands. Here a cataract, there a rapid; now lingering in some corner of beauty, as if loath to go. Now shallow and wide, rippling and laughing in his glee; now deep, silent, and slow; now narrow and rapid and deep, and not to be meddled with. Now in the open country; not so clear, for other waters have come in upon him, and he is becoming useful, no longer turbulent,—travelling more contentedly; now he is navigable, craft of all kinds coming and going upon his surface for ever; and then, as if by some gentle and great necessity, "deep and smooth, passing with a still foot and a sober face," he pays his last tribute to "the *Fiscus*, the great Exchequer, the sea" —running out fresh, by reason of his power and volume, into the main for many a league.

Your mere genius, who has instincts, and

is poetical and not scientific, who grows from within—he is like our mountain river, clear, wilful, odd; running round corners; disappearing it may be under ground, coming up again quite unexpectedly and strong, as if fed from some unseen spring, deep down in darkness; rising in flood without warning, and coming down like a lion; often all but dry; never to be trusted to for driving mills; must at least be tamed and led off to the mill; and going down full pace, and without stop or stay, into the sea.

Your man of talent, of acquirements, of science—who is made,—who is not so much educed as edified; who, instead of acquiring his *vires*, *eundo* gets his *vires eundi*, from acquirement, and grows from without; who serves his brethren and is useful; he rises often no one knows where or cares; has perhaps no proper fountain at all, but is the result of the gathered rain water in the higher flats; he is never quite clear, never brisk, never dangerous; always from the first useful, and goes pleasantly in harness; turns mills; washes rags—makes them into paper; carries down all manner of dye-stuffs and feculence; and turns a bread-mill to as good purpose as any clearer stream; is docile, and has, as he reaches the sea, in his dealings with the

world, a river trust, who look after his and their own interests, and dredge him, and deepen him, and manage him, and turn him off into docks, and he is in the sea before he or you know it.

Though we do not reckon the *imagination* of Dr. Chalmers among his master faculties, it was powerful, effective, magnificent. It did not move him, he took it up as he went along; its was not that imperial, penetrating, transmuting function that we find it in Dante, in Jeremy Taylor, in Milton, or in Burke; he used it to emblazon his great central truths, to hang clouds of glory on the skirts of his illustration; but it was too passionate, too material, too encumbered with images, too involved in the general *mêlée* of the soul, to do its work as a master. It was not in him, as Thomas Fuller calls it, "that inward sense of the soul, its most boundless and restless faculty; for while the understanding and the will are kept as it were *in liberâ custodiâ* to their objects of *verum et bonum*, it is free from all engagements—digs without spade, flies without wings, builds without charges, in a moment striding from the centre to the circumference of the world by a kind of omnipotency, creating and annihilating things in an instant—restless, ever working, never wearied." We may say,

indeed, that men of his temperament are not generally endowed with this power in largest measure; in one sense they can do without it, in another they want the conditions on which its highest exercise depends. Plato and Milton, Shakspeare and Dante, and Wordsworth, had imaginations tranquil, sedate, cool, originative, penetrative, intense, which dwelt in the "highest heaven of invention." Hence it was that Chalmers could personify or paint a passion; he could give it in one of its actions; he could not, or rather he never did impassionate, create, and vivify a person—a very different thing from personifying a passion—all the difference, as Henry Taylor says, between Byron and Shakspeare.

In his impetuosity, we find the rationale of much that is peculiar in the style of Dr. Chalmers. As a spoken style it was thoroughly effective.[1] He seized the nearest weapons, and

[1] We have not noticed his iterativeness, his reiterativeness, because it flowed naturally from his primary qualities. In speaking it was effective, and to us pleasing, because there was some new modulation, some addition in the manner, just as the sea never sets up one wave exactly like the last or the next. But in his books it did somewhere encumber his thoughts, and the reader's progress and profit. It did not arise, as in many lesser men, from his having said his say—from his having no more in him; much less did it arise from conceit, either of his idea or of his way of stating it; but from the intensity with which the sensation of the idea—if we may use the expression—made its first mark on his mind.

smote down whatever he hit. But from this very vehemence, this haste, there was in his general style a want of correctness, of selectness, of nicety, of that curious felicity which makes thought immortal, and enshrines it in imperishable crystal. In the language of the affections he was singularly happy; but, in a formal statement, rapid argumentation and

Truth to him never seemed to lose its first freshness, its edge, its flavour; and Divine truth, we know, had come to him so suddenly, so fully, at mid-day, when he was in the very prime of his knowledge and his power and quickness—had so possessed his entire nature, as if, like him who was journeying to Damascus, a Great Light had shone round about him—that whenever he reproduced that condition, he began afresh, and with his whole utterance, to proclaim it. He could not but speak the things he had seen and felt, and heard and believed; and he did it much in the same way, and in the same words, for the thoughts and affections and posture of his soul were the same. Like all men of vivid perception and keen sensibility, his mind and his body continued under impressions, both material and spiritual, after the objects were gone. A curious instance of this occurs to us. Some years ago, he roamed up and down through the woods near Auchindinny, with two boys as companions. It was the first burst of summer, and the trees were more than usually enriched with leaves. He wandered about delighted, silent, looking at the leaves, "thick and numberless." As the three went on, they came suddenly upon a high brick wall, newly built, for peach trees, not yet planted. Dr. Chalmers halted, and looking steadfastly at the wall, exclaimed most earnestly, "What foliage! what foliage!" The boys looked at one another, and said nothing; but on getting home, expressed their astonishment at this very puzzling phenomenon. What a difference! leaves and parallelograms; a forest and a brick wall!

analysis, he was often as we might think, uncouth, and imperfect, and incorrect: chiefly owing to his temperament, to his fiery, impatient, swelling spirit, this gave his orations their fine audacity—this brought out hot from the furnace, his new words—this made his numbers run wild—*lege solutis*. We are sure this view will be found confirmed by these "Daily Readings," when he wrote little, and had not time to get heated, and when the nature of the work, the hour at which it was done, and his solitariness, made his thoughts flow at their "own sweet will;" they are often quite as classical in expression, as they are deep and lucid in thought—reflecting heaven with its clouds and stars, and letting us see deep down into its own secret depths: this is to us one great charm of these volumes. Here he is broad and calm; in his great public performances by mouth and pen, he soon passed from the lucid into the luminous.

What, for instance, can be finer in expression than this? "It is well to be conversant with great elements—life and death, reason and madness." "God forgets not his own purposes, though he executes them in his own way, and maintains his own pace, which he hastens not and shortens not to meet our impatience." "I

find it easier to apprehend the greatness of the Deity than any of his moral perfections, or his sacredness;" and this—

"One cannot but feel an interest in Ishmael, figuring him to be a noble of nature—one of those heroes of the wilderness who lived on the produce of his bow, and whose spirit was nursed and exercised among the wild adventures of the life he led. And it does soften our conception of him whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him, when we read of his mother's influence over him, in the deference of Ishmael to whom we read another example of the respect yielded to females even in that so-called barbarous period of the world. There was a civilisation, the immediate effect of religion, in these days, from which men fell away as the world grew older."

That he had a keen relish for material and moral beauty and grandeur we all know; what follows shows that he had also the true ear for beautiful words, as at once pleasant to the ear and suggestive of some higher feelings:—"I have often felt, in reading Milton and Thomson, a strong poetical effect in the bare enumeration of different countries, and this strongly enhanced by the statement of some common and prevailing emotion, which passed from one to another." This is set forth with great beauty and power in verses 14th and 15th of Exodus xv.,—"The people shall hear and be afraid—sorrow shall take hold on the inhabitants of Palestina. Then the

dukes of Edom shall be amazed—the mighty men of Moab, trembling shall take hold of them —the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away." Any one who has a tolerable ear and any sensibility, must remember the sensation of delight in the mere sound—like the colours of a butterfly's wing, or the shapeless glories of evening clouds, to the eye—in reading aloud such passages as these: "Heshbon shall cry and Elealeh —their voice shall be heard to Jabez—for by the way of Luhith with weeping shall they go it up—for in the way of Horonaim they shall raise a cry. God came from Teman, the Holy One from Mount Paran. Is not Calno as Carchemish? is not Hamath as Arpad? is not Samaria as Damascus? He is gone to Aiath, he is passed to Migron; at Michmash he hath laid up his carriages: Ramath is afraid; Gibeah of Saul is fled—Lift up thy voice, O daughter of Gallim: cause it to be heard unto Laish, O poor Anathoth. Madmenah is removed; the inhabitants of Gebim gather themselves to flee. The fields of Heshbon languish—the vine of Sibmah—I will water thee with my tears, O Heshbon and Elealeh." Any one may prove to himself that much of the effect and beauty of these passages depends on these names; put others in their room, and try them.

We remember well our first hearing Dr. Chalmers. We were in a moorland district in Tweeddale, rejoicing in the country, after nine months of the High School. We heard that the famous preacher was to be at a neighbouring parish church, and off we set, a cartful of irrepressible youngsters. "Calm was all nature as a resting wheel." The crows, instead of making wing, were impudent and sat still; the cart-horses were standing, knowing the day, at the field-gates, gossiping and gazing, idle and happy; the moor was stretching away in the pale sun-light—vast, dim, melancholy, like a sea; everywhere were to be seen the gathering people, "sprinklings of blithe company;" the country-side seemed moving to one centre. As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city, a sort of big Peter Bell—

> "He had a hardness in his eye,
> He had a hardness in his cheek."

He was our terror, and we not only wondered, but were afraid when we saw *him* going in. The kirk was full as it could hold. How different in looks to a brisk town congregation! There

was a fine leisureliness and vague stare; all the dignity and vacancy of animals; eyebrows raised and mouths open, as is the habit with those who speak little and look much, and at far-off objects. The minister comes in, homely in his dress and gait, but having a great look about him, like a mountain among hills. The High School boys thought him like a "big one of ourselves," he looks vaguely round upon his audience, as if he saw in it *one great object, not many.* We shall never forget his smile! its general benignity;—how he let the light of his countenance fall on us! He read a few verses quietly; then prayed briefly, solemnly, with his eyes wide open all the time, but not seeing. Then he gave out his text; we forget it, but its subject was, "Death reigns." He stated slowly, calmly, the simple meaning of the words; what death was, and how and why it reigned; then suddenly he started, and looked like a man who had seen some great sight, and was breathless to declare it; he told us how death reigned—everywhere, at all times, in all places; how we all knew it, how we would yet know more of it. The drover, who had sat down in the table-seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement; he seemed restless, but never kept his eye from the speaker. The tide set in—everything added

to its power, deep called to deep, imagery and illustration poured in; and every now and then the theme,—the simple, terrible statement, was repeated in some lucid interval. After overwhelming us with proofs of the reign of Death, and transferring to us his intense urgency and emotion; and after shrieking, as if in despair, these words, "Death is a tremendous necessity," —he suddenly looked beyond us as if into some distant region, and cried out, "Behold a mightier! —who is this? He cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel, speaking in righteousness, travelling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save." Then, in a few plain sentences, he stated the truth as to sin entering, and death by sin, and death passing upon all. Then he took fire once more, and enforced, with redoubled energy and richness, the freeness, the simplicity, the security, the sufficiency of the great method of justification. How astonished and impressed we all were! He was at the full thunder of his power; the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks—his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's; his whole body stirred with emotion. We all had insensibly been drawn out of our seats, and were

converging towards the wonderful speaker. And when he sat down, after warning each one of us to remember who it was, and what it was, that followed death on his pale horse,[1] and how alone we could escape—we all sunk back into our seats. How beautiful to our eyes did the thunderer look—exhausted—but sweet and pure! How he poured out his soul before his God in giving thanks for sending the Abolisher of Death! Then, a short psalm, and all was ended.

We went home quieter than we came; we did not recount the foals with their long legs, and roguish eyes, and their sedate mothers; we did not speculate upon whose dog *that* was, and whether *that* was a crow or a man in the dim moor,—we thought of other things. That voice, that face; those great, simple, living thoughts; those floods of resistless eloquence; that piercing, shattering voice,—"that tremendous necessity."

Were we desirous of giving to one who had never seen or heard Dr. Chalmers an idea of what manner of man he was—what he was as a whole, in the full round of his notions, tastes,

[1] "And I looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him."—Rev. vi. 8.

affections, and powers—we would put this book into their hands, and ask them to read it slowly, bit by bit, as he wrote it. In it he puts down simply, and at once, what passes through his mind as he reads; there is no making of himself feel and think—no getting into a frame of mind; he was not given to frames of mind; he preferred states to forms—substances to circumstances. There is something of everything in it—his relish for abstract thought—his love of taking soundings in deep places and finding no bottom—his knack of starting subtle questions, which he did not care to run to earth—his penetrating, regulating godliness—his delight in nature—his turn for politics, general, economical, and ecclesiastical—his picturesque eye—his humanity—his courtesy—his warm-heartedness—his impetuosity—his sympathy with all the wants, pleasures, and sorrows of his kind—his delight in the law of God, and his simple, devout, manly treatment of it—his acknowledgment of difficulties—his turn for the sciences of quantity and number, and indeed for natural science and art generally—his shrewdness—his worldly wisdom—his genius; all these come out—you gather them like fruit, here a little, and there a little. He goes over the Bible, not as a philosopher, or a theologian, or a historian, or a

geologist, or a jurist, or a naturalist, or a statist, or a politician—picking out all that he wants, and a great deal more than he has any business with, and leaving everything else as barren to his reader as it has been to himself; but he looks abroad upon his Father's *word*—as he used so pleasantly to do on his *world*—as a man, and as a Christian; he submits himself to its influences, and lets his mind go out fully and naturally in its utterances. It is this which gives to this work all the charm of multitude in unity, of variety in harmony; and that sort of unexpectedness and ease of movement which we see everywhere in nature and in natural men.

Our readers will find in these delightful Bible Readings not a museum of antiquities, and curiosities, and laborious trifles; nor of scientific specimens, analysed to the last degree, all standing in order, labelled and useless. They will not find in it an armoury of weapons for fighting with and destroying their neighbours. They will get less of the physic of controversy than of the diet of holy living. They will find much of what Lord Bacon desired, when he said, "We want short, sound, and judicious notes upon Scripture, without running into commonplaces, pursuing controversies, or reducing those notes to artificial method, but leaving them quite loose

and native. For certainly, as those wines which flow from the first treading of the grape are sweeter and better than those forced out by the press, which gives them the roughness of the husk and the stone, so are those doctrines best and sweetest which flow from a gentle crush of the Scriptures, and are not wrung into controversies and commonplaces." They will find it as a large pleasant garden; no great system; not trim, but beautiful, and in which there are things pleasant to the eye as well as good for food—flowers and fruits, and a few good esculent, wholesome roots. There are Honesty, Thrift, Eye-bright (Euphrasy that cleanses the sight), Heart's-ease. The good seed in abundance, and the strange mystical Passion-flower; and in the midst, and seen everywhere, if we but look for it, the Tree of Life, with its twelve manner of fruits—the very leaves of which are for the healing of the nations. And, perchance, when they take their walk through it at evening time, or at "the sweet hour of prime," they may see a happy, wise, beaming old man at his work there—they may hear his well-known voice; and if they have their spiritual senses exercised as they ought, they will not fail to see by his side, "one like unto the Son of Man."

DR. GEORGE WILSON.

DR. GEORGE WILSON.

AMONG the many students at our University who some two-and-twenty years ago started on the great race, in the full flush of youth and health, and with that strong hunger for knowledge which only the young, or those who keep themselves so, ever know, there were three lads — Edward Forbes, Samuel Brown, and George Wilson—who soon moved on to the front and took the lead. They are now all three in their graves.

No three minds could well have been more diverse in constitution or bias; each was typical of a generic difference from the others. What they cordially agreed in, was their hunting in the same field and for the same game. The truth about this visible world, and all that it contains, was their quarry. This one thing they set themselves to do, but each had his own

special gift, and took his own road—each had his own special choice of instruments and means. Any one man combining their essential powers, would have been the epitome of a natural philosopher, in the wide sense of the man who would master the philosophy of nature.

Edward Forbes, who bulks largest at present, and deservedly, for largeness was of his essence, was the observer proper. He saw everything under the broad and searching light of day, white and uncoloured, and with an unimpassioned eye. What he was after were the real appearances of things; *phenomena* as such; all that seems to be. His was the search after *what is*, over the great field of the world. He was in the best sense a natural historian, an observer and recorder of what is seen and of what goes on, and not less of what has been seen and what has gone on, in this wonderful historic earth of ours, with all its fulness. He was keen, exact, capacious,—tranquil and steady in his gaze as nature herself. He was, thus far, kindred to Aristotle, to Pliny, Linnæus, Cuvier, and Humboldt, though the great German, and the greater Stagirite, had higher and deeper spiritual insights than Edward Forbes ever gave signs of. It is worth remembering that Dr. George Wilson was up to his death engaged in

preparing his Memoir and Remains for the press. Who will now take up the tale?

Samuel Brown was, so to speak, at the opposite pole—rapid, impatient, fearless, full of passion and imaginative power—desiring to divine the essences rather than the appearances of things—in search of the *what* chiefly in order to question it, make it give up at whatever cost the secret of its *why;* his fiery, projective, subtle spirit, could not linger in the outer fields of mere observation, though he had a quite rare faculty for seeing as well as for looking, which latter act, however, he greatly preferred; but he pushed into the heart and inner life of every question, eager to evoke from it the very secret of itself. Forbes, as we have said, wandered at will, and with a settled purpose and a fine hunting scent, at his leisure, and free and almost indifferent, over the ample fields—happy and joyous and full of work—unencumbered with theory or with wings, for he cared not to fly. Samuel Brown, whose wings were perhaps sometimes too much for him, more ambitious, more of a solitary turn, was for ever climbing the Mount Sinais and Pisgahs of science, to speak with Him whose haunt they were,—climbing there all alone and in the dark, and with much peril, if haply he might descry the break of

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day and the promised land; or, to vary the figure, diving into deep and not undangerous wells, that he might the better see the stars at noon, and possibly find Her who is said to lurk there. He had more of Plato, though he wanted the symmetry and persistent grandeur of the son of Ariston. He was perhaps liker his own favourite Kepler; such a man in a word as we have not seen since Sir Humphry Davy, whom in many things he curiously resembled, and not the least is this, that the prose of each was more poetical than the verse.

His fate has been a mournful and a strange one, but he knew it, and encountered it with a full knowledge of what it entailed. He perilled everything on his theory; and if this hypothesis —it may be somewhat prematurely uttered to the world, and the full working out of which, by rigid scientific realization, was denied him by years of intense and incapacitating suffering, ending only in death, but the "*relevancy*" of which, to use the happy expression of Dr. Chalmers, we hold him to have proved, and in giving a glimpse of which, he showed, we firmly believe, what has been called that "instinctive grasp which the healthy imagination takes of *possible* truth,"—if his theory of the unity of matter, and the consequent transmutability of the now

called elementary bodies, were substantiated in the lower but essential platform of actual experiment, this, along with his original doctrine of atoms and their forces, would change the entire face of chemistry, and make a Cosmos where now there is endless agglomeration and confusion,—would, in a word, do for the science of the molecular constitution of matter and its laws of action and reaction at insensible distances, what Newton's doctrine of gravitation has done for the celestial dynamics. For, let it be remembered, that the highest speculation and proof in this department — by such men as Dumas, Faraday, and William Thomson, and others— points in this direction; it does no more as yet perhaps than point, but some of us may live to see "*resurgam*" inscribed over Samuel Brown's untimely grave, and applied with gratitude and honour to him whose eyes closed in darkness on the one great object of his life, and the hopes of whose "unaccomplished years" lie buried with him.

Very different from either, though worthy of and capable of relishing much that was greatest and best in both, was he whom we all loved and mourn, and who, this day week, was carried by such a multitude of mourners to that grave, which to his eye had been open and ready for years.

George Wilson was born in Edinburgh in 1818. His father, Mr. Archibald Wilson, was a wine merchant, and died sixteen years ago; his mother, Janet Aitken, still lives to mourn and to remember him, and she will agree with us that it is sweeter to remember him than to have converse with the rest. Any one who has had the privilege to know him, and to enjoy his bright and rich and beautiful mind, will not need to go far to learn where it was that her son George got all of that genius and worth and delightfulness which is transmissible. She verifies what is so often and so truly said of the mothers of remarkable men. She was his first and best *Alma Mater*, and in many senses his last, for her influence over him continued through life. George had a twin brother, who died in early life; and we cannot help referring to his being one of twins, something of that wonderful power of attaching himself, and being personally loved, which was one of his strongest as it was one of his most winning powers. He was always fond of books, and of fun, the play of the mind. He left the High School at fifteen and took to medicine; but he soon singled out chemistry, and, under the late Kenneth Kemp, and our own distinguished Professor of *Materia Medica*, himself a first-class chemist,

he acquired such knowledge as to become assistant in the laboratory of Dr. Thomas Graham, now Master of the Mint, and then Professor of Chemistry in University College. So he came out of a thorough and good school, and had the best of masters.

He then took the degree of M.D., and became a Lecturer in Chemistry, in what is now called the extra-academical school of medicine, but which in our day was satisfied with the title of private lecturers. He became at once a great favourite, and, had his health and strength enabled him, he would have been long a most successful and popular teacher; but general feeble health, and a disease in the ankle-joint requiring partial amputation of the foot, and recurrent attacks of a serious kind in his lungs, made his life of public teaching one long and sad trial. How nobly, how sweetly, how cheerily he bore all these long baffling years; how his bright, active, ardent, unsparing soul lorded it over his frail but willing body, making it do more than seemed possible, and as it were by sheer force of will ordering it to live longer than was in it to do, those who lived with him and witnessed this triumph of spirit over matter, will not soon forget. It was a lesson to every one of what true goodness of nature, elevated and cheered by the

highest and happiest of all motives, can make a man endure, achieve, and enjoy.

As is well known, Dr. Wilson was appointed in 1855 to the newly-constituted Professorship of Technology, and to the Curatorship of the Industrial Museum. The expenditure of thought, of ingenuity, of research, and management—the expenditure, in a word, of himself—involved in originating and giving form of purpose to a scheme so new and so undefined, and, in our view, so undefinable, must, we fear, have shortened his life, and withdrawn his precious and quite singular powers of illustrating and adorning, and, in the highest sense, sanctifying and blessing science, from this which seemed always to us his proper sphere. Indeed, in the opinion of some good judges, the institution of such a chair at all, and especially in connexion with a University such as ours, and the attaching to it the conduct of a great Museum of the Industrial Arts, was somewhat hastily gone into, and might have with advantage waited for and obtained a little more consideration and forethought. Be this as it may, Dr. Wilson did his duty with his whole heart and soul—making a class, which was always increasing, and which was at its largest at his death.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of

Dr. Wilson as an author, as an academic and popular lecturer, as a member of learned societies, as a man of exquisite literary powers and fancy, and as a citizen of remarkable public acceptation. This must come from some more careful, and fuller, and more leisurely record of his genius and worth. What he was as a friend it is not for us to say; we only know that when we leave this world we would desire no better memorial than to be remembered by many as George Wilson now is, and always will be. His *Life of Cavendish* is admirable as a biography, full of life, of picturesque touches, and of realization of the man and of his times, and is, moreover, thoroughly scientific, containing, among other discussions, by far the best account of the great water controversy from the Cavendish point of view. His *Life of John Reid* is a vivid and memorable presentation to the world of the true lineaments, manner of life, and inmost thought and heroic sufferings, as well as of the noble scientific achievements of that strong, truthful, courageous, and altogether admirable man, and true discoverer—a genuine follower of John Hunter.

The Five Gateways of Knowledge is a prose poem, a hymn of the finest utterance and fancy—the white light of science diffracted

through the crystalline prism of his mind into the coloured glories of the spectrum; truth dressed in the iridescent hues of the rainbow, and not the less but all the more true. His other papers in the *British Quarterly*, the *North British Review*, and his last gem on "Paper, Pens, and Ink," in his valued and generous friend Macmillan's first number of his Magazine, are all astonishing proofs of the brightness, accuracy, vivacity, unweariedness of his mind, and the endless sympathy and affectionate play of his affections with the full round of scientific truth. His essay on "Colour Blindness" is, we believe, as perfect a monogram as exists, and will remain likely untouched and unadded to, *factum ad unguem*. As may be seen from these remarks, we regard him not so much as, like Edward Forbes, a great observer and quiet generalizer, or, like Samuel Brown, a discoverer and philosopher properly so called —though, as we have said, he had enough of these two men's prime qualities to understand and relish and admire them. His great quality lay in making men love ascertained and recorded truth, scientific truth especially; he made his reader and hearer *enjoy facts*. He illuminated the Book of Nature as they did the missals of old. His nature was so thoroughly composite,

so in full harmony with itself, that no one faculty could or cared to act without calling in all the others to join in full chorus. To take an illustration from his own science, his faculties interpenetrated and interfused themselves into each other, as the gases do, by a law of their nature. Thus it was that everybody understood and liked and was impressed by him; he touched him at every point. Knowledge was to him no barren, cold essence; it was alive and flushed with the colours of the earth and sky, and all over with light and stars. His flowers—and his mind was full of flowers—were from seeds, and were sown by himself. They were neither taken from other gardens and stuck in rootless, as children do, much less were they of the nature of gumflowers, made with hands, wretched and dry and scentless.

Truth of science was to him a body, full of loveliness, perfection, and strength, in which dwelt the unspeakable Eternal. This, which was the dominant idea of his mind—the goodliness, and not less the godliness of all science—made his whole life, his every action, every letter he wrote, every lecture he delivered, his last expiring breath, instinct with the one constant idea that all truth, all goodness, all science, all beauty, all gladness are but the expression of the mind

and will and heart of the Great Supreme. And this, in his case, was not mysticism, neither was it merely a belief in revealed religion, though no man cherished and believed in his Bible more firmly and cordially than he; it was the assured belief, on purely scientific grounds, that God is indeed and in very truth all in all; that, to use the sublime adaptation by poor crazy Smart, the whole creation, visible and invisible, spiritual and material, everything that has being, is—to those who have ears to hear—for ever declaring "*Thou Art*," before the throne of the Great I AM.

To George Wilson, to all such men—and this is the great lesson of his life—the heavens are for ever telling His glory, the firmament is for ever showing forth His handiwork; day unto day, every day, is for ever uttering speech, and night unto night is showing knowledge concerning Him. When he considered these heavens, as he lay awake, weary, and in pain, they were to him the work of His fingers. The moon, walking in brightness, and lying in white glory on his bed—the stars—were by Him ordained. He was a singularly happy, and happy-making man. No one since his boyhood could have suffered more from pain, and languor, and the misery of an unable body. Yet he was not

only cheerful, he was gay, full of all sorts of *fun*—genuine fun—and his jokes and queer turns of thought and word were often worthy of Cowper or Charles Lamb. We wish we had them collected. Being, from his state of health and his knowledge of medicine, necessarily "mindful of death," having the possibility of his dying any day or any hour, always before him, and "that undiscovered country" lying full in his view, he must—taking, as he did, the right notion of the nature of things—have had a peculiar intensity of pleasure in the every-day beauties of the world.

> "The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him were opening Paradise."

They were to him all the more exquisite, all the more altogether lovely, these Pentlands, and well known rides and places; these rural solitudes and pleasant villages and farms, and the countenances of his friends, and the clear, pure, radiant face of science and of nature, were to him all the more to be desired and blessed and thankful for, that he knew the pallid king at any time might give that not unexpected knock, and summon him away.

DICK *MIHI*, OR *CUR*, WHY?

BEING VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE CREATION OF A HIGHLAND TERRIER; WITH A NEW RENDERING OF "*de cespite vivo*," AND A THEORY OF BLACK AND TAN.

"*The reader must remember that my work is concerning the* aspects *of things only*."—RUSKIN.

THE MYSTERY OF BLACK AND TAN.

WE,—the *Sine Quâ Non*, the Duchess, the Sputchard, the Dutchard, the Ricapicticapic, Oz and Oz, the Maid of Lorn, and myself,—left Crieff some fifteen years ago, on a bright September morning, soon after day-break, in a gig. It was a morning still and keen: the sun sending his level shafts across Strathearn, and through the thin mist over its river hollows, to the fierce Aberuchil Hills, and searching out the dark blue shadows in the corries of Benvorlich. But who and how many are "we"? To make you as easy as we all were, let me tell you we were four; and are not these dumb friends of ours persons rather than things? is not their soul ampler, as Plato would say, than their body, and contains rather than is contained? Is not what lives and wills in them, and is affectionate, as spiritual, as immaterial, as truly removed from

mere flesh, blood, and bones, as that soul which is the proper self of their master? And when we look each other in the face, as I now look in Dick's, who is lying in his "corny" by the fireside, and he in mine, is it not as much the dog within looking from out his eyes—the windows of his soul—as it is the man from his?

The *Sine Quâ Non*, who will not be pleased at being spoken of, is such an one as that vain-glorious and chivalrous Ulric von Hütten—the Reformation's man of wit, and of the world, and of the sword, who slew Monkery with the wild laughter of his *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*—had in his mind when he wrote thus to his friend Fredericus Piscator (Mr. Fred. Fisher), on the 19th May 1519, "*Da mihi uxorem, Friderice, et ut scias qualem, venustam, adolescentulam, probe educatam, hilarem, verecundam, patientem.*" "*Qualem*," he lets Frederic understand in the sentence preceding, is one "*quâ cum ludam, quâ jocos conferam, amœniores et leviusculas fabulas misceam, ubi sollicitudinis aciem obtundam, curarum æstus mitigem.*" And if you would know more of the *Sine Quâ Non*, and in English, for the world is dead to Latin now, you will find her name and nature in Shakspere's words, when King Henry the Eighth says, "go thy ways."

The Duchess, alias all the other names till you come to the *Maid of Lorn*, is a rough, gnarled, incomparable little bit of a terrier, three parts Dandie-Dinmont, and one part—chiefly in tail and hair — cocker: her father being Lord Rutherfurd's famous "Dandie," and her mother the daughter of a Skye, and a lighthearted Cocker. The Duchess is about the size and weight of a rabbit; but has a soul as big, as fierce, and as faithful as had Meg Merrilees, with a nose as black as Topsy's; and is herself every bit as game and queer as that delicious imp of darkness and of Mrs. Stowe. Her legs set her long slim body about two inches and a half from the ground, making her very like a huge caterpillar or hairy *oobit*—her two eyes, dark and full, and her shining nose, being all of her that seems anything but hair. Her tail was a sort of stump, in size and in look very much like a spare fore-leg, stuck in anywhere to be near. Her colour was black above and a rich brown below, with two dots of tan above the eyes, which dots are among the deepest of the mysteries of Black and Tan.

This strange little being I had known for some years, but had only possessed about a month. She and her pup (a young lady called *Smoot*, which means smolt, a young salmon),

were given me by the widow of an honest and drunken—as much of the one as of the other—Edinburgh street-porter, a native of Badenoch, as a legacy from him and a fee from her for my attendance on the poor man's deathbed. But my first sight of the Duchess was years before in Broughton Street, when I saw her sitting bolt upright, begging, imploring, with those little rough fore leggies, and those yearning, beautiful eyes, all the world, or any one, to help her master, who was lying "mortal" in the kennel. I raised him, and with the help of a ragged Samaritan, who was only less drunk than he, I got Macpherson—he held from Glen Truim—home; the excited doggie trotting off, and looking back eagerly to show us the way. I never again passed the Porters' Stand without speaking to her. After Malcolm's burial I took possession of her; she escaped to the wretched house, but as her mistress was off to Kingussie, and the door shut, she gave a pitiful howl or two, and was forthwith back at my door, with an impatient, querulous bark. And so this is our second of the four; and is she not deserving of as many names as any other Duchess, from her of Medina Sidonia downwards?

A fierier little soul never dwelt in a queerer or stancher body: see her huddled up, and you

would think her a bundle of hair, or a bit of old mossy wood, or a slice of heathery turf, with some red soil underneath ; but speak to her, or give her a cat to deal with, be it bigger than herself, and what an incarnation of affection, energy, and fury—what a fell unquenchable little ruffian !

The Maid of Lorn was a chestnut mare, a broken-down racer, thoroughbred as Beeswing, but less fortunate in her life, and I fear not so happy *occasione mortis:* unlike the Duchess, her body was greater and finer than her soul ; still she was a ladylike creature, sleek, slim, nervous, meek, willing, and fleet. She had been thrown down by some brutal half-drunk Forfarshire laird, when he put her wildly and with her wind gone, at the last hurdle on the North Inch at the Perth races. She was done for, and bought for ten pounds by the landlord of the Drummond Arms, Crieff, who had been taking as much money out of her, and putting as littl corn into her as was compatible with life, purposing to run her for the Consolation Stakes at Stirling. Poor young lady, she was a sad sight —broken in back, in knees, in character, and wind—in everything but temper, which was as sweet and all-enduring as Penelope's or our own Enid's.

Of myself, the fourth, I decline making any account. Be it sufficient that I am the Dutchard's master, and drove the gig.

It was, as I said, a keen and bright morning, and the S. Q. N. feeling chilly, and the Duchess being away after a cat up a back entry, doing a chance stroke of business, and the mare looking only half breakfasted, I made them give her a full feed of meal and water, and stood by and enjoyed her enjoyment. It seemed too good to be true, and she looked up every now and then in the midst of her feast, with a mild wonder. Away she and I bowled down the sleeping village, all overrun with sunshine, the dumb idiot man and the birds alone up, for the ostler was off to his straw. There was the S. Q. N. and her small panting friend, who had lost the cat, but had got what philosophers say is better—the chase. "*Nous ne cherchons jamais les choses, mais la recherche des choses,*" says Pascal. The Duchess would substitute for *les choses—les chats.* Pursuit, not possession, was her passion. We all got in, and off set the Maid, who was in excellent heart, quite gay, pricking her ears and casting up her head, and rattling away at a great pace.

We baited at St. Fillans, and again cheered the heart of the Maid with unaccustomed corn

—the S. Q. N., Duchie, and myself, going up to the beautiful rising ground at the back of the inn, and lying on the fragrant heather, looking at the Loch, with its mild gleams and shadows, and its second heaven looking out from its depths, the wild, rough mountains of Glenartney towering opposite. Duchie, I believe, was engaged in minor business close at hand, and caught and ate several large flies and a humble-bee; she was very fond of this small game.

There is not in all Scotland, or as far as I have seen in all else, a more exquisite twelve miles of scenery than that between Crieff and the head of Lochearn. Ochtertyre, and its woods; Benchonzie, the head-quarters of the earthquakes, only lower than Benvorlich; Strowan; Lawers, with its grand old Scotch pines; Comrie, with the wild Lednoch; Dunira; and St. Fillans, where we are now lying, and where the poor thoroughbred is tucking in her corn. We start after two hours of dreaming in the half sunlight, and rumble ever and anon over an earthquake, as the common folk call these same hollow, resounding rifts in the rock beneath, and arriving at the old inn at Lochearnhead, have a *tousie* tea. In the evening, when the day was darkening into night, Duchie and I,—the

S. Q. N. remaining to read and rest,—walked up Glen Ogle. It was then in its primeval state, the new road non-existent, and the old one staggering up and down and across that most original and Cyclopean valley, deep, threatening, savage, and yet beautiful—

> "Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent
> As by a spirit turbulent;
> Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
> And everything unreconciled;"

with flocks of mighty boulders, straying all over it. Some far up, and frightful to look at, others huddled down in the river, *immane pecus*, and one huge unloosened fellow, as big as a manse, up aloft watching them, like old Proteus with his calves, as if they had fled from the sea by stress of weather, and had been led by their ancient herd *altos visere montes*—a wilder, more "unreconciled" place I know not; and now that the darkness was being poured into it, those big fellows looked bigger, and hardly "canny."

Just as we were turning to come home—Duchie unwillingly, as she had much multifarious, and as usual fruitless hunting to do—she and I were startled by seeing a dog *in* the side of the hill, where the soil had been broken. She

barked and I stared; she trotted consequentially up and snuffed *more canino*, and I went nearer: it never moved, and on coming quite close I saw as it were the *image* of a terrier, a something that made me think of an idea *un*realized; the rough, short, scrubby heather and dead grass, made a colour and a coat just like those of a good Highland terrier—a sort of pepper and salt this one was—and below, the broken soil, in which there was some iron and clay, with old gnarled roots, for all the world like its odd, bandy, and sturdy legs. Duchie seemed not so easily unbeguiled as I was, and kept staring, and snuffing, and growling, but did not touch it,—seemed afraid. I left and looked again, and certainly it was very odd the *growing* resemblance to one of the indigenous, hairy, low-legged dogs, one sees all about the Highlands, terriers, or earthy ones.

We came home, and I told the S. Q. N. our joke. I dreamt of that visionary terrier, that son of the soil, all night; and in the very early morning, leaving the S. Q. N. asleep, I walked up with the Duchess to the same spot. What a morning! it was before sun-rise, at least before he had got above Benvorlich. The loch was lying in a faint mist, beautiful exceedingly, as if half veiled and asleep, the cataract of

Edinample roaring less loudly than in the night, and the old castle of the Lords of Lochow, in the shadow of the hills, among its trees, might be seen

"Sole sitting by the shore of old romance."

There was still gloom in Glen Ogle, though the beams of the morning were shooting up into the broad fields of the sky. I was looking back and down, when I heard the Duchess bark sharply, and then give a cry of fear, and on turning round, there was she with as much as she had of tail between her legs, where I never saw it before, and her small Grace, without noticing me or my cries, making down to the inn and her mistress, a hairy hurricane. I walked on to see what it was, and there in the same spot as last night, in the bank, was a real dog —no mistake; it was not, as the day before, a mere surface or *spectrum*, or ghost of a dog; it was plainly round and substantial; it was much developed since eight P.M. As I looked, it moved slightly, and as it were by a sort of shiver, as if an electric shock (and why not?) was being administered by a law of nature; it had then no tail, or rather had an odd amorphous look in that region; its eye, for it had one—it was seen in profile—looked to my profane

vision like (why not actually?) a huge blaeberry (*vaccinium Myrtillus*, it is well to be scientific) black and full; and I thought,—but dare not be sure, and had no time or courage to be minute,—that where the nose should be, there was a small shining black snail, probably the *Limax niger* of M. de Férussac, curled up, and if you look at any dog's nose you will be struck with the typical resemblance, in the corrugations and moistness and jetty blackness of the one to the other, and of the other to the one. He was a strongly-built, wiry, bandy, and short-legged dog. As I was staring upon him, a beam—Oh, first creative beam!—sent from the sun—

> "Like as an arrow from a bow,
> Shot by an archer strong"—

as he looked over Benvorlich's shoulder, and piercing a cloudlet of mist which clung close to him, and filling it with whitest radiance, struck upon that eye or berry, and lit up that nose or snail: in an instant he sneezed (the *nisus* (*sneezus?*) *formativus* of the ancients); that eye quivered and was quickened, and with a shudder —such as a horse executes with that curious muscle of the skin, of which we have a mere fragment in our neck, the *Platysma Myoides*, and which doubtless has been lessened as we lost our

distance from the horse-type—which dislodged some dirt and stones and dead heather, and doubtless endless beetles, and, it may be, made some near weasel open his other eye, up went his tail, and out he came, lively, entire, consummate, *warm*, wagging his tail, I was going to say like a Christian, I mean like an ordinary dog. Then flashed upon me the solution of the *Mystery of Black and Tan* in all its varieties: the body, its upper part grey or black or yellow, according to the upper soil and herbs, heather, bent, moss, &c.; the belly and feet, red or tan or light fawn, according to the nature of the deep soil, be it ochrey, ferruginous, light clay, or comminuted mica slate. And wonderfullest of all, the DOTS of TAN above the eyes—and who has not noticed and wondered as to the philosophy of them?—*I saw made* by the two fore feet, wet and clayey, being put briskly up to his eyes as he sneezed that genetic, vivifying sneeze, and leaving their mark, for ever.

He took to me quite pleasantly, by virtue of "natural selection," and has accompanied me thus far in our "struggle for life," and he, and the S. Q. N., and the Duchess, and the Maid, returned that day to Crieff, and were friends all our days. I was a little timid when he was crossing a burn lest he should wash away his

feet, but he merely coloured the water, and every day less and less, till in a fortnight I could wash him without fear of his becoming a *solution*, or fluid extract of dog, and thus resolving the mystery back into itself.

The mare's days were short. She won the Consolation Stakes at Stirling, and was found dead next morning in Gibb's stables. The Duchess died in a good old age, as may be seen in the history of "Our Dogs." The S. Q. N., and the parthenogenesic earth-born, the *Cespes Vivus*—whom we sometimes called Joshua, because he was the Son of None (Nun), and even Melchisedec has been whispered, but only that, and Fitz-Memnon, as being as it were a son of the Sun, sometimes the Autochthon *αὐτόχθονος*; (indeed, if the relation of the *coup de soleil* and the blaeberry had not been plainly causal and effectual, I might have called him *Filius Gunni*, for at the very moment of that shudder, by which he leapt out of non-life into life, the Marquis's gamekeeper fired his rifle up the hill, and brought down a stray young stag,) these two are happily with me still, and at this moment she is out on the grass in a low easy-chair, reading Emilie Carlen's *Brilliant Marriage*, and Dick is lying at her feet, watching, with cocked ears, some noise in the ripe wheat, possibly a chicken,

for, poor fellow, he has a weakness for worrying hens, and such small deer, when there is a dearth of greater. If any, as is not unreasonable, doubt me and my story, they may come and see Dick. I assure them he is well worth seeing.

HER LAST HALF-CROWN.

Once I had friends—though now by all forsaken;
Once I had parents—they are now in heaven.
I had a home once——

Worn out with anguish, sin, and cold, and hunger,
Down sunk the outcast, death had seized her senses.
There did the stranger find her in the morning—
God had released her.

SOUTHEY.

HER LAST HALF-CROWN.

HUGH MILLER, the geologist, journalist, and man of genius, was sitting in his newspaper office late one dreary winter night. The clerks had all left, and he was preparing to go, when a quick rap came to the door. He said "Come in," and, looking towards the entrance, saw a little ragged child all wet with sleet. "Are ye Hugh Miller?" "Yes." "Mary Duff wants ye." "What does she want?" "She's deein." Some misty recollection of the name made him at once set out, and with his well-known plaid and stick, he was soon striding after the child, who trotted through the now deserted High Street, into the Canongate. By the time he got to the Old Playhouse Close, Hugh had revived his memory of Mary Duff; a lively girl who had been bred up beside him in Cromarty. The last time he had seen her was at a brother mason's marriage, where Mary was "best maid," and he "best man." He seemed still to see her bright young careless

face, her tidy shortgown, and her dark eyes, and to hear her bantering, merry tongue.

Down the close went the ragged little woman, and up an outside stair, Hugh keeping near her with difficulty; in the passage she held out her hand and touched him; taking it in his great palm, he felt that she wanted a thumb. Finding her way like a cat through the darkness, she opened a door, and saying "That's her!" vanished. By the light of a dying fire he saw lying in the corner of the large empty room something like a woman's clothes, and on drawing nearer became aware of a thin pale face and two dark eyes looking keenly but helplessly up at him. The eyes were plainly Mary Duff's, though he could recognise no other feature. She wept silently, gazing steadily at him. "Are you Mary Duff?" "It's a' that's o' me, Hugh." She then tried to speak to him, something plainly of great urgency, but she couldn't, and seeing that she was very ill, and was making herself worse, he put half-a-crown into her feverish hand, and said he would call again in the morning. He could get no information about her from the neighbours: they were surly or asleep.

When he returned next morning, the little girl met him at the stair-head, and said, "She's

deid." He went in, and found that it was true; there she lay, the fire out, her face placid, and the likeness to her maiden self restored. Hugh thought he would have known her now, even with those bright black eyes closed as they were, *in æternum.*

Seeking out a neighbour, he said he would like to bury Mary Duff, and arranged for the funeral with an undertaker in the close. Little seemed to be known of the poor outcast, except that she was a "licht," or, as Solomon would have said, a "strange woman." "Did she drink?" "Whiles."

On the day of the funeral one or two residents in the close accompanied him to the Canongate Churchyard. He observed a decent looking little old woman watching them, and following at a distance, though the day was wet and bitter. After the grave was filled, and he had taken off his hat, as the men finished their business by putting on and slapping the sod, he saw this old woman remaining. She came up and, courtesying, said, "Ye wad ken that lass, Sir?" "Yes; I knew her when she was young." The woman then burst into tears, and told Hugh that she "keepit a bit shop at the Close-mooth, and Mary dealt wi' me, and aye paid reglar, and I was feared she was dead, for she

had been a month awin' me half-a-crown :" and then with a look and voice of awe, she told him how on the night he was sent for, and immediately after he had left, she had been awakened by some one in her room ; and by her bright fire—for she was a *bein*, well-to-do body—she had seen the wasted dying creature, who came forward and said, " Wasn't it half-a-crown ?" " Yes." " There it is," and putting it under the bolster, vanished !

Alas for Mary Duff ! her career had been a sad one since the day when she had stood side by side with Hugh at the wedding of their friends. Her father died not long after, and her mother supplanted her in the affections of the man to whom she had given her heart. The shock was overwhelming, and made home intolerable. Mary fled from it blighted and embittered, and after a life of shame and sorrow, crept into the corner of her wretched garret, to die deserted and alone ; giving evidence in her latest act that honesty had survived amid the wreck of nearly every other virtue.

" My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

OUR DOGS.

"*The misery of keeping a dog, is his dying so soon; but to be sure, if he lived for fifty years,* and then died, *what would become of me?*"—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"*There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature if not of the soul.*"—RUSKIN.

To Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan's
glum and faithful
"PETER,"
with much regard.

OUR DOGS.

I WAS bitten severely by a little dog when with my mother, at Moffat Wells, being then three years of age, and I have remained "bitten" ever since in the matter of dogs. I remember that little dog, and can at this moment not only recal my pain and terror—I have no doubt I was to blame—but also her face; and were I allowed to search among the shades in the cynic Elysian fields, I could pick her out still. All my life I have been familiar with these faithful creatures, making friends of them, and speaking to them; and the only time I ever addressed the public, about a year after being bitten, was at the farm of Kirklaw Hill, near Biggar, when the text, given out from an empty cart in which the ploughmen had placed me, was "Jacob's dog," and my entire sermon was as follows:—"Some say that Jacob had a black dog (the *o* very long), and some say that Jacob had a white dog, but *I* (imagine the presumption

of four years!) say Jacob had a brown dog, and a brown dog it shall be."

I had many intimacies from this time onwards —Bawtie, of the inn; Keeper, the carrier's bull-terrier; Tiger, a huge tawny mastiff from Edinburgh, which I think must have been an uncle of Rab's; all the sheep dogs at Callands—Spring, Mavis, Yarrow, Swallow, Cheviot, etc.; but it was not till I was at college, and my brother at the High School, that we possessed a dog.

TOBY

Was the most utterly shabby, vulgar, mean-looking cur I ever beheld: in one word, *a tyke*. He had not one good feature except his teeth and eyes, and his bark, if that can be called a feature. He was not ugly enough to be interesting; his colour black and white, his shape leggy and clumsy; altogether what Sydney Smith would have called an extraordinarily ordinary dog: and, as I have said, not even greatly ugly, or, as the Aberdonians have it, *bonnie wi' ill-fauredness*. My brother William found him the centre of attraction to a multitude of small blackguards who were drowning him slowly in Lochend Loch, doing their best to lengthen out

the process, and secure the greatest amount of fun with the nearest approach to death. Even then Toby showed his great intellect by pretending to be dead, and thus gaining time and an inspiration. William bought him for twopence, and as he had it not, the boys accompanied him to Pilrig Street, when I happened to meet him, and giving the twopence to the biggest boy, had the satisfaction of seeing a general engagement of much severity, during which the twopence disappeared; one penny going off with a very small and swift boy, and the other vanishing hopelessly into the grating of a drain.

Toby was for weeks in the house unbeknown to any one but ourselves two and the cook, and from my grandmother's love of tidiness and hatred of dogs and of dirt, I believe she would have expelled "him whom we saved from drowning," had not he, in his straightforward way, walked into my father's bedroom one night when he was bathing his feet, and introduced himself with a wag of his tail, intimating a general willingness to be happy. My father laughed most heartily, and at last Toby, having got his way to his bare feet, and having begun to lick his soles and between his toes with his small rough tongue, my father gave such an unwonted shout

of laughter, that we—grandmother, sisters, and all of us—went in. Grandmother might argue with all her energy and skill, but as surely as the pressure of Tom Jones' infantile fist upon Mr. Allworthy's forefinger undid all the arguments of his sister, so did Toby's tongue and fun prove too many for grandmother's eloquence. I somehow think Toby must have been up to all this, for I think he had a peculiar love for my father ever after, and regarded grandmother from that hour with a careful and cool eye.

Toby, when full grown, was a strong, coarse dog: coarse in shape, in countenance, in hair, and in manner. I used to think that, according to the Pythagorean doctrine, he must have been, or been going to be a Gilmerton carter. He was of the bull-terrier variety, coarsened through much mongrelism and a dubious and varied ancestry. His teeth were good, and he had a large skull, and a rich bark as of a dog three times his size, and a tail which I never saw equalled—indeed it was a tail *per se*; it was of immense girth and not short, equal throughout like a policeman's baton; the machinery for working it was of great power, and acted in a way, as far as I have been able to discover, quite original. We called it his ruler.

When he wished to get into the house, he

first whined gently, then growled, then gave a sharp bark, and then came a resounding, mighty stroke which shook the house; this, after much study and watching, we found was done by his bringing the entire length of his solid tail flat upon the door, with a sudden and vigorous stroke; it was quite a *tour de force* or a *coup de queue*, and he was perfect in it at once, his first *bang* authoritative, having been as masterly and telling as his last.

With all this inbred vulgar air, he was a dog of great moral excellence—affectionate, faithful, honest up to his light, with an odd humour as peculiar and as strong as his tail. My father, in his reserved way, was very fond of him, and there must have been very funny scenes with them, for we heard bursts of laughter issuing from his study when they two were by themselves: there was something in him that took that grave, beautiful, melancholy face. One can fancy him in the midst of his books, and sacred work and thoughts, pausing and looking at the secular Toby, who was looking out for a smile to begin his rough fun, and about to end by coursing and *gurrin'* round the room, upsetting my father's books, laid out on the floor for consultation, and himself nearly at times, as he stood watching him—and off his guard and shaking with laugh-

ter. Toby had always a great desire to accompany my father up to town; this my father's good taste and sense of dignity, besides his fear of losing his friend (a vain fear!), forbade, and as the decision of character of each was great and nearly equal, it was often a drawn game. Toby ultimately, by making it his entire object, triumphed. He usually was nowhere to be seen on my father leaving; he however saw him, and lay in wait at the head of the street, and up Leith Walk he kept him in view from the opposite side like a detective, and then, when he knew it was hopeless to hound him home, he crossed unblushingly over, and joined company, excessively rejoiced of course.

One Sunday he had gone with him to church, and left him at the vestry door. The second psalm was given out, and my father was sitting back in the pulpit, when the door at its back, up which he came from the vestry, was seen to move, and gently open, then, after a long pause, a black shining snout pushed its way steadily into the congregation, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked somewhat abashed, but snuffing his friend, he advanced as if on thin ice, and not seeing him, put his fore-legs on the pulpit, and behold there he was, his own familiar chum. I watched all this, and

anything more beautiful than his look of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease when he beheld his friend,—the smoothing down of the anxious ears, the swing of gladness of that mighty tail,—I don't expect soon to see. My father quietly opened the door, and Toby was at his feet and invisible to all but himself: had he sent old George Peaston, the "minister's man," to put him out, Toby would probably have shown his teeth, and astonished George. He slunk home as soon as he could, and never repeated that exploit.

I never saw in any other dog the sudden transition from discretion, not to say abject cowardice, to blazing and permanent valour. From his earliest years he showed a general meanness of blood, inherited from many generations of starved, bekicked, and down-trodden forefathers and mothers, resulting in a condition of intense abjectness in all matters of personal fear; anybody, even a beggar, by a *gowl* and a threat of eye, could send him off howling by anticipation, with that mighty tail between his legs. But it was not always so to be, and I had the privilege of seeing courage, reasonable, absolute, and for life, spring up in Toby at once, as did Athené from the skull of Jove. It happened thus :—

Toby was in the way of hiding his culinary bones in the small gardens before his own and the neighbouring doors. Mr. Scrymgeour, two doors off, a bulky, choleric, red-haired, red-faced man—*torvo vultu*—was, by the law of contrast, a great cultivator of flowers, and he had often scowled Toby into all but non-existence by a stamp of his foot and a glare of his eye. One day his gate being open, in walks Toby with a huge bone, and making a hole where Scrymgeour had two minutes before been planting some precious slip, the name of which on paper and on a stick Toby made very light of, substituted his bone, and was engaged covering it, or thinking he was covering it up with his shovelling nose (a very odd relic of paradise in the dog), when S. spied him through the inner glass door, and was out upon him like the Assyrian, with a terrific *gowl*. I watched them. Instantly Toby made straight at him with a roar too, and an eye more torve than Scrymgeour's, who, retreating without reserve, fell prostrate, there is reason to believe, in his own lobby. Toby contented himself with proclaiming his victory at the door, and returning finished his bone planting at his leisure; the enemy, who had scuttled behind the glass-door, glaring at him.

From this moment Toby was an altered dog.

Pluck at first sight was lord of all; from that time dated his first tremendous deliverance of tail against the door, which we called "come listen to my tail." That very evening he paid a visit to Leo, next door's dog, a big, tyrannical bully and coward, which its master thought a Newfoundland, but whose pedigree we knew better; this brute continued the same system of chronic extermination which was interrupted at Lochend,—having Toby down among his feet, and threatening him with instant death two or three times a day. To him Toby paid a visit that very evening, down into his den, and walked about, as much as to say "Come on, Macduff!" but Macduff did not come on, and henceforward there was an armed neutrality, and they merely stiffened up and made their backs rigid, pretended each not to see the other, walking solemnly round, as is the manner of dogs. Toby worked his new-found faculty thoroughly, but with discretion. He killed cats, astonished beggars, kept his own in his own garden against all comers, and came off victorious in several well-fought battles; but he was not quarrelsome or foolhardy. It was very odd how his carriage changed, holding his head up, and how much pleasanter he was at home. To my father, next to William, who was his Humane

Society man, he remained stanch. And what of his end? for the misery of dogs is that they die so soon, or as Sir Walter says, it is well they do; for if they lived as long as a Christian, and we liked them in proportion, and they then died, he said that was a thing he could not stand.

His exit was miserable, and had a strange poetic or tragic relation to his entrance. My father was out of town; I was away in England. Whether it was that the absence of my father had relaxed his power of moral restraint, or whether through neglect of the servant he had been desperately hungry, or most likely both being true, Toby was discovered with the remains of a cold leg of mutton, on which he had made an ample meal;[1] this he was in vain endeavouring to plant as of old, in the hope of its remaining undiscovered till to-morrow's hunger returned, the whole shank bone sticking up unmistakably. This was seen by our excellent and Radamanthine grandmother, who pronounced sentence on the instant; and next day, as William was leaving for the High School, did he in the sour morning, through an easterly *haur*, behold him "whom he saved from drowning,"

[1] Toby was in the state of the shepherd boy whom George Webster met in Glenshee, and asked, "My man, were you ever fou'?" "Ay, aince"—speaking slowly, as if remembering—"Ay, aince." "What on?" "Cauld mutton!"

and whom, with better results than in the case of Launce and Crab, he had taught, as if one should say "thus would I teach a dog,"—dangling by his own chain from his own lamp-post, one of his hind feet just touching the pavement, and his body preternaturally elongated.

William found him dead and warm, and falling in with the milk-boy at the head of the street, questioned him, and discovered that he was the executioner, and had got twopence, he —Toby's every morning's crony, who met him and accompanied him up the street, and licked the outside of his can—had, with an eye to speed and convenience, and a want of taste, not to say principle and affection, horrible still to think of, suspended Toby's animation beyond all hope. William instantly fell upon him, upsetting his milk and cream, and gave him a thorough licking, to his own intense relief; and, being late, he got from Pyper, who was a martinet, the customary palmies, which he bore with something approaching to pleasure. So died Toby: my father said little, but he missed and mourned his friend.

There is reason to believe that by one of those curious intertwistings of existence, the milk-boy was that one of the drowning party who got the penny of the twopence.

WYLIE.

Our next friend was an exquisite shepherd's dog; fleet, thin-flanked, dainty, and handsome as a small greyhound, with all the grace of silky waving black and tan hair. We got him thus. Being then young and keen botanists, and full of the knowledge and love of Tweedside, having been on every hill top from Muckle Mendic to Hundleshope and the Lee Pen, and having fished every water from Tarth to the Leithen, we discovered early in spring that young Stewart, author of an excellent book on natural history, a young man of great promise and early death, had found the *Buxbaumia aphylla*, a beautiful and odd-looking moss, west of Newbie heights, in the very month we were that moment in. We resolved to start next day. We walked to Peebles, and then up Haystoun Glen to the cottage of Adam Cairns, the aged shepherd of the Newbie hirsel, of whom we knew, and who knew of us from his daughter, Nancy Cairns, a servant with Uncle Aitken of Callands. We found our way up the burn with difficulty, as the evening was getting dark; and on getting near the cottage heard them at worship. We got in, and made ourselves

known, and got a famous tea, and such cream and oat cake!—old Adam looking on us as "clean dementit" to come out for "a bit moss," which, however, he knew, and with some pride said he would take us in the morning to the place. As we were going into a box bed for the night, two young men came in, and said they were "gaun to burn the water." Off we set. It was a clear, dark, starlight, frosty night. They had their leisters and tar torches, and it was something worth seeing—the wild flame, the young fellows striking the fish coming to the light—how splendid they looked with the light on their scales, coming out of the darkness—the stumblings and quenchings suddenly of the lights, as the torch-bearer fell into a deep pool. We got home past midnight, and slept as we seldom sleep now. In the morning Adam, who had been long up, and had been up the "*Hope*" with his dog, when he saw we had wakened, told us there was four inches of snow, and we soon saw was too true. So we had to go home without our cryptogamic prize.

It turned out that Adam, who was an old man and frail, and had made some money, was going at Whitsunday to leave, and live with his son in Glasgow. We had been admiring the beauty and gentleness and perfect shape of

Wylie, the finest colley I ever saw, and said, "What are you going to do with Wylie?" "'Deed," says he, "I hardly ken. I canna think o' sellin' her, though she's worth four pound, and she'll no like the toun." I said, "Would you let me have her?" and Adam, looking at her fondly—she came up instantly to him, and made of him—said, "Ay, I wull, if ye 'll be gude to her;" and it was settled that when Adam left for Glasgow she should be sent into Albany Street by the carrier.

She came, and was at once taken to all our hearts, even grandmother liked her; and though she was often pensive, as if thinking of her master and her work on the hills, she made herself at home, and behaved in all respects like a lady. When out with me, if she saw sheep in the streets or road, she got quite excited, and helped the work, and was curiously useful, the being so making her wonderfully happy. And so her little life went on, never doing wrong, always blithe and kind and beautiful. But some months after she came, there was a mystery about her: every Tuesday evening she disappeared; we tried to watch her, but in vain, she was always off by nine P.M., and was away all night, coming back next day wearied and all over mud, as if she had travelled far. She slept

all next day. This went on for some months and we could make nothing of it. Poor dear creature, she looked at us wistfully when she came in, as if she would have told us if she could, and was especially fond, though tired.

Well, one day I was walking across the Grass-market, with Wylie at my heels, when two shepherds started, and looking at her, one said, "That's her; that's the wonderfu' wee bitch that naebody kens." I asked him what he meant, and he told me that for months past she had made her appearance by the first daylight at the "buchts" or sheep pens in the cattle market, and worked incessantly, and to excellent purpose, in helping the shepherds to get their sheep and lambs in. The man said with a sort of transport, "She's a perfect meeracle; flees about like a speerit, and never gangs wrang; wears but never grups, and beats a' oor dowgs. She's a perfect meeracle, and as soople as a maukin." Then he related how they all knew her, and said, "There's that wee fell yin; we'll get them in noo." They tried to coax her to stop and be caught, but no, she was gentle, but off; and for many a day that "wee fell yin" was spoken of by these rough fellows. She continued this amateur work till she died, which she did in peace.

It is very touching the regard the south-country shepherds have to their dogs. Professor Syme one day, many years ago, when living in Forres Street, was looking out of his window, and he saw a young shepherd striding down North Charlotte Street, as if making for his house: it was midsummer. The man had his dog with him, and Mr. Syme noticed that he followed the dog, and not it him, though he contrived to steer for the house. He came, and was ushered into his room; he wished advice about some ailment, and Mr. Syme saw that he had a bit of twine round the dog's neck, which he let drop out of his hand when he entered the room. He asked him the meaning of this, and he explained that the magistrates had issued a mad-dog proclamation, commanding all dogs to be muzzled or led on pain of death. "And why do you go about as I saw you did before you came in to me?" "Oh," said he, looking awkward, "I didna want Birkie to ken he was tied." Where will you find truer courtesy and finer feeling? He didn't want to hurt Birkie's feelings.

Mr. Carruthers of Inverness told me a new story of these wise sheep dogs. A butcher from Inverness had purchased some sheep at Dingwall, and giving them in charge to his dog,

left the road. The dog drove them on, till coming to a toll, the toll-wife stood before the drove, demanding her dues. The dog looked at her, and, jumping on her back, crossed his forelegs over her arms. The sheep passed through, and the dog took his place behind them, and went on his way.

RAB.

Of Rab I have little to say, indeed have little right to speak of him as one of "our dogs;" but nobody will be sorry to hear anything of that noble fellow. Ailie, the day or two after the operation, when she was well and cheery, spoke about him, and said she would tell me fine stories when I came out, as I promised to do, to see her at Howgate. I asked her how James came to get him. She told me that one day she saw James coming down from Leadburn with the cart; he had been away west, getting eggs and butter, cheese and hens for Edinburgh. She saw he was in some trouble, and on looking, there was what she thought a young calf being dragged, or, as she called it, "haurled," at the back of the cart. James was in front, and when he came up, very warm and

very angry, she saw that there was a huge young dog tied to the cart, struggling and pulling back with all his might, and as she said "lookin' fearsom." James, who was out of breath and temper, being past his time, explained to Ailie, that this "muckle brute o' a whalp" had been worrying sheep, and terrifying everybody up at Sir George Montgomery's at Macbie Hill, and that Sir George had ordered him to be hanged, which, however, was sooner said than done, as "the thief" showed his intentions of dying hard. James came up just as Sir George had sent for his gun; and as the dog had more than once shown a liking for him, he said he "wad gie him a chance;" and so he tied him to his cart. Young Rab, fearing some mischief, had been entering a series of protests all the way, and nearly strangling himself to spite James and Jess, besides giving Jess more than usual to do. "I wish I had let Sir George pit that charge into him, the thrawn brute," said James. But Ailie had seen that in his fore-leg there was a splinter of wood, which he had likely got when objecting to be hanged, and that he was miserably lame. So she got James to leave him with her, and go straight into Edinburgh. She gave him water, and by her woman's wit got his lame paw under a door, so that he couldn't suddenly get at her,

then with a quick firm hand she plucked out the splinter, and put in an ample meal. She went in some time after, taking no notice of him, and he came limping up, and laid his great jaws in her lap: from that moment they were "chief," as she said, James finding him mansuete and civil when he returned.

She said it was Rab's habit to make his appearance exactly half-an-hour before his master, trotting in full of importance, as if to say, "He's all right, he'll be here." One morning James came without him. He had left Edinburgh very early, and in coming near Auchindinny, at a lonely part of the road, a man sprang out on him, and demanded his money. James, who was a cool hand, said, "Weel a weel, let me get it," and stepping back, he said to Rab, "Speak till him, my man." In an instant Rab was standing over him, threatening strangulation if he stirred. James pushed on, leaving Rab in charge; he looked back, and saw that every attempt to rise was summarily put down. As he was telling Ailie the story, up came Rab with that great swing of his. It turned out that the robber was a Howgate lad, the worthless son of a neighbour, and Rab knowing him had let him cheaply off; the only thing, which was seen by a man from a field, was,

that before letting him rise, he quenched (*pro tempore*) the fire of the eyes of the ruffian, by a familiar Gulliverian application of Hydraulics, which I need not further particularize. James, who did not know the way to tell an untruth, or embellish anything, told me this as what he called "a fact *positeevely*."

WASP

Was a dark brindled bull-terrier, as pure in blood as Cruiser or Wild Dayrell. She was brought by my brother from Otley, in the West Riding. She was very handsome, fierce, and gentle, with a small, compact, finely-shaped head, and a pair of wonderful eyes—as full of fire and of softness as Grisi's; indeed she had to my eye a curious look of that wonderful genius—at once wild and fond. It was a fine sight to see her on the prowl across Bowden Moor, now cantering with her nose down, now gathered up on the top of a dyke, and with erect ears, looking across the wild like a moss-trooper out on business, keen and fell. She could do everything it became a dog to do, from killing an otter or a polecat, to watching and playing with a baby, and was as docile to her master as she was surly to all else. She was

not quarrelsome, but "being in," she would have pleased Polonius as much, as in being "ware of entrance." She was never beaten, and she killed on the spot several of the country bullies who came out upon her when following her master in his rounds. She generally sent them off howling with one snap, but if this was not enough, she made an end of it.

But it was as a mother that she shone; and to see the gipsy, Hagar-like creature nursing her occasional Ishmael—playing with him, and fondling him all over, teaching his teeth to war, and with her eye and the curl of her lip daring any one but her master to touch him, was like seeing Grisi watching her darling "*Gennaro*," who so little knew why and how much she loved him.

Once when she had three pups, one of them died. For two days and nights she gave herself up to trying to bring it to life—licking it and turning it over and over, growling over it, and all but worrying it to awake it. She paid no attention to the living two, gave them no milk, flung them away with her teeth, and would have killed them, had they been allowed to remain with her. She was as one possessed, and neither ate, nor drank, nor slept, was heavy and miserable with her milk, and in

such a state of excitement that no one could remove the dead pup.

Early on the third day she was seen to take the pup in her mouth, and start across the fields towards the Tweed, striding like a race-horse—she plunged in, holding up her burden, and at the middle of the stream dropped it and swam swiftly ashore: then she stood and watched the little dark lump floating away, bobbing up and down with the current, and losing it at last far down, she made her way home, sought out the living two, devoured them with her love, carried them one by one to her lair, and gave herself up wholly to nurse them: you can fancy her mental and bodily happiness and relief when they were pulling away—and theirs.

On one occasion my brother had lent her to a woman who lived in a lonely house, and whose husband was away for a time. She was a capital watch. One day an Italian with his organ came—first begging, then demanding money—showing that he knew she was alone, and that he meant to help himself, if she didn't. She threatened to "lowse the dowg;" but as this was Greek to him, he pushed on. She had just time to set Wasp at him. It was very short work. She had him by the throat, pulled him and his organ down with a heavy crash, the organ giving

a ludicrous sort of cry of musical pain. Wasp thinking this was from some creature within, possibly a *whittret*, left the ruffian, and set to work tooth and nail on the box. Its master slunk off, and with mingled fury and thankfulness watched her disembowelling his only means of an honest living. The woman good-naturedly took her off, and signed to the miscreant to make himself and his remains scarce. This he did with a scowl; and was found in the evening in the village, telling a series of lies to the watchmaker, and bribing him with a shilling to mend his pipes—"his kist o' whussels."

JOCK

Was insane from his birth; at first an *amabilis insania*, but ending in mischief and sudden death. He was an English terrier, fawn coloured; his mother's name VAMP (Vampire), and his father's DEMON. He was more properly *daft* than mad; his courage, muscularity, and prodigious animal spirits making him insufferable, and never allowing one sane feature of himself any chance. No sooner was the street door open, than he was throttling the first dog passing, bringing upon himself and me endless grief.

Cats he tossed up into the air, and crushed their spines as they fell. Old ladies he upset by jumping over their heads; old gentlemen by running between their legs. At home, he would think nothing of leaping through the tea-things, upsetting the urn, cream, etc., and at dinner the same sort of thing. I believe if I could have found time to thrash him sufficiently, and let him be a year older, we might have kept him; but having upset an Earl when the streets were muddy, I had to part with him. He was sent to a clergyman in the island of Westray, one of the Orkneys; and though he had a wretched voyage, and was as sick as any dog, he signalized the first moment of his arrival at the manse, by strangling an ancient monkey, or "puggy," the pet of the minister,—who was a bachelor,—and the wonder of the island. Jock henceforward took to evil courses, extracting the kidneys of the best young rams, driving whole hirsels down steep places into the sea, till at last all the guns of Westray were pointed at him, as he stood at bay under a huge rock on the shore, and blew him into space. I always regret his end, and blame myself for sparing the rod. Of

DUCHIE

I have already spoken; her oddities were endless. We had and still have a dear friend,—"Cousin Susan" she is called by many who are not her cousins—a perfect lady, and, though hopelessly deaf, as gentle and contented as was ever Griselda with the full use of her ears; quite as great a pet, in a word, of us all as Duchie was of ours. One day we found her mourning the death of a cat, a great playfellow of the Sputchard's, and her small Grace was with us when we were condoling with her, and we saw that she looked very wistfully at Duchie. I wrote on the slate, "Would you like her?" and she through her tears said, "You know that would never do." But it did do. We left Duchie that very night, and though she paid us frequent visits, she was Cousin Susan's for life. I fear indulgence dulled her moral sense. She was an immense happiness to her mistress, whose silent and lonely days she made glad with her oddity and mirth. And yet the small creature, old, toothless, and blind, domineered over her gentle friend—threatening her sometimes if she presumed to remove the small Fury from the inside of her own bed, into which it pleased her to

creep. Indeed, I believe it is too true, though it was inferred only, that her mistress and friend spent a great part of a winter night in trying to coax her dear little ruffian out of the centre of the bed. One day the cook asked what she would have for dinner: "I would like a mutton chop, but then, you know, Duchie likes minced veal better!" The faithful and happy little creature died at a great age, of natural decay.

But time would fail me, and I fear patience would fail you, my reader, were I to tell you of CRAB, of JOHN PYM, of PUCK, and of the rest. CRAB, the Mugger's dog, grave, with deep-set, melancholy eyes, as of a nobleman (say the Master of Ravenswood) in disguise, large visaged, shaggy, indomitable, come of the pure Piper Allan's breed. This Piper Allan, you must know, lived some two hundred years ago in Cocquet Water, piping like Homer, from place to place, and famous not less for his dog than for his music, his news and his songs. The Earl of Northumberland, of his day, offered the piper a small farm for his dog, but after deliberating for a day, Allan said, "Na, na, ma Lord, keep yir ferum; what wud a piper do wi' a ferum?" From this dog descended Davidson of Hyndlee's breed, the original

Dandie Dinmont, and Crab could count his kin up to him. He had a great look of the Right Honourable Edward Ellice, and had much of his energy and *wecht*; had there been a dog House of Commons, Crab would have spoken as seldom, and been as great a power in the house, as the formidable and faithful time-out-of-mind member for Coventry.

JOHN PYM was a smaller dog than Crab, of more fashionable blood, being a son of Mr. Somner's famous SHEM, whose father and brother are said to have been foulid dead in a drain into which the hounds had run a fox. It had three entrances; the father was put in at one hole, the son at another, and speedily the fox bolted out at the third, but no appearance of the little terriers, and on digging, they were found dead, locked in each other's jaws; they had met, and it being dark, and there being no time for explanations, they had throttled each other. John was made of the same sort of stuff, and was as combative and victorious as his great namesake, and not unlike him in some of his not so creditable qualities. He must, I think, have been related to a certain dog to whom "life was full o' sairiousness," but in John's case the same cause produced an opposite effect. John was gay and light-hearted, even when there was not

"enuff of fechtin," which, however, seldom happened, there being a market every week in Melrose, and John appearing most punctually at the cross to challenge all comers, and being short legged, he inveigled every dog into an engagement by first attacking him, and then falling down on his back, in which posture he latterly fought and won all his battles.

What can I say of PUCK[1]—the thoroughbred—the simple-hearted—the purloiner of eggs warm from the hen—the flutterer of all manner of Volscians—the bandy-legged, dear, old, dilapidated buffer? I got him from my brother, and only parted with him because William's stock was gone. He had to the end of life a simplicity which was quite touching. One summer

[1] In *The Dog*, by Stonehenge, an excellent book, there is a wood-cut of Puck, and "Dr. Wm. Brown's celebrated dog John Pym" is mentioned. Their pedigrees are given—here is Puck's, which shows his "strain" is of the pure azure blood—"Got by John Pym, out of Tib; bred by Purves of Leaderfoot; sire, Old Dandie, the famous dog of old John Stoddart of Selkirk—dam, Whin." How Homeric all this sounds! I cannot help quoting what follows—"Sometimes a Dandie pup of a good strain may appear not to be game at an early age; but he should not be parted with on this account, because many of them do not show their courage till nearly two years old, and then nothing can beat them; this apparent softness arising, as I suspect, *from kindness of heart*"—a suspicion, my dear "Stonehenge," which is true, and shows your own "kindness of heart," as well as sense.

day—a dog-day—when all dogs found straying were hauled away to the police-office, and killed off in twenties with strychnine, I met Puck trotting along Princes Street with a policeman, a rope round his neck, he looking up in the fatal, official, but kindly countenance in the most artless and cheerful manner, wagging his tail and trotting along. In ten minutes he would have been in the next world; for I am one of those who believe dogs *have* a next world, and why not? Puck ended his days as the best dog in Roxburghshire. *Placide quiescas!*

DICK

Still lives, and long may he live! As he was never born, possibly he may never die; be it so, he will miss us when we are gone. I could say much of him, but agree with the lively and admirable Dr. Jortin, when, in his dedication of his *Remarks on Ecclesiastical History* to the then (1752) Archbishop of Canterbury, he excuses himself for not following the modern custom of praising his Patron, by reminding his Grace "that it was a custom amongst the ancients, *not to sacrifice to heroes till after sunset.*" I defer my sacrifice till Dick's sun is set.

I think every family should have a dog: it is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and crony of the whole house. It keeps them all young. All unite upon Dick. And then he tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never coming down late for breakfast, or coming in through his Chubb *too early* to bed—is always ready for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it, and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked.

Never put a collar on your dog—it only gets him stolen; give him only one meal a day, and let that, as Dame Dorothy, Sir Thomas Browne's wife, would say, be "raythe under." Wash him once a week, and always wash the soap out; and let him be carefully combed and brushed twice a week.

By the bye, I was wrong in saying that it was Burns who said Man is the God of the Dog—he got it from Bacon's *Essay on Atheism.*

QUEEN MARY'S CHILD-GARDEN.

QUEEN MARY'S CHILD-GARDEN.

IF any one wants a pleasure that is sure to please, one over which he needn't growl the sardonic beatitude of the great Dean, let him, when the Mercury is at "Fair," take the nine A.M. train to the North and a return ticket for Callander, and when he arrives at Stirling, let him ask the most obliging and knowing of station-masters to telegraph to "the Dreadnought" for a carriage to be in waiting. When passing Dunblane Cathedral, let him resolve to write to the *Scotsman*, advising the removal of a couple of shabby trees which obstruct the view of that beautiful triple end window which Mr. Ruskin and everybody else admires, and by the time he has written this letter in his mind, and turned the sentences to it, he will find himself at Callander and the carriage all ready. Giving the order for the *Port of Monteith*, he will rattle through this hard-featured, and to our eye com-

fortless village, lying ugly amid so much grandeur and beauty, and let him stop on the crown of the bridge, and fill his eyes with the perfection of the view up the Pass of Leny—the Teith lying diffuse and asleep, as if its heart were in the Highlands and it were loath to go, the noble Ben Ledi imaged in its broad stream. Then let him make his way across a bit of pleasant moorland—flushed with maiden-hair and white with cotton grass, and fragrant with the *Orchis conopsia*, well deserving its epithet *odoratissima*.

He will see from the turn of the hillside the Blair of Drummond waving with corn and shadowed with rich woods, where eighty years ago there was a black peat-moss; and far off, on the horizon, Damyat and the Touch Fells; and at his side the little loch of Ruskie, in which he may see five Highland cattle, three tawny brown and two brindled, standing in the still water—themselves as still, all except their switching tails and winking ears—the perfect images of quiet enjoyment. By this time he will have come in sight of the Lake of Monteith, set in its woods, with its magical shadows and soft gleams. There is a loveliness, a gentleness and peace about it more like "lone St. Mary's Lake," or Derwent Water, than of any of its sister lochs. It is lovely rather than beautiful,

and is a sort of gentle prelude, in the *minor* key, to the coming glories and intenser charms of Loch Ard and the true Highlands beyond.

You are now at the Port, and have passed the secluded and cheerful manse, and the parish kirk with its graves, close to the lake, and the proud aisle of the Grahams of Gartmore washed by its waves. Across the road is the modest little inn, a Fisher's Tryst. On the unruffled water lie several islets, plump with rich foliage, brooding like great birds of calm. You somehow think of them as on, not in the lake, or like clouds lying in a nether sky—"like ships waiting for the wind." You get a coble, and a *yauld* old Celt, its master, and are rowed across to *Inchmahome, the Isle of Rest.* Here you find on landing huge Spanish chestnuts, one lying dead, others standing stark and peeled, like gigantic antlers, and others flourishing in their *viridis senectus*, and in a thicket of wood you see the remains of a monastery of great beauty, the design and workmanship exquisite. You wander through the ruins, overgrown with ferns and Spanish filberts, and old fruit trees, and at the corner of the old monkish garden you come upon one of the strangest and most touching sights you ever saw—an oval space of about 18 feet by 12, with the remains of a double

row of boxwood all round, the plants of box being about fourteen feet high, and eight or nine inches in diameter, healthy, but plainly of great age.

What is this? it is called in the guide-books Queen Mary's Bower; but besides its being plainly not in the least a bower, what could the little Queen, then five years old, and "fancy free," do with a bower? It is plainly, as was, we believe, first suggested by our keen-sighted and diagnostic Professor of Clinical Surgery,[1] *the Child-Queen's Garden*, with her little walk, and its rows of boxwood, left to themselves for three hundred years. Yes, without doubt, "here is that first garden of her simpleness." Fancy the little, lovely royal child, with her four Marys, her playfellows, her child maids of honour, with their little hands and feet, and their innocent and happy eyes, pattering about that garden all that time ago, laughing, and running, and gardening as only children do and can. As is well known, Mary was placed by her mother in this

[1] The same seeing eye and understanding mind, when they were eighteen years of age, discovered and published the Solvent of Caoutchouc, for which a patent was taken out afterwards by the famous Mackintosh. If the young discoverer had secured the patent, he might have made a fortune as large as his present reputation—I don't suppose he much regrets that he didn't.

Isle of Rest before sailing from the Clyde for France. There is something "that tirls the heartstrings a' to the life" in standing and looking on this unmistakeable living relic of that strange and pathetic old time. Were we Mr. Tennyson, we would write an Idyll of that child Queen, in that garden of hers, eating her bread and honey—getting her teaching from the holy men, the monks of old, and running off in wild mirth to her garden and her flowers, all unconscious of the black, lowering thunder-cloud on Ben Lomond's shoulder.

"Oh, blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild;
I think of thee with many fears
Of what may be thy lot in future years.
I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality.
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest
But when she sat within the touch of thee.
What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?"

You have ample time to linger there amid

"The gleams, the shadows, and the peace profound,"

and get your mind informed with quietness and beauty, and fed with thoughts of other years, and of her whose story, like Helen of Troy's, will continue to move the hearts of men as long

as the grey hills stand round about that gentle lake, and are mirrored at evening in its depths. You may do and enjoy all this, and be in Princes Street by nine P.M.; and we wish we were as sure of many things as of your saying, "Yes, this *is* a pleasure that has pleased, and will please again; this was something expected which did not disappoint."

There is another garden of Queen Mary's, which may still be seen, and which has been left to itself like that in the Isle of Rest. It is in the grounds at Chatsworth, and is moated, walled round, and raised about fifteen feet above the park. Here the Queen, when a prisoner under the charge of "Old Bess of Hardwake," was allowed to walk without any guard. How different the two! and how different she who took her pleasure in them!

Lines written on the steps of a small moated garden at Chatsworth, called

"QUEEN MARY'S BOWER.

"The moated bower is wild and drear,
And sad the dark yew's shade;
The flowers which bloom in silence here,
In silence also fade.

" The woodbine and the light wild rose
Float o'er the broken wall;
And here the mournful nightshade blows,
To note the garden's fall.

" Where once a princess wept her woes,
The bird of night complains;
And sighing trees the tale disclose
They learnt from Mary's strains.

" " A. H."

ΑΓΧΙΝΟΙΑ — NEARNESS OF THE *Νοῦς*— PRESENCE OF MIND.

ΕΥΣΤΟΧΙΑ: HAPPY GUESSING.

"*Depend upon it a lucky guess is never merely luck—there is always some Talent in it.*"—Miss Austen, *in Emma.*

ἈΤΧΙΝΟΙΑ: OR, NEARNESS OF THE *Νοῦς*.

DR. CHALMERS used to say that in the dynamics of human affairs, two qualities were essential to greatness—Power and Promptitude. One man might have both, another power without promptitude, another promptitude without power. We must all feel the common sense of this, and can readily see how it applies to a general in the field, to a pilot in a storm, to a sportsman, to a fencer, to a debater. It is the same with an operating surgeon at all times, and may be at any time with the practitioner of the art of healing. He must be ready for what are called emergencies—cases which rise up at your feet, and must be dealt with on the instant,—he must have power and promptitude.

It is a curious condition of mind that this requires: it is like sleeping with your pistol under your pillow, and it on full cock; a moment lost and all may be lost. There is the

very nick of time. This is what we mean by presence of mind; by a man having such a subject at his finger ends; that part of the mind lying nearest the outer world, and having to act on it through the bodily organs, through the will—the outposts must be always awake. It is of course, so to speak, only a portion of the mind that is thus needed and thus available; if the whole mind were for ever at the advanced posts, it would soon lose itself in this endeavour to keep it. Now, though the thing needed to be done may be simple enough, what goes to the doing of it, and to the being at once ready and able to do it, involves much: the wedge would not be a wedge, or do a wedge's work, without the width behind as well as the edge in front. Your men of promptitude without genius or power, including knowledge and will, are those who present the wedge the wrong way. Thus your extremely prompt people are often doing the wrong thing, which is almost always worse than nothing. Our vague friend who bit "Yarrow's" tail instead of "the Chicken's," was full of promptitude; as was also that other man, probably a relative, who barred the door with a boiled carrot: each knew what was needed—the biting the tail, the barring the door; both erred as to the means—the one by

want of presence of mind, the other by lack of mind itself. We must have just enough of the right knowledge and no more; we must have the habit of using this; we must have self-reliance, and the consentaneousness of the entire mind; and what our hand finds to do, we must do with our might as well as with it. Therefore it is that this master act of the man, under some sudden and great unexpected crisis, is in a great measure performed unconsciously as to its mental means. The man is so *totus in illo*, that there is no bit of the mind left to watch and record the acts of the rest; therefore men, when they have done some signal feat of presence of mind, if asked how they did it, generally don't very well know—they just did it: it was, in fact, done and then thought of, not thought of and then done, in which case it would likely never have been done. Not that the act was uncaused by mind; it is one of the highest powers of mind thus to act; but it is done, if I may use the phrase, by an acquired instinct. You will find all this in that wonderful old Greek who was Alexander the Great's and the old world's schoolmaster, and ours if we were wise,—whose truthfulness and clear insight one wonders at the longer he lives. He seems to have seen the human mind as a bird or an engineer does the earth

—he knew the plan of it. We now-a-days see it as one sees a country, athwart and in perspective, and from the side; he saw it from above and from below. There are therefore no shadows, no foreshortenings, no clear-obscure, indeed no disturbing medium; it is as if he examined every thing *in vacuo*. I refer my readers to what he says on *Ἀγχίνοια* and *Εὐστοχία*.[1]

[1] As I am now, to my sorrow and shame, too much of a mediate Grecian, I give a Balliol friend's note on these two words:—"What you have called 'presence of mind' and 'happy guessing' may, I think, be identified respectively with Aristotle's *ἀγχίνοια* and *εὐστοχία*. The latter of these, *εὐστοχία*, Aristotle mentions incidentally when treating of *εὐβουλία*, or good deliberation. *Eth. Nic.* bk. VI. ch. 9. Good deliberation, he says, is not *εὐστοχία*, for the former is a slow process, whereas the latter is not guided by reason, and is rapid. In the same passage he tells us that *ἀγχίνοια* is a sort of *εὐστοχία*. But he speaks of *ἀγχίνοια* more fully in *Ana. Post.* 1, 34:—'Ἀγχίνοια is a sort of happy guessing at the intermediate, when there is not time for consideration: as when a man, seeing that the bright side of the moon is always turned towards the sun, comprehends that her light is borrowed from the sun; or concludes, from seeing one conversing with a capitalist that he wants to borrow money; or infers that people are friends from the fact of their having common enemies.' And then he goes on to make these simple observations confused and perplexing by reducing them to his logical formula.

"The derivation of the words will confirm this view. *Εὐστοχία* is a hitting the *mark* successfully, a reaching to the end, the rapid and, as it were, intuitive perception of the truth. This is what Whewell means by saying, 'all induction is a happy conjecture.' But when Aristotle says that

My object in what I have now written and am going to write, is to impress upon medical students the value of power and promptitude in combination, for their professional purposes; the uses to them of nearness of the *Νοῦς*, and of happy guessing; and how you may see the sense, and neatness, and pith of that excellent

this faculty is not guided by reason (*ἄνευ τε γὰρ λογου*), he does not mean to imply that it grows up altogether independent of reason, any more than Whewell means to say that all the discoveries in the inductive sciences have been made by men taking 'shots' at them, as boys at school do at hard passages in their Latin lessons. On the contrary, no faculty is so absolutely the child of reason as this faculty of happy guessing. It only attains to perfection after the reason has been long and painfully trained in the sphere in which the guesses are to be made. What Aristotle does mean is, that when it has attained perfection, we are not conscious of the share which reason has in its operation—it is so rapid that by no analysis can we detect the presence of reason in its action. Sir Isaac Newton seeing the apple fall, and thence 'guessing' at the law of gravitation, is a good instance of *εὐστοχία*.

"'Αγχίνοια, on the other hand, is a *nearness of mind;* not a reaching to the end, but an apprehension of the best means; not a perception of the truth, but a perception of how the truth is to be supported. It is sometimes translated 'sagacity,' but readiness or presence of mind is better, as sagacity rather involves the idea of consideration. In matters purely intellectual it is ready wit. It is a sort of shorter or more limited *εὐστοχία*. It is more of a natural gift than *εὐστοχία*, because the latter is a far higher and nobler faculty, and therefore more dependent for its perfection on cultivation, as all our highest faculties are. Εὐστοχία is more akin to genius, *ἀγχίνοια* to practical common sense."

thinker, as well as best of all story-tellers, Miss Austin, when she says in *Emma*, "Depend upon it, a lucky guess is never merely luck, there is always some talent in it." Talent here denoting intelligence and will in action. In all sciences except those called exact, this happy guessing plays a large part, and in none more than in medicine, which is truly a tentative art, founded upon likelihood, and is therefore what we call contingent. Instead of this view of the healing art discouraging us from making our ultimate principles as precise, as we should make our observations, it should urge us the more to this; for, depend upon it, that guess as we may often have to do, he will guess best, most happily for himself and his patient, who has the greatest amount of true knowledge, and the most serviceable amount of what we may call mental cash, ready money, and ready weapons.

We must not only have wisdom, which is knowledge assimilated and made our own, but we must, as the Lancashire men say and do, *have wit to use it*. We may carry a nugget of gold in our pocket, or a £100 bank-note, but unless we can get it *changed*, it is of little use, and we must moreover have the coin of the country we are in. This want of presence of

mind, and having your wits about you, is as fatal to a surgeon as to a general.

That wise little man, Dr. Henry Marshall, little in body but not little in mind, in brain, and in worth, used to give an instance of this. A young, well-educated surgeon, attached to a regiment quartered at Musselburgh, went out professionally with two officers who were in search of "satisfaction." One fell shot in the thigh, and in half-an-hour after he was found dead, the surgeon kneeling pale and grim over him, with his two thumbs sunk in his thigh *below* the wound, the grass steeped in blood. If he had put them two inches higher, or extemporized a tourniquet with his sash and the pistol's ramrod and a stone, he might have saved his friend's life and his own—for he shot himself that night.

Here is another. Robbie Watson, whom I now see walking mildly about the streets—having taken to coal—was driver of the Dumfries coach by Biggar. One day he had changed horses, and was starting down a steep hill, with an acute turn at the foot, when he found his wheelers, two new horses, utterly ignorant of backing. They got furious, and we outside got alarmed. Robbie made an attempt to pull up, and then with an odd smile took his whip,

gathered up his reins, and lashed the entire four into a gallop. If we had not seen his face we would have thought him a maniac; he kept them well together, and shot down like an arrow, as far as we could see to certain destruction. Right in front at the turn was a stout gate into a field, shut; he drove them straight at that, and through we went, the gate broken into shivers, and we finding ourselves safe, and the very horses enjoying the joke. I remember we emptied our pockets into Robbie's hat, which he had taken off to wipe his head. Now, in a few seconds all this must have passed through his head—"that horse is not a wheeler, nor that one either; we'll come to mischief; there's the gate; yes, I'll do it." And he did it; but then he had to do it with his might; he had to make it impossible for his four horses to do anything but toss the gate before them.

Here is another case. Dr. Reid of Peebles, long famous in the end of last and beginning of this century, as the Doctor of Tweeddale; a man of great force of character, and a true Philip, a lover of horses, saw one Fair day a black horse, entire, thoroughbred. The groom asked a low price, and would answer no questions. At the close of the fair the doctor bought him, amid the derision of his friends. Next morning he rode

him up Tweed, came home after a long round, and had never been better carried. This went on for some weeks; the fine creature was without a fault. One Sunday morning, he was posting up by Neidpath at a great pace, the country people trooping into the town to church. Opposite the fine old castle, the thoroughbred stood stock still, and it needed all the doctor's horsemanship to counteract the law of projectiles; he did, and sat still, and not only gave no sign of urging the horse, but rather intimated that it was his particular desire that he should stop. He sat there a full hour, his friends making an excellent joke of it, and he declining, of course, all interference. At the end of the hour, the Black Duke, as he was called, turned one ear forward, then another, looked aside, shook himself, and moved on, his master intimating that this was exactly what he wished; and from that day till his death, some fifteen years after, never did these two friends allude to this little circumstance, and it was never repeated; though it turned out that he had killed his two men previously. The doctor must have, when he got him, said to himself, "if he is not stolen there is a reason for his paltry price," and he would go over all the possibilities. So that when he stood still, he would say, "Ah, this is it;" but then

he saw this at once, and lost no time, and did nothing. Had he given the horse one dig with his spurs, or one cut with his whip, or an impatient jerk with his bit, the case would have failed. When a colt it had been brutally used, and being nervous, it lost its judgment, poor thing, and lost its presence of mind.

One more instance of nearness of the *Νοῦς*. A lady was in front of her lawn with her children, when a mad dog made his appearance, pursued by the peasants. What did she do? What would you have done? Shut your eyes and think. She went straight to the dog, received its head in her thick stuff gown, between her knees, and muffling it up, held it with all her might till the men came up. No one was hurt. Of course, she fainted after it was all right.

We all know (but why should we not know again?) the story of the Grecian mother who saw her child sporting on the edge of the bridge. She knew that a cry would startle it over into the raging stream—she came gently near, and opening her bosom allured the little scapegrace.

I once saw a great surgeon, after settling a particular procedure as to a life-and-death operation, as a general settles his order of battle. He began his work, and at the second cut

altered the entire conduct of the operation. No one not in the secret could have told this: not a moment's pause, not a quiver of the face, not a look of doubt. This is the same master power in man, which makes the difference between Sir John Moore and Sir John Cope.

Mrs. Major Robertson, a woman of slight make, great beauty, and remarkable energy, courage, and sense (she told me the story herself), on going up to her bedroom at night—there being no one in the house but a servant girl, in the ground floor—saw a portion of a man's foot projecting from under the bed. She gave no cry of alarm, but shut the door as usual, set down her candle, and began as if to undress, when she said aloud to herself, with an impatient tone and gesture, "I've forgotten that key again, I declare;" and leaving the candle burning, and the door open, she went down stairs, got the watchman, and secured the proprietor of the foot, which had not moved an inch. How many women or men could have done, or rather been all this!

LETTER TO JOHN CAIRNS, D.D.

"I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive."

LETTER TO JOHN CAIRNS, D.D.

23, RUTLAND STREET, *15th August* 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—When, at the urgent request of his trustees and family, and in accordance with what I believe was his own wish, you undertook my father's Memoir, it was in a measure on the understanding that I would furnish you with some domestic and personal details. This I hoped to have done, but was unable.

Though convinced more than ever how little my hand is needed, I will now endeavour to fulfil my promise. Before doing so, however, you must permit me to express our deep gratitude to you for this crowning proof of your regard for him

"Without whose life we had not been;"

to whom for many years you habitually wrote as "My father," and one of whose best blessings, when he was "such an one as Paul the

aged," was to know that you were to him "mine own son in the gospel."

With regard to the manner in which you have done this last kindness to the dead, I can say nothing more expressive of our feelings, and, I am sure, nothing more gratifying to you, than that the record you have given of my father's life, and of the series of great public questions in which he took part, is done in the way which would have been most pleasing to himself—that which, with his passionate love of truth and liberty, his relish for concentrated, just thought and expression, and his love of being loved, he would have most desired, in any one speaking of him after he was gone. He would, I doubt not, say, as one said to a great painter, on looking at his portrait, "It is certainly like, but it is much better-looking;" and you might well reply as did the painter, "It is the truth, told lovingly"—and all the more true that it is so told. You have, indeed, been enabled to speak the truth, or as the Greek has it, ἀληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ—to truth it in love.

I have over and over again sat down to try and do what I promised and wished—to give some faint expression of my father's life; not of what he did or said or wrote—not even of what he was as a man of God and a public teacher;

but what he was in his essential nature—what he would have been had he been anything else than what he was, or had lived a thousand years ago.

Sometimes I have this so vividly in my mind that I think I have only to sit down and write it off, and do it to the quick. "The idea of his life," what he was as a whole, what was his self, all his days, would,—to go on with words which not time or custom can ever wither or make stale,—

> "Sweetly creep
> Into my study of imagination;
> And every lovely organ of his life
> Would come apparelled in more precious habit—
> More moving delicate, and full of life,
> Into the eye and prospect of my soul,
> Than when he lived indeed,"

as if the sacredness of death and the bloom of eternity were on it; or as you may have seen in an untroubled lake, the heaven reflected with its clouds, brighter, purer, more exquisite than itself; but when you try to put this into words, to detain yourself over it, it is by this very act disturbed, broken and bedimmed, and soon vanishes away, as would the imaged heavens in the lake, if a pebble were cast into it, or a breath of wind stirred its face. The very anxiety to transfer it, as it looked out of the clear darkness

of the past, makes the image grow dim and disappear.

Every one whose thoughts are not seldom with the dead, must have felt both these conditions; how, in certain passive, tranquil states, there comes up into the darkened chamber of the mind, its "chamber of imagery"—uncalled, as if it blossomed out of space, exact, absolute, consummate, vivid, speaking, not darkly as in a glass, but face to face, and "moving delicate" —this "idea of his life;" and then how an effort to prolong and perpetuate and record all this, troubles the vision and kills it! It is as if one should try to paint in a mirror the reflection of a dear and unseen face; the coarse, uncertain passionate handling and colour, ineffectual and hopeless, shut out the very thing itself.

I will therefore give this up as in vain, and try by some fragmentary sketches, scenes, and anecdotes, to let you know in some measure what manner of man my father was. Anecdotes, if true and alive, are always valuable; the man in the concrete, the *totus quis* comes out in them; and I know you too well to think that you will consider as trivial or out of place anything in which his real nature displayed itself, and your own sense of humour as a master and central power of the human soul, playing about

the very essence of the man, will do more than forgive anything of this kind which may crop out here and there, like the smile of wild-flowers in grass, or by the wayside.

My first recollection of my father, my first impression, not only of his character, but of his eyes and face and presence, strange as it may seem, dates from my fifth year. Doubtless I had looked at him often enough before that, and had my own childish thoughts about him; but this was the time when I got my fixed, compact idea of him, and the first look of him which I felt could never be forgotten. I saw him, as it were, by a flash of lightning, sudden and complete. A child begins by seeing bits of everything; it knows in part—here a little, there a little; it makes up its wholes out of its own littles, and is long of reaching the fulness of a whole; and in this we are children all our lives in much. Children are long of seeing, or at least of looking at what is above them; they like the ground, and its flowers and stones, its "red sodgers" and lady-birds, and all its queer things; their world is about three feet high, and they are more often stooping than gazing up. I know I was past ten before I saw, or cared to see, the ceilings of the rooms in the manse at Biggar.

On the morning of the 28th May 1816, my eldest sister Janet and I were sleeping in the kitchen-bed with Tibbie Meek,[1] our only servant. We were all three awakened by a cry of pain—sharp, insufferable, as if one were stung. Years after we two confided to each other, sitting by the burnside, that we thought that "great cry" which arose at midnight in Egypt must have been like it. We all knew whose voice it was, and, in our night-clothes, we ran into the passage, and into the little parlour to the left hand, in which was a closet-bed. We found my father standing before us, erect, his hands clenched in his black hair, his eyes full of misery and amazement, his face white as that of the dead. He frightened us. He saw this, or else his intense will had mastered his agony, for, taking his hands from his head, he said, slowly and gently, "Let us give thanks," and turned to a little sofa in the room; there lay our

[1] A year ago, I found an elderly countrywoman, a widow, waiting for me. Rising up, she said, "D'ye mind me?" I looked at her, but could get nothing from her face; but the voice remained in my ear, as if coming from "the fields of sleep," and I said by a sort of instinct, "Tibbie Meek!" I had not seen her or heard her voice for more than forty years. She had come to get some medical advice. Voices are often like the smells of flowers and leaves, the tastes of wild fruits—they touch and awaken memory in a strange way. "Tibbie" is now living at Thankerton.

mother, dead.[1] She had long been ailing. I remember her sitting in a shawl,—an Indian one with little dark green spots on a light ground,—and watching her growing pale with what I afterwards knew must have been strong pain. She had, being feverish, slipped out of bed, and "grandmother," her mother, seeing her "change come," had called my father, and they two saw her open her blue, kind, and true eyes, "comfortable" to us all "as the day"—I remember them better than those of any one I saw yesterday—and, with one faint look of recognition to him, close them till the time of the restitution of all things.

"She had another morn than ours."

Then were seen in full action his keen, passionate nature, his sense of mental pain, and his supreme will, instant and unsparing, making himself and his terrified household give thanks in the midst of such a desolation,—and for it. Her warfare was accomplished, her iniquities were pardoned; she had already received from her Lord's hand double for all her sins: this was his supreme and over-mastering thought, and he gave it utterance.

[1] This sofa, which was henceforward sacred in the house, he had always beside him. He used to tell us he set her down upon it when he brought her home to the manse.

No man was happier in his wives. My mother was modest, calm, thrifty, reasonable, tender, happy-hearted. She was his student-love, and is even now remembered in that pastoral region, for "her sweet gentleness and wife-like government." Her death and his sorrow and loss, settled down deep into the heart of the countryside. He was so young and bright, so full of fire, so unlike any one else, so devoted to his work, so chivalrous in his look and manner, so fearless, and yet so sensitive and self-contained. She was so wise, good and gentle, gracious and frank.

His subtlety of affection, and his almost cruel self-command, were shown on the day of the funeral. It was to Symington, four miles off, —a quiet little churchyard, lying in the shadow of Tinto; a place where she herself had wished to be laid. The funeral was chiefly on horse-back. We, the family, were in coaches. I had been since the death in a sort of stupid musing and wonder, not making out what it all meant. I knew my mother was said to be dead. I saw she was still, and laid out, and then shut up, and didn't move; but I did not know that when she was carried out in that long black box, and we all went with her, she alone was never to return.

When we got to the village all the people were at their doors. One woman, the blacksmith Thomas Spence's wife, had a nursing baby in her arms, and he leapt up and crowed with joy at the strange sight, the crowding horsemen, the coaches, and the nodding plumes of the hearse. This was my brother William, then nine months old, and Margaret Spence was his foster-mother. Those with me were overcome at this sight; he of all the world whose, in some ways, was the greatest loss, the least conscious, turning it to his own childish glee.

We got to the churchyard and stood round the open grave. My dear old grandfather was asked by my father to pray; he did. I don't remember his words; I believe he, through his tears and sobs, repeated the Divine words, "All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever;" adding, in his homely and pathetic way, that the flower would again bloom, never again to fade; that what was now sown in dishonour and weakness, would be raised in glory and power, like unto His own glorious body. Then to my surprise and alarm, the coffin, resting on its bearers, was placed over that dark hole, and I watched with curious eye

the unrolling of those neat black bunches of cords, which I have often enough seen since. My father took the one at the head, and also another much smaller springing from the same point as his, which he had caused to be put there, and unrolling it, put it into my hand. I twisted it firmly round my fingers, and awaited the result; the burial men with their real ropes lowered the coffin, and when it rested at the bottom, it was too far down for me to see it—the grave was made very deep, as he used afterwards to tell us, that it might hold us all—my father first and abruptly let his cord drop, followed by the rest. This was too much. I now saw what was meant, and held on and fixed my fist and feet, and I believe my father had some difficulty in forcing open my small fingers; he let the little black cord drop, and I remember, in my misery and anger, seeing its open end disappearing in the gloom.

My mother's death was the second epoch in my father's life; it marked a change at once and for life; and for a man so self-reliant, so poised upon a centre of his own, it is wonderful the extent of change it made. He went home, preached her funeral sermon, every one in the church in tears, himself outwardly unmoved.[1]

[1] I have been told that *once* in the course of the sermon

But from that time dates an entire, though always deepening, alteration in his manner of preaching, because an entire change in his way of dealing with God's Word. Not that his abiding religious views and convictions were then originated or even altered—I doubt not that from a child he not only knew the Holy Scriptures, but was "wise unto salvation"—but it strengthened and clarified, quickened and gave permanent direction to, his sense of God as revealed in His Word. He took as it were to subsoil ploughing; he got a new and adamantine point to the instrument with which he bored, and with a fresh power—with his whole might, he sunk it right down into the living rock, to the virgin gold. His entire nature had got a shock, and his blood was drawn inwards, his surface was chilled; but fuel was heaped all the more on the inner fires, and his zeal, that τὸ θερμὸν πρᾶγμα, burned with a new ardour; indeed had he not found an outlet for his pent-up energy, his brain must have given way, and his faculties have either consumed themselves in wild, wasteful splendour and combustion, or dwindled into lethargy.[1]

his voice trembled, and many feared he was about to break down.

[1] There is a story illustrative of this altered manner and matter of preaching. He had been preaching when very

The manse became silent; we lived and slept and played under the shadow of that death, and we saw, or rather felt, that he was another father than before. No more happy laughter from the two in the parlour, as he was reading Larry, the Irish postboy's letter in Miss Edgeworth's tale, or the last Waverley novel; no more visitings in a cart with her, he riding beside us on his white thorough-bred pony, to Kilbucho, or Rachan Mill, or Kirklawhill. He went among his people as usual when they were ill; he preached better than ever—they were sometimes frightened to think how wonderfully he preached; but the sunshine was over—the glad and careless look, the joy of young life and mutual love. He was little with us, and, as I said, the house was still, except when he was *mandating* his sermons for Sabbath. This he always did, not only *vivâ voce*, but with as much energy and loudness as in the pulpit; we felt his voice was sharper, and rang keen through the house.

What we lost, the congregation and the world gained. He gave himself wholly to his work.

young, at Galashiels, and one wife said to her "neebor," "Jean, what think ye o' the lad?" "*It's maist o't tinsel wark*," said Jean, neither relishing nor appreciating his fine sentiments and figures. After my mother's death, he preached in the same place, and Jean, running to her friend, took the first word, "*It's a' gowd noo.*"

As you have yourself said, he changed his entire system and fashion of preaching; from being elegant, rhetorical, and ambitious, he became concentrated, urgent, moving (being himself moved), keen, searching, unswerving, authoritative to fierceness, full of the terrors of the Lord, if he could but persuade men. The truth of the words of God had shone out upon him with an immediateness and infinity of meaning and power, which made them, though the same words he had looked on from childhood, other and greater and deeper words. He then left the ordinary commentators, and men who write about meanings and flutter around the circumference and corners; he was bent on the centre, on touching with his own fingers, on seeing with his own eyes, the pearl of great price. Then it was that he began to dig into the depths, into the primary and auriferous rock of Scripture, and take nothing at another's hand: then he took up with the word "apprehend;" he had laid hold of the truth,—there it was, with its evidence, in his hand; and every one who knew him must remember well how, in speaking with earnestness of the meaning of a passage, he, in his ardent, hesitating way, looked into the palm of his hand as if he actually saw there the truth he was going to utter. This word *appre-*

hend played a large part in his lectures, as the thing itself did in his processes of investigation, or, if I might make a word, *indigation*. Comprehension, he said, was for few; apprehension was for every man who had hands and a head to rule them, and an eye to direct them. Out of this arose one of his deficiencies. He *could* go largely into the generalities of a subject, and relished greatly others doing it, so that they did do it really and well; but he was averse to abstract and wide reasonings. Principles he rejoiced in: he worked with them as with his choicest weapons; they were the polished stones for his sling, against the Goliaths of presumption, error, and tyranny in thought or in polity, civil or ecclesiastical; but he somehow divined a principle, or got at it naked and alone, rather than deduced it and brought it to a point from an immensity of particulars, and then rendered it back so as to bind them into one *cosmos*. One of my young friends now dead, who afterwards went to India, used to come and hear him in Broughton Place with me, and this word *apprehend* caught him, and as he had a great love for my father, in writing home to me, he never forgot to ask how "grand old Apprehend" was.

From this time dates my father's possession and use of the German Exegetics. After my

mother's death I slept with him; his bed was in his study, a small room,[1] with a very small grate; and I remember well his getting those fat, shapeless, spongy German books, as if one would sink in them, and be bogged in their bibulous, unsized paper; and watching him as he impatiently cut them up, and dived into them in his rapid, eclectic way, tasting them, and dropping for my play such a lot of soft, large, curled bits from the paper-cutter, leaving the edges all shaggy. He never came to bed when I was awake, which was not to be wondered at; but I can remember often awaking far on in the night or morning, and seeing that keen, beautiful, intense face bending over these Rosenmüllers, and Ernestis, and Storrs, and Kuinoels—the fire out, and the grey dawn peering through the window; and when he heard me move, he would speak to me in the foolish words of endearment my mother was wont to use, and come to bed, and take me, warm as I was, into his cold bosom.

Vitringa in Jesaiam I especially remember, a noble folio. Even then, with that eagerness to communicate what he had himself found, of

[1] On a low chest of drawers in this room there lay for many years my mother's parasol, by his orders—I daresay, for long, the only one in Biggar.

which you must often have been made the subject, he went and told it. He would try to make me, small man as I was, "apprehend" what he and Vitringa between them had made out of the fifty-third chapter of his favourite prophet, the princely Isaiah.[1] Even then, so

[1] His reading aloud of everything from John Gilpin to John Howe was a fine and high art, or rather gift. Henderson could not have given

"The dinner waits, and we are tired;"
Says Gilpin, "So am I,"

better; and to hear him sounding the depths and cadences of the Living Temple, "bearing on its front this doleful inscription, 'Here God once dwelt,'" was like listening to the recitative of Handel. But Isaiah was his masterpiece; and I remember quite well his startling us all when reading at family worship, "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God," by a peremptory, explosive sharpness, as of thunder overhead, at the words "the mighty God," similar to the rendering now given to Handel's music, and doubtless so meant by him; and then closing with "the Prince of Peace," soft and low. No man who wishes to feel Isaiah, as well as understand him, should be ignorant of Handel's "Messiah." His prelude to "Comfort ye"—its simple theme, cheerful and infinite as the ripple of the unsearchable sea—gives a deeper meaning to the words. One of my father's great delights in his dying months was reading the lives of Handel and of Michael Angelo, then newly out. He felt that the author of "He was despised," and "He shall feed his flock," and those other wonderful airs, was a man of profound religious feeling, of which they were the utterance; and he rejoiced over the warlike airs and choruses of "Judas Maccabæus." You have recorded his estimate of the religious nature of him of the *terribile via;* he said it was a relief to his mind to know that such a mighty genius walked humbly with his God.

far as I can recal, he never took notes of what he read. He did not need this, his intellectual force and clearness were so great; he was so *totus in illo*, whatever it was, that he recorded by a secret of its own, his mind's results and victories and *memoranda*, as he went on; he did not even mark his books, at least very seldom; he marked his mind.

He was thus every year preaching with more and more power, because with more and more knowledge and "pureness;" and, as you say, there were probably nowhere in Britain such lectures delivered at that time to such an audience, consisting of country people, sound, devout, well-read in their Bibles and in the native divinity, but quite unused to persistent, deep, critical thought.

Much of this—most of it—was entirely his own, self-originated and self-sustained, and done for its own sake,

> "All too happy in the pleasure
> Of his own exceeding treasure."

But he often said, with deep feeling, that one thing put him always on his mettle, the knowledge that "yonder in that corner, under the gallery, sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, a man who knew his Greek Testament better than I did."

This was his brother-in-law, and one of his

elders, Mr. Robert Johnston, married to his sister Violet, a merchant and portioner in Biggar, a remarkable man, of whom it is difficult to say to strangers what is true, without being accused of exaggeration. A shopkeeper in that remote little town, he not only intermeddled fearlessly with all knowledge, but mastered more than many practised and University men do in their own lines. Mathematics, astronomy, and especially what may be called *selenology*, or the doctrine of the moon, and the higher geometry and physics; Hebrew, Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin, to the veriest rigours of prosody and metre; Spanish and Italian, German, French, and any odd language that came in his way; all these he knew more or less thoroughly, and acquired them in the most leisurely, easy, cool sort of way, as if he grazed and browsed perpetually in the field of letters, rather than made formal meals, or gathered for any ulterior purpose, his fruits, his roots, and his nuts—he especially liked mental nuts—much less bought them from any one.

With all this, his knowledge of human, and especially of Biggar human nature, the ins and outs of its little secret ongoings, the entire gossip of the place, was like a woman's; moreover, every personage great or small, heroic or comic,

in Homer—whose poems he made it a matter of conscience to read once every four years—Plautus, Suetonius, Plutarch, Tacitus, and Lucian, down through Boccaccio and Don Quixote, which he knew by heart and from the living Spanish, to Joseph Andrews, the Spectator, Goldsmith and Swift, Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Ferrier, Galt and Sir Walter,—he was as familiar with, as with David Crockat the nailer, or the parish minister, the town-drummer, the mole-catcher, or the poaching weaver, who had the night before leistered a prime kipper at Rachan Mill, by the flare of a tarry wisp, or brought home his surreptitious grey hen or *maukin* from the wilds of Dunsyre or the dreary Lang Whang.[1]

This singular man came to the manse every Friday evening for many years, and he and my father discussed everything and everybody;—beginning with tough, strong head work—a bout at wrestling, be it Cæsar's Bridge, the Epistles of Phalaris, the import of μέν and δέ, the Catholic question, or the great roots of Christian faith; ending with the latest joke in the town or the *West Raw*, the last effusion by Affleck,

[1] With the practices of this last worthy, when carried on moderately, and for the sport's sake, he had a special sympathy.

tailor and poet, the last blunder of Æsop the apothecary, and the last repartee of the village fool, with the week's Edinburgh and Glasgow news by their respective carriers; the whole little life, sad and humorous—who had been born, and who was dying or dead, married or about to be, for the past eight days.[1]

This amused, and, in the true sense, diverted my father, and gratified his curiosity, which was great, and his love of men, as well as for man. He was shy, and unwilling to ask what he longed to know, liking better to have it given him without the asking; and no one could do this better than "Uncle Johnston."

You may readily understand what a thorough exercise and diversion of an intellectual and social kind this was, for they were neither of them men to shirk from close gripes, or trifle and flourish with their weapons; they laid on and spared not. And then my uncle had generally some special nut of his own to crack, some thesis to fling down and offer battle on, some

[1] I believe this was the true though secret source of much of my father's knowledge of the minute personal history of every one in his region, which,—to his people, knowing his reserved manner and his devotion to his studies, and his so rarely meeting them or speaking to them except from the pulpit, or at a diet of visitation, was a perpetual wonder, and of which he made great use in his dealings with his afflicted or erring "members."

"particle" to energize upon; for though quiet and calm, he was thoroughly combative, and enjoyed seeing his friend's blood up, and hearing his emphatic and bright speech, and watching his flashing eye. Then he never spared him; criticised and sometimes quizzed—for he had great humour—his style, as well as debated and weighed his apprehendings and exegeses, shaking them heartily to test their strength. He was so thoroughly independent of all authority, except that of reason and truth, and his own humour; so ready to detect what was weak, extravagant, or unfair; so full of relish for intellectual power and accuracy, and so attached to and proud of my father, and bent on his making the best of himself, that this trial was never relaxed. His firm and close-grained mind was a sort of whetstone on which my father sharpened his wits at this weekly "setting."

The very difference of their mental tempers and complexions drew them together—the one impatient, nervous, earnest, instant, swift, vehement, regardless of exertion, bent on his goal, like a thorough-bred racer, pressing to the mark; the other leisurely to slowness and provokingness, with a constitution which could stand a great deal of ease, unimpassioned, still, clear,

untroubled by likings or dislikings, dwelling and working in thought and speculation and observation as ends in themselves, and as their own rewards:[1] the one hunting for a principle or a "divine method;" the other sapping or shelling from a distance, and for his pleasure, a position, or gaining a point, or settling a rule, or verifying a problem, or getting axiomatic and proverbial.

In appearance they were as curiously unlike; my uncle short and round to rotundity, homely and florid in feature. I used to think Socrates must have been like him in visage as well as in much of his mind. He was careless in his dress, his hands in his pockets as a rule, and strenuous only in smoking or in sleep; with a large, full skull, a humorous twinkle in his cold, blue eye,

[1] He was curiously destitute of all literary ambition or show; like the *cactus* in the desert, always plump, always taking in the dew of heaven, and caring little to give it out. He wrote many papers in the *Repository* and *Monitor*, an acute and clever tract on the Voluntary controversy, entitled *Calm Answers to Angry Questions*, and was the author of a capital bit of literary banter—a Congratulatory Letter to the Minister of Liberton, who had come down upon my father in a pamphlet, for his sermon on "There remaineth much land to be possessed." It is a mixture of Swift and Arbuthnot. I remember one of the flowers he culls from him he is congratulating, in which my father is characterized as one of those "shallow, sallow souls that would swallow the bait, without perceiving the cloven foot!" But a man like this never is best in a book; he is always greater than his work.

a soft, low voice, expressing every kind of thought in the same, sometimes plaguily *douce* tone; a great power of quiet and telling sarcasm, large capacity of listening to and of enjoying other men's talk, however small.

My father—tall, slim, agile, quick in his movements, graceful, neat to nicety in his dress, with much in his air of what is called style, with a face almost too beautiful for a man's, had not his eyes commanded it and all who looked at it, and his close, firm mouth been ready to say what the fiery spirit might bid; his eyes, when at rest, expressing—more than almost any other's I ever saw—sorrow and tender love, a desire to give and to get sympathy, and a sort of gentle, deep sadness, as if that was their permanent state, and gladness their momentary act; but when awakened, full of fire, peremptory, and not to be trifled with; and his smile, and flash of gaiety and fun, something no one could forget; his hair in early life a dead black; his eyebrows of exquisite curve, narrow and intense; his voice deep when unmoved and calm; keen and sharp to piercing fierceness when vehement and roused—in the pulpit, at times a shout, at times a pathetic wail; his utterance hesitating, emphatic, explosive, powerful,—each sentence shot straight and home; his hesitation arising

from his crowd of impatient ideas, and his resolute will that they should come in their order, and some of them not come at all, only the best, and his settled determination that each thought should be dressed in the very and only word which he stammered on till it came,—it was generally worth his pains and ours.

Uncle Johnston, again, flowed on like Cæsar's *Arar, incredibili lenitate*, or like linseed out of a poke. You can easily fancy the spiritual and bodily contrast of these men, and can fancy too, the kind of engagements they would have with their own proper weapons on these Friday evenings, in the old manse dining-room, my father showing uncle out into the darkness of the back-road, and uncle, doubtless, lighting his black and ruminative pipe.

If my uncle brought up nuts to crack, my father was sure to have some difficulties to consult about, or some passages to read, something that made him put his whole energy forth; and when he did so, I never heard such reading. To hear him read the story of Joseph, or passages in David's history, and Psalms 6th, 11th, and 15th, or the 52d, 53d, 54th, 55th, 63d, 64th, and 40th chapters of Isaiah, or the Sermon on the Mount, or the Journey to Emmaus, or our Saviour's prayer in John, or Paul's speech

on Mars' Hill, or the first three chapters of Hebrews and the latter part of the 11th, or Job, or the Apocalypse; or, to pass from those divine themes—Jeremy Taylor, or George Herbert, Sir Walter Raleigh, or Milton's prose, such as the passage beginning "Come forth out of thy royal chambers, O thou Prince of all the kings of the earth!" and "Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her divine Master," or Charles Wesley's Hymns, or, most loved of all, Cowper, from the rapt "Come thou, and, added to thy many crowns," or "O that those lips had language!" to the Jackdaw, and his incomparable Letters; or Gray's Poems, Burns's "Tam O'Shanter," or Sir Walter's "Eve of St. John,"[1] and "The Grey Brother."

But I beg your pardon: Time has run back with me, and fetched that blessed past, and awakened its echoes. I hear his voice; I feel

[1] Well do I remember when driving him from Melrose to Kelso, long ago, we came near Sandyknowe, that grim tower of Smailholm, standing erect like a warder turned to stone, defying time and change, his bursting into that noble ballad—

> "The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
> He spurr'd his courser on,
> Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
> That leads to Brotherstone;"

and pointing out the "Watchfold height," "the eiry Beacon Hill," and "Brotherstone."

his eye; I see his whole nature given up to what he is reading, and making its very soul speak.

Such a man then as I have sketched, or washed faintly in, as the painters say, was that person who sat in the corner under the gallery every Sabbath-day, and who knew his Greek Testament better than his minister. He is dead too, a few months ago, dying surrounded with his cherished hoard of books of all sizes, times, and tongues—tatterdemalion many; all however drawn up in an order of his own; all thoroughly mastered and known; among them David Hume's copy of Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*, with his autograph, which he had picked up at some stall.

I have said that my mother's death was the second epoch in my father's life. I should perhaps have said the third; the first being his mother's long illness and death, and the second his going to Elie, and beginning the battle of life at fifteen. There must have been something very delicate and close and exquisite in the relation between the ailing, silent, beautiful and pensive mother, and that dark-eyed, dark-haired, bright and silent son; a sort of communion it is not easy to express. You can think of him at eleven slowly writing out that

small book of promises in a distinct and minute hand, quite as like his mature hand, as the shy, lustrous-eyed boy was to his after self in his manly years, and sitting by the bedside while the rest were out and shouting, playing at hide-and-seek round the little church, with the winds from Benlomond or the wild uplands of Ayrshire blowing through their hair. He played seldom, but when he did run out, he jumped higher and farther, and ran faster than any of them. His peculiar beauty must have come from his mother. He used at rare times, and with a sort of shudder, to tell of her when a lovely girl of fifteen, having been seen by a gentleman of rank, in Cheapside, hand in hand with an evil woman, who was decoying her to ruin, on pretence of showing her the way home; and how he stopped his carriage, and taking in the unconscious girl, drove her to her uncle's door. But you have said all this better than I can.

His time with his mother, and the necessary confinement and bodily depression caused by it, I doubt not deepened his native thoughtful turn, and his tendency to meditative melancholy, as a condition under which he viewed all things, and quickened and intensified his sense of the suffering of this world, and of

the profound seriousness and mystery in the midst of which we live and die.

The second epoch was that of his leaving home with his guinea, the last he ever got from any one but himself; and his going among utter strangers to be master of a school one half of the scholars of which were bigger and older than himself, and all rough colts—wilful and unbroken. This was his first fronting of the world. Besides supporting himself, this knit the sinews of his mind, and made him rely on himself in action as well as in thought. He sometimes, but not often, spoke of this, never lightly, though he laughed at some of his predicaments. He could not forget the rude shock. Generally those familiar revelations were at supper, on the Sabbath evening, when, his work over, he enjoyed and lingered over his meal.

From his young and slight, almost girlish look, and his refined, quiet manners, the boys of the school were inclined to annoy and bully him. He saw this, and felt it was now or never,—nothing between. So he took his line. The biggest boy, much older and stronger, was the rudest, and infected the rest. The "*wee maister*" ordered him, in that peremptory voice we all remember, to stand up and hold out his hand,

being not at all sure but the big fellow might knock him down on the word. To the astonishment of the school, and to the big rebel's too, he obeyed and was punished on the instant, and to the full; out went the hand, down came the "*taws*," and bit like fire. From that moment he ruled them by his eye, the *taws* vanished.

There was an incident at this time of his life which I should perhaps not tell, and yet I don't know why I shouldn't, it so perfectly illustrates his character in many ways. He had come home during the vacation of his school to Langrig, and was about to go back; he had been renewing his intercourse with his old teacher and friend whom you mention, from whom he used to say he learned to like Shakspere, and who seems to have been a man of genuine literary tastes. He went down to bid him good-bye, and doubtless they got on their old book loves, and would be spouting their pet pieces. The old dominie said, "John, my man, if you are walking into Edinburgh, I'll convoy you a bit." "John" was too happy, so next morning they set off, keeping up a constant fire of quotation and eager talk. They got past Mid-Calder to near East, when my father insisted on his friend returning, and also on going back a bit with him; on looking at the old man, he

thought he was tired, so on reaching the well-known "Kippen's Inn," he stopped and insisted on giving him some refreshment. Instead of ordering bread and cheese and a bottle of ale, he, doubtless full of Shakspere, and great upon sack and canary, ordered *a bottle of wine!* Of this, you may be sure, the dominie, as he most needed it, had the greater share, and doubtless it warmed the cockles of his old heart. "John" making him finish the bottle, and drink the health of "Gentle Will," saw him off, and went in to pay the reckoning. What did he know of the price of wine! It took exactly every penny he had; I doubt not, most boys, knowing that the landlord knew them, would have either paid a part, or asked him to score it up. This was not his way; he was too proud and shy and honest for such an expedient. By this time, what with discussing Shakspere, and witnessing his master's leisurely emptying of that bottle, and releasing the

"Dear prisoned spirits of the impassioned grape,"

he found he must run for it to Edinburgh, or rather Leith, fourteen miles; this he did, and was at the pier just in time to jump into the Elie pinnace, which was already off. He often wondered what he would have done if he had

been that one moment late. You can easily pick out the qualities this story unfolds.

His nature, capable as it was of great, persistent, and indeed dogged labour, was, from the predominance of the nervous system in his organization, excitable, and therefore needed and relished excitement—the more intense the better. He found this in his keen political tastes, in imaginative literature, and in fiction. In the highest kind of poetry he enjoyed the sweet pain of tears; and he all his life had a steady liking, even a hunger, for a good novel. This refreshed, lightened, and diverted his mind from the strain of his incessant exegesis. He used always to say that Sir Walter and Goldsmith, and even Fielding, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, and Miss Ferrier, were true benefactors to the race, by giving such genuine, such secure and innocent pleasure; and he often repeated with admiration Lord Jeffrey's words on Scott, inscribed on his monument. He had no turn for gardening or for fishing or any field sports or games; his sensitive nature recoiled from the idea of pain, and above all, needless pain. He used to say the lower creation had groans enough, and needed no more burdens; indeed, he was fierce to some measure of unfairness against such of his brethren—

—Dr. Wardlaw, for instance[1]—as resembled the apostles in fishing for other things besides men.

But the exercise and the excitement he most of all others delighted in, was riding; and had he been a country gentleman and not a clergyman, I don't think he could have resisted fox-hunting. With the exception of that great genius in more than horsemanship, Andrew Ducrow, I never saw a man sit a horse as he did. He seemed inspired, gay, erect, full of the joy of life, fearless and secure. I have heard a farmer friend say if he had not been a preacher of the gospel he would have been a cavalry officer, and would have fought as he preached.

He was known all over the Upper Ward and down Tweeddale for his riding. "There goes the minister," as he rode past at a swift canter. He had generally well-bred horses, or as I would now call them, ponies; if he had not, his sufferings from a dull, hardmouthed, heavy-hearted and footed, plebeian horse were almost comic. On his grey mare, or his little blood bay horse, to see him setting off and indulging it and himself in some alarming gambols, and in the midst

[1] After a tight discussion between these two attached friends, Dr. Wardlaw said, "Well, I can't answer you, but fish I must and shall."

of his difficulties, partly of his own making, taking off his hat or kissing his hand to a lady, made one think of "young Harry with his beaver up." He used to tell with much relish, how, one fine summer Sabbath evening, after preaching in the open air for a collection, in some village near, and having put the money, chiefly halfpence, into his handkerchief, and that into his hat, he was taking a smart gallop home across the moor, happy and relieved, when three ladies—I think, the Miss Bertrams of Kersewell—came suddenly upon him; off went the hat, down bent the head, and over him streamed the cherished collection, the ladies busy among the wild grass and heather picking it up, and he full of droll confusion and laughter.

The grey mare he had for many years. I can remember her small head and large eyes; her neat, compact body, round as a barrel; her finely flea-bitten skin, and her thoroughbred legs. I have no doubt she had Arabian blood. My father's pride in her was quite curious. Many a wild ride to and from the Presbytery at Lanark, and across flooded and shifting fords, he had on her. She was as sweet-tempered and enduring, as she was swift and sure; and her powers of running were appreciated and applied in a way which he was both angry and amused

to discover. You know what riding the *bruse* means. At a country wedding the young men have a race to the bridegroom's home, and he who wins, brings out a bottle and glass and drinks the young wife's health. I wish Burns had described a *bruse;* all sorts of steeds, wild, unkempt lads as well as colts, old broken-down thoroughbreds that did wonders when *soopled*, huge, grave cart horses devouring the road with their shaggy hoofs, wilful ponies, etc. You can imagine the wild hurry-skurry and fun, the comic situations and upsets over a rough road; up and down places one would be giddy to look at.

Well, the young farmers were in the habit of coming to my father, and asking the loan of the mare to go and see a friend, etc., etc., praising knowingly the fine points and virtues of his darling. Having through life, with all his firmness of nature, an abhorrence of saying "No" to any one, the interview generally ended with, "Well, Robert, you may have her, but take care of her, and don't ride her fast." In an hour or two Robert was riding the *bruse*, and flying away from the crowd, Grey first, and the rest nowhere, and might be seen turning the corner of the farm-house with the victorious bottle in his uplifted hand, the motley pack pant-

ing vainly up the hill. This went on for long, and the grey was famous, almost notorious, all over the Upper Ward; sometimes if she appeared, no one would start, and she trotted the course. Partly from his own personal abstraction from outward country life, and partly from Uncle Johnston's sense of waggery keeping him from telling his friend of the grey's last exploit at Hartree Mill, or her leaping over the "best man" at Thriepland, my father was the last to hear of this equivocal glory of "the minister's *meer*." Indeed, it was whispered she had once won a whip at Lanark races. They still tell of his feats on this fine creature, one of which he himself never alluded to without a feeling of shame. He had an engagement to preach somewhere beyond the Clyde on a Sabbath evening, and his excellent and attached friend and elder, Mr. Kello of Lindsay-lands, accompanied him on his big plough horse. It was to be in the open air, on the river side. When they got to the Clyde they found it in full flood, heavy and sudden rains at the head of the water having brought it down in a wild *spate*. On the opposite side were the gathered people and the tent. Before Mr. Kello knew where he was, there was his minister on the mare swimming across, and carried down in a long diagonal, the people

looking on in terror. He landed, shook himself, and preached with his usual fervour. As I have said, he never liked to speak of this bit of hardihood, and he never repeated it; but it was like the man—there were the people, that was what he would be at, and though timid for anticipated danger as any woman, *in* it he was without fear.

One more illustration of his character in connexion with his riding. On coming to Edinburgh he gave up this kind of exercise; he had no occasion for it, and he had enough, and more than enough of excitement in the public questions in which he found himself involved, and in the miscellaneous activities of a popular town minister. I was then a young doctor—it must have been about 1840—and had a patient, Mrs. James Robertson, eldest daughter of Mr. Pirie, the predecessor of Dr. Dick in what was then Shuttle Street congregation, Glasgow. She was one of my father's earliest and dearest friends, —a mother in the Burgher Israel, she and her cordial husband "given to hospitality," especially to "the Prophets." She was hopelessly ill at Juniper Green, near Edinburgh. Mr. George Stone, then living at Muirhouse, one of my father's congregation in Broughton Place, a man of equal originality and worth, and de-

voted to his minister, knowing my love of riding, offered me his blood-chestnut to ride out and make my visit. My father said, "John, if you are going, I would like to ride out with you;" he wished to see his dying friend. "You ride!" said Mr. Stone, who was a very Yorkshireman in the matter of horses. "Let him try," said I. The upshot was, that Mr. Stone sent the chestnut for me, and a sedate pony—called, if I forget not, Goliath—for his minister, with all sorts of injunctions to me to keep him off the thoroughbred, and on Goliath.

My father had not been on a horse for nearly twenty years. He mounted and rode off. He soon got teased with the short, pattering steps of Goliath, and looked wistfully up at me, and longingly to the tall chestnut, stepping once for Goliath's twice, like the Don striding beside Sancho. I saw what he was after, and when past the toll he said in a mild sort of way, "John, did you promise *absolutely* I was not to ride your horse?" "No, father, certainly not. Mr. Stone, I daresay, wished me to do so, but I didn't." "Well then, I think we'll change; this beast shakes me." So we changed. I remember how noble he looked; how at home: his white hair and his dark eyes, his erect, easy, accustomed seat. He soon let his eager horse slip

gently away. It was first *evasit*, he was off, Goliath and I jogging on behind; then *erupit*, and in a twinkling—*evanuit*. I saw them last flashing through the arch under the Canal, his white hair flying. I was uneasy, though from his riding I knew he was as yet in command, so I put Goliath to his best, and having passed through Slateford, I asked a stonebreaker if he saw a gentleman on a chestnut horse. "Has he white hair?" "Yes." "And een like a gled's?" "Yes." "Weel then, he's fleein' up the road like the wund; he'll be at Little Vantage" (about nine miles off) "in nae time if he haud on." I never once sighted him, but on coming into Juniper Green there was his steaming chestnut at the gate, neighing cheerily to Goliath. I went in, he was at the bedside of his friend, and in the midst of prayer; his words as I entered were, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee;" and he was not the least instant in prayer that his blood was up with his ride. He never again saw Mrs. Robertson, or as she was called when they were young, Sibbie (Sibella) Pirie. On coming out he said nothing, but took the chestnut, mounted her, and we came home quietly. His heart was opened; he spoke of old times and old friends;

he stopped at the exquisite view at Hailes into the valley, and up the Pentlands beyond, the smoke of Kate's Mill rising in the still and shadowy air, and broke out into Cowper's words: Yes,

> "HE sets the bright procession on its way,
> And marshals all the order of the year;
> And ere one flowery season fades and dies,
> Designs the blooming wonders of the next."

Then as we came slowly in, the moon shone behind Craiglockhart hill among the old Scotch firs; he pulled up again, and gave me Collins' Ode to Evening, beginning—

> "If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
> May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
> Thy springs, and dying gales;"

repeating over and over some of the lines, as

> "Thy modest ear,
> Thy springs, and dying gales."
> "—And marks o'er all
> Thy dewy fingers draw
> The gradual dusky veil."

And when she looked out on us clear and full, "Yes—

> "The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
> And nightly to the listening earth
> Repeats the story of her birth."

As we passed through Slateford, he spoke of Dr. Belfrage, his great-hearted friend, of his

obligations to him, and of his son, my friend, both lying together in Colinton churchyard; and of Dr. Dick, who was minister before him, of the Coventrys, and of Stitchel and Sprouston, of his mother, and of himself,—his doubts of his own sincerity in religion, his sense of sin, of God—reverting often to his dying friend. Such a thing only occurred to me with him once or twice all my life; and then when we were home, he was silent, shut up, self-contained as before. He was himself conscious of this habit of reticence, and what may be called *selfism* to us, his children, and lamented it. I remember his saying in a sort of mournful joke, "I have a well of love; I know it; but it is a *well*, and a *draw*-well, to your sorrow and mine, and it seldom overflows, but," looking with that strange power of tenderness as if he put his voice and his heart into his eyes, "you may always come hither to draw;" he used to say he might take to himself Wordsworth's lines,—

> "I am not one who much or oft delights
> To season my fireside with personal talk."

And changing "though" into "if:"

> "A well of love it may be deep,
> I trust it is, and never dry;
> What matter, though its waters sleep
> In silence and obscurity?"

The expression of his affection was more like the shock of a Leyden jar, than the continuous current of a galvanic circle.

There was, as I have said, a permanent chill given by my mother's death, to what may be called the outer surface of his nature, and we at home felt it much. The blood was thrown in upon the centre, and went forth in energetic and victorious work, in searching the Scriptures and saving souls; but his social faculty never recovered that shock! it was blighted; he was always desiring to be alone and at his work. A stranger who saw him for a short time, bright, animated, full of earnest and cordial talk, pleasing and being pleased, the life of the company, was apt to think how delightful he must always be, —and so he was; but these times of bright talk were like angels' visits; and he smiled with peculiar benignity on his retiring guest, as if blessing him not the less for leaving him to himself. I question if there ever lived a man so much in the midst of men, and in the midst of his own children,[1] in whom the silences, as Mr. Carlyle would say, were so predominant. Every Sabbath he spoke out of the abundance of his heart, his whole mind; he was then communicative and frank enough: all the week,

[1] He gave us all the education we got at Biggar.

before and after, he would not unwillingly have never opened his mouth. Of many people we may say that their mouth is always open except when it is shut; of him that his mouth was always shut except when it was opened. Every one must have been struck with the seeming inconsistency of his occasional brilliant, happy, energetic talk, and his habitual silentness—his difficulty in getting anything to say. But, as I have already said, what we lost, the world and the church gained.

When travelling he was always in high spirits and full of anecdote and fun. Indeed I knew more of his inner history in this *one* way, than during years of living with him. I recollect his taking me with him to Glasgow when I must have been about fourteen; we breakfasted in "*The Ram's Horn Tavern*," and I felt a new respect for him at his commanding the waiters. He talked a great deal during our short tour, and often have I desired to recal the many things he told me of his early life, and of his own religious crises, my mother's death, his fear of his own death, and all this intermingled with the drollest stories of his boy and student life.

We went to Paisley and dined, I well remember, we two alone, and, as I thought, magnificently, in a great apartment in "*The Saracen's*

Head," at the end of which was the county ball-room. We had come across from Dunoon and landed in a small boat at the *Water Neb* along with Mrs. Dr. Hall, a character Sir Walter or Galt would have made immortal. My father with characteristic ardour took an oar, for the first time in his life, and I believe for the last, to help the old boatman on the Cart, and wishing to do something decided, missed the water, and went back head over heels to the immense enjoyment of Mrs. Hall, who said, "Less pith, and mair to the purpose, my man." She didn't let the joke die out.

Another time—it was when his second marriage was fixed on, to our great happiness and his—I had just taken my degree of M.D., and he took Isabella, William, and myself to Moffat. By a curious felicity we got into Miss Geddes' lodgings, where the village circulating library was kept, the whole of which we aver he read in ten days. I never saw him so happy, so open and full of mirth, reading to us, and reciting the poetry of his youth. On these rare but delightful occasions he was fond of exhibiting, when asked, his powers of rapid speaking, in which he might have rivalled old Matthews or his son. His favourite feat was repeating "Says I to my Lord, quo' I—what for will ye no

grund ma barleymeal mouter-free, says I to my Lord, quo' I, says I, I says." He was brilliant upon the final, "I says." Another *chef-d'œuvre* was, "On Tintock tap there is a mist, and in the mist there is a kist (a chest), and in the kist there is a cap (a wooden bowl), and in the cap there is a drap, tak' up the cap, and sup the drap, and set the cap on Tintock tap." This he could say, if I mistake not, five times without drawing breath. It was a favourite passage this, and he often threatened to treat it exegetically; laughing heartily when I said, in that case, he would not have great trouble with the *context*, which in others cost him a good deal.

His manners to ladies, and indeed to all women, was that of a courtly gentleman; they could be romantic in their *empressement* and devotion, and I used to think Sir Philip Sydney, or Ariosto's knights and the Paladins of old, must have looked and moved as he did. He had great pleasure in the company of high-bred, refined, thoughtful women; and he had a peculiar sympathy with the sufferings, the necessary mournfulness of women, and with all in their lot connected with the fruit of that forbidden tree—their loneliness, the sorrows of their time, and their pangs in travail, their peculiar relation to their children. I think I hear him reading

the words, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea" (as if it was the next thing to impossible), "she may forget, yet will not I forget thee." Indeed, to a man who saw so little of, and said so little to his own children, perhaps it may be *because* of all this, his sympathy for mothers under loss of children, his real suffering for their suffering, not only endeared him to them as their minister, their consoler, and gave him opportunities of dropping in divine and saving truth and comfort, when the heart was full and soft, tender, and at his mercy, but it brought out in his only loss of this kind, the mingled depth, tenderness, and also the peremptoriness of his nature.

In the case of the death of little Maggie—a child the very image of himself in face, lovely and pensive, and yet ready for any fun, with a keenness of affection that perilled everything on being loved, who must cling to some one and be clasped, made for a garden, for the first garden, not for the rough world, the child of his old age—this peculiar meeting of opposites was very marked. She was stricken with sudden illness, malignant sore throat; her mother was gone, and so she was to my father as a flower he had the sole keeping of; and his joy in her

wild mirth, his watching her childish moods of sadness, as if a shadow came over her young heaven, were themselves something to watch. Her delicate life made no struggle with disease; it as it were declined to stay on such conditions. She therefore sunk at once and without much pain, her soul quick and unclouded, and her little forefinger playing to the last with my father's silvery curls, her eyes trying in vain to brighten his:—

> "Thou wert a dew-drop which the morn brings forth,
> Not fitted to be trailed along the soiling earth;
> But at the touch of wrong, without a strife,
> Slips in a moment out of life."

His distress, his anguish at this stroke, was not only intense, it was in its essence permanent; he went mourning and looking for her all his days; but after she was dead, that resolved will compacted him in an instant. It was on a Sabbath morning she died, and he was all day at church, not many yards from where lay her little corpse alone in the house. His colleague preached in the forenoon, and in the afternoon he took his turn, saying before beginning his discourse:—"It has pleased the Father of Lights to darken one of the lights of my dwelling—had the child lived I would have remained with her, but now I have thought it right to arise and come into

the house of the Lord and worship." Such violence to one part of his nature by that in it which was supreme, injured him: it was like pulling up on the instant an express train; the whole inner organization is minutely, though it may be invisibly hurt; its molecular constitution damaged by the cruel stress and strain. Such things are not right; they are a cruelty and injustice and injury from the soul to the body, its faithful slave, and they bring down, as in his case they too truly did, their own certain and specific retribution. A man who did not feel keenly might have preached; a man whose whole nature was torn, shattered, and astonished as his was, had in a high sense *no right* so to use himself; and when too late he opened his eyes to this. It was part of our old Scottish severe unsparing character—calm to coldness outside, burning to fierceness, tender to agony within.

I was saying how much my father enjoyed women's company. He liked to look on them, and watch them, listening[1] to their keen, un-

[1] One day my mother, and her only sister, Agnes—married to James Aitken of Cullands, a man before his class and his time, for long the only Whig and Seceder laird in Peeblesshire, and with whom my father shared the *Edinburgh Review* from its beginning—the two sisters who were, the one to the other, as Martha was to Mary, sat talking of their household doings; my aunt was great upon some things she could do; my father looked up from his book,

connected, and unreasoning, but not unreasonable talk. Men's argument, or rather arguing, and above all debating, he disliked. He had no turn for it. He was not combative, much less contentious. He was, however, warlike. Anything that he could destroy, any falsehood or injustice, he made for, not to discuss, but to expose and kill. He could not fence with his mind much less with his tongue, and had no love for the exploits of a nimble dialectic. He had no readiness either in thought or word for this; his way was slowly to *think out* a subject, to get it well "bottomed," as Locke would say; he was not careful as to recording the steps he took in their order, but the spirit of his mind was logical, as must be that of all minds who seek and find truth, for logic is nothing else than the arithmetic of thought; having therefore *thought it out*, he proceeded to put it into formal expression. This he did so as never again to undo it. His mind seemed to want the wheels by which this is done, *vestigia nulla retrorsum*, and having stereotyped it, he was never weary of it; it never lost its life and freshness to him, and he delivered it as emphatically

and said, "There is one thing, Mrs. Aitken, you cannot do—you cannot turn the heel of a stocking;" and he was right, he had noticed her make over this "kittle" turn to her mother.

thirty years after it had been cast, as the first hour of its existence.

I have said he was no swordsman, but he was a heavy shot; he fired off his ball, compact, weighty, the *maximum* of substance in the *minimum* of bulk; he put in double charge, pointed the muzzle, and fired, with what force and sharpness we all remember. If it hit, good; if not, all he could do was to load again, with the same ball, and in the same direction. You must come to him to be shot, at least you must stand still, for he had a want of mobility of mind in great questions. He could not stalk about the field like a sharp-shooter; his was a great sixty-eight pounder, and it was not much of a swivel. Thus it was that he rather dropped into the minds of others his authoritative assertions, and left them to breed conviction. If they gave them entrance and cherished them, they would soon find how full of primary truth they were, and how well they would serve them, as they had served him. With all this heavy artillery, somewhat slow and cumbrous, on great questions, he had no want, when he was speaking off-hand, of quick, *snell* remark, often witty and full of spirit, and often too unexpected, like lightning — flashing, smiting and gone. In Church Courts this was very marked. On

small ordinary matters, a word from him would settle a long discussion. He would, after lively, easy talk with his next neighbour, set *him* up to make a speech, which was conclusive. But on great questions he must move forward his great gun with much solemnity and effort, partly from his desire to say as much of the truth at once as he could, partly from the natural concentration and rapidity of his mind in action, as distinguished from his slowness when *incubating*, or in the process of thought,—and partly from a sort of self-consciousness—I might almost call it a compound of pride and nervous diffidence—which seldom left him. He desired to say it so that it might never need to be said again or otherwise by himself, or any one else.

This strong personality, along with a prevailing love to be alone, and dwell with thoughts rather than with thinkers, pervaded his entire character. His religion was deeply personal,[1] not only as affecting himself, but as due to a personal God, and presented through the sacrifice and intercession of the God-man; and it was perhaps owing to his "conversation" being so habitually in heaven—his social and affectionate

[1] In his own words, "A personal Deity is the soul of Natural Religion; a personal Saviour—the real living Christ—is the soul of Revealed Religion."

desires filling themselves continually from "all the fulness of God," through living faith and love—that he the less felt the need of giving and receiving human affection. I never knew any man who lived more truly under the power, and sometimes under the shadow of the world to come. This world had to him little reality except as leading to the next; little interest, except as the time of probation and sentence. A child brought to him to be baptized was in his mind, and in his words, "a young immortal to be educated for eternity;" a birth was the beginning of what was never to end; sin—his own and that of the race—was to him, as it must be to all men who can think, the great mystery, as it is the main curse of time. The idea of it—of its exceeding sinfulness—haunted and oppressed him. He used to say of John Foster, that this deep and intense, but sometimes narrow and grim thinker, had, in his study of the disease of the race, been, as it were, fascinated by its awful spell, so as almost to forget the remedy. This was not the case with himself. As you know, no man held more firmly to the objective reality of his religion—that it was founded upon fact. It was not the pole-star he lost sight of, or the compass he mistrusted; it was the sea-worthiness of the vessel. His

constitutional deficiency of hope, his sensibility to sin, made him not unfrequently stand in doubt of himself, of his sincerity and safety before God, and sometimes made existence—the being obliged to continue to be—a doubtful privilege.

When oppressed with this feeling,—"the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world," the hurry of mankind out of this brief world into the unchangeable and endless next, —I have heard him, with deep feeling, repeat Andrew Marvell's strong lines:—

> "But at my back I always hear
> Time's winged chariots hurrying near;
> And yonder all before me lie
> Deserts of vast eternity."

His living so much on books, and his strong personal attachment to men, as distinct from his adhesion to their principles and views, made him, as it were, live and commune with the dead—made him intimate, not merely with their thoughts, and the public events of their lives, but with themselves—Augustine, Milton, Luther, Melanchthon, George Herbert, Baxter, Howe, Owen, Leighton, Barrow, Bunyan, Philip and Matthew Henry, Doddridge, Defoe, Marvel, Locke, Berkeley, Halliburton, Cowper, Gray,

Johnson, Gibbon, and David Hume,[1] Jortin, Boston,* Bengel, Neander, etc., not to speak of the apostles, and above all, his chief friend the author of the Epistle to the Romans, whom he looked on as the greatest of men,—with all these he had personal relations as men, he cordialized with them. He had thought much more about them—would have had more to say to them had they met, than about or to any but a very few living men.[2] He delighted to pos-

[1] David Hume's *Treatise on Human Nature* he knew thoroughly, and read it carefully during his last illness. He used to say it not only was a miracle of intellectual and literary power for a man of twenty-eight, but contained the essence of all that was best on the philosophy of mind; "It's all there, if you will think it out."

* This tendency was curiously seen in his love of portraits, especially of men whose works he had and liked. He often put portraits into his books, and he seemed to enjoy this way of realizing their authors; and in exhibitions of pictures he was more taken up with what is usually and justly the most tiresome departments, the portraits, than with all else. He was not learned in engravings, and made no attempt at collecting them, so that the following list of portraits in his rooms shows his liking for the men much more than for the art which delineated them. Of course they by no means include all his friends, ancient and modern, but they all *were* his friends:—

Robert Hall—Dr. Carey—Melanchthon—Calvin—Pollok—Erasmus (very like "Uncle Ebenezer")—John Knox—Dr. Waugh—John Milton (three all framed)—Dr. Dick—Dr. Hall—Luther (two)—Dr. Heugh—Dr. Mitchell—Dr. Balmer—Dr. Henderson—Dr. Wardlaw—Shakspere (a small oil painting which he had since ever I remember)—Dugald

sess books which any of them might have held in their hands, on which they had written their names. He had a number of these, some very curious; among others, that wild soldier, man of fashion and wit among the reformers, Ulric von Hütten's autograph on Erasmus' beautiful folio Greek Testament, and John Howe's (spelt How) on the first edition of Milton's Speech on Unlicensed Printing.[1] He began collecting books when he was twelve, and he was collecting up to his last hours. He cared least for

Stewart—Dr. Innes—Dr. Smith, Biggar—the two Erskines and Mr. Fisher—Dr. John Taylor of Toronto—Dr. Chalmers—Mr. William Ellis—Rev. James Elles—J. B. Patterson—Vinet—Archibald M'Lean—Dr. John Erskine—Tholuck—John Pym—Gesenius—Professor Finlayson—Richard Baxter—Dr. Lawson—Dr. Peddie (two, and a copy of Joseph's noble bust); and they were thus all about him for no other reason than that he liked to look at and think of them through their countenances.

[1] In a copy of Baxter's Life and Times, which he picked up at Maurice Ogle's shop in Glasgow, which had belonged to Anna, Countess of Argyll, besides her autograph, there is a most affecting and interesting note in that venerable lady's handwriting. It occurs on the page where Baxter brings a charge of want of veracity against her eldest and name-daughter who was perverted to Popery. They are in a hand tremulous with age and feeling:—"I can say w^{t} truth I neuer in all my lyff did hear hir ly, and what she said, if it was not trew, it was by others sugested to hir, as y^{t} she wold embak on Wedensday. She belived she wold, bot thy took hir, alles! from me who never did sie her mor. The minester of Cuper, Mr. John Magill, did sie hir at Paris in the convent. Said she was a knowing and vertuous person, and hed

merely fine books, though he enjoyed, no one more so, fine type, good binding, and all the niceties of the book-fancier. What he liked were such books as were directly useful in his work, and such as he liked to live in the midst of; such, also, as illustrated any great philosophical, historical, or ecclesiastical epoch. His collection of Greek Testaments was, considering his means, of great extent and value, and he had a quite singular series of books, pamphlets, and

retined the living principels of our relidgon, which made him say it was good to grund young persons weel in ther relidgion, as she was one it appired weel grunded."

The following is Lord Lindsay's letter, on seeing this remarkable marginal note:—

EDINBURGH, DOUGLAS' HOTEL,
26th December 1856.

MY DEAR SIR,—I owe you my sincerest thanks for your kindness in favouring me with a sight of the volume of Baxter's Life, which formerly belonged to my ancestrix, Anna, Countess of Argyll. The MS. note inserted by her in it respecting her daughter is extremely interesting. I had always been under the impression that the daughter had died very shortly after her removal to France, but the contrary appears from Lady Argyll's memorandum. That memorandum throws also a pleasing light on the later life of Lady Anna, and forcibly illustrates the undying love and tenderness of the aged mother, who must have been very old when she penned it, the book having been printed as late as 1696.

I am extremely obliged to you for communicating to me this new and very interesting information.—Believe me, my dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful servant,

LINDSAY.

JOHN BROWN, ESQ., M.D.

documents, referring not merely to his own body—the Secession, with all its subdivisions and reunions—but to Nonconformity and Dissent everywhere, and, indeed, to human liberty, civil and religious, in every form,—for this, after the great truths, duties, and expectations of his faith, was the one master passion of his life—liberty in its greatest sense, the largest extent of individual and public spontaneity consistent with virtue and safety. He was in this as intense, persistent in his devotion, as Sydney, Locke, or old Hollis. For instance, his admiration of Lord Macaulay as a writer and a man of letters, an orator and a statesman, great as it was, was as nothing to his gratitude to him for having placed permanently on record, beyond all risk of obscuration or doubt, the doctrine of 1688—the right and power of the English people to be their own lawgivers, and to appoint their own magistrates, of whom the sovereign is the chief.

His conviction of the sole right of God to be Lord of the conscience, and his sense of his own absolute religious independence of every one but his Maker, were the two elements in building up his beliefs on all church matters; they were twin beliefs. Hence the simplicity and thoroughness of his principles. Sitting in the centre, he commanded the circumference.

But I am straying out of my parish into yours. I only add to what you have said, that the longer he lived, the more did he insist upon it being not less true and not less important, that the Church must not intermeddle with the State, than that the State must not intermeddle with the Church. He used to say, "Go down into the world, with all its complications and confusions, with this double-edged weapon, and you can cut all the composite knots of Church and State." The element of God and of eternity predominates in the religious more than in the civil affairs of men, and thus far transcends them; but the principle of mutual independence is equally applicable to each. All that statesmen, as such, have to do with religion, is to be themselves under its power; all that Christians, as such, have to do with the State, is to be good citizens.

The fourth epoch of his personal life I would date from his second marriage. As I said before, no man was ever happier in his wives. They had much alike in nature,—only one could see the Divine wisdom of his first wife being his first, and his second his second; each did best in her own place and time. His marriage with Miss Crum was a source of great happiness and good not only to himself, but to us

his first children. She had been intimately known to us for many years, and was endeared to us long before we saw her, by her having been, as a child and girl, a great favourite of our own mother. The families of my grandfather Nimmo, and of the Crums, Ewings, and Maclaes, were very intimate. I have heard my father tell, that being out at Thornliebank with my mother, he asked her to take a walk with him to the Rouken, a romantic waterfall and glen up the burn. My mother thought they might take "Miss Margaret" with them, and so save appearances, and with Miss Crum, then a child of ten, holding my father's hand, away the three went!

So you may see that no one could be nearer to being our mother; and she was curiously ingenious, and completely successful in gaining our affection and regard. I have, as a boy, a peculiarly pleasant remembrance of her, having been at Thornliebank when about fourteen, and getting that impression of her gentle, kind, wise, calm, and happy nature—her entire loveableness—which it was our privilege to see ministering so much to my father's comfort. That fortnight in 1824 or 1825 is still to me like the memory of some happy dream; the old library, the big chair in which I huddled

myself up for hours with the New Arabian Nights, and all the old-fashioned and unforgotten books I found there, the ample old garden, the wonders of machinery and skill going on in "the works," the large water-wheel going its stately rounds in the midst of its own darkness, the petrifactions I excavated in the bed of the burn, *ammonites*, etc., and brought home to my museum (!); the hospitable lady of the house, my hereditary friend, dignified, anxious and kind; and above all, her only daughter who made me a sort of pet, and was always contriving some unexpected pleasure,—all this feels to me even now like something out of a book.

My father's union with Miss Crum was not only one of the best blessings of his life,—it made him more of a blessing to others, than it is likely he would otherwise have been. By her cheerful, gracious ways, her love for society as distinguished from company, her gift of making every one happy and at ease when with her, and her tender compassion for all suffering, she in a measure won my father from himself and his books, to his own great good, and to the delight and benefit of us all. It was like sunshine and a glad sound in the house. She succeeded in what is called "drawing out" the inveterate

solitary. Moreover, she encouraged and enabled him to give up a moiety of his ministerial labours, and thus to devote himself to the great work of his later years, the preparing for and giving to the press the results of his life's study of God's Word. We owe entirely to her that immense *armamentarium libertatis*, the third edition of his treatise on Civil Obedience.

One other source of great happiness to my father by this marriage was the intercourse he had with the family at Thornliebank, deepened and endeared as this was by her unexpected and irreparable loss. But on this I must not enlarge, nor on that death itself, the last thing in the world he ever feared—leaving him once more, after a brief happiness, and when he had still more reason to hope that he would have "grown old with her, leaning on her faithful bosom." The urn was again empty—and the only word was *vale!* he was once more *viduus*, bereft.

> "God gives us love; something to love
> He lends us; but, when love is grown
> To ripeness, that on which it throve
> Falls off, and love is left alone.
> This is the curse of time"—

But still

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

It was no easy matter to get him from home and away from his books. But once off, he always enjoyed himself,—especially in his visits to Thornliebank, Busby, Crofthead, Biggar, and Melrose. He was very fond of preaching on these occasions, and his services were always peculiarly impressive. He spoke more slowly and with less vehemence than in his own pulpit, and, as I often told him, with all the more effect. When driving about Biggar, or in the neighbourhood of Langrig, he was full of the past, showing how keenly, with all his outward reserve, he had observed and felt. He had a quite peculiar interest in his three flocks, keeping his eye on all their members, through long years of absence.

His love for his people and for his "body" was a special love; and his knowledge of the Secession, through all its many divisions and unions,—his knowledge, not only of its public history, with its immense controversial and occasional literature, but of the lives and peculiarities of its ministers,—was of the most minute and curious kind. He loved all mankind, and specially such as were of "the household of faith;" and he longed for the time when, as there was one Shepherd, there would be but one sheepfold; but he gloried in being not

only a Seceder, but a Burgher; and he often said, that take them all in all, he knew no body of professing Christians in any country or in any time, worthier of all honour than that which was founded by the Four Brethren, not only as God-fearing, God-serving men, but as members of civil society; men who on every occasion were found on the side of liberty and order, truth and justice. He used to say he believed there was hardly a Tory in the Synod, and that no one but He whose service is perfect freedom, knew the public good done, and the public evil averted, by the lives and the principles, and when need was, by the votes of such men, all of whom were in the working classes, or in the lower half of the middle. The great Whig leaders knew this, and could always depend on the Seceders.

There is no worthy portrait of my father in his prime. I believe no man was ever more victimized in the way of being asked to "sit;" indeed, it was probably from so many of them being of this kind, that the opportunity of securing a really good one was lost. The best—the one portrait of his habitual expression—is Mr. Harvey's, done for Mr. Crum of Busby: it was taken when he was failing, but it is an excellent likeness as well as a noble picture;

such a picture as one would buy without knowing anything of the subject. So true it is, that imaginative painters, men gifted and accustomed to render their own ideal conceptions in form and colour, grasp and impress on their canvas the features of real men more to the quick, more faithfully as to the central qualities of the man, than professed portrait painters.

Steell's bust is beautiful, but it is wanting in expression. Slater's, though rude, is better. Angus Fletcher's has much of his air, but is too much like a Grecian God. There is a miniature by Mrs. Robertson of London, belonging to my sister, Mrs. Young, which I always liked, though more like a gay, brilliant French Abbé, than the Seceder minister of Rose Street, as he then was. It gives, however, more of his exquisite brightness and spirit, the dancing light in his dark eyes, and his smile, when pleased and desiring to please, than any other. I have a drawing by Mr. Harvey, done from my father for his picture of the Minister's Visit, which I value very much, as giving the force and depth, the *momentum*, so to speak, of his serious look. He is sitting in a cottar's house, reading the Bible to an old bed-ridden woman, the farm servants gathered round to get his word.

Mungo Burton painted a good portrait which

my brother William has; from his being drawn in a black neckcloth, and standing, he looks as he sometimes did, more like a member of Parliament than a clergyman. The print from this is good and very scarce. Of Photographs, I like D. O. Hill's best, in which he is represented as shaking hands with the (invisible) Free Church—it is full of his earnest, cordial power; that by Tunny, from which the beautiful engraving by Lumb Stocks in this Memoir was taken, is very like what he was about a year and a half before his death. All the other portraits, as far as I can remember, are worthless and worse, missing entirely the true expression. He was very difficult to take, partly because he was so full of what may be called spiritual beauty, evanescent, ever changing, and requiring the highest kind of genius to fix it; and partly from his own fault, for he thought it was necessary to be lively, or rather to try to be so to his volunteering artist, and the consequence was, his giving them, as his habitual expression, one which was rare, and in this particular case more made than born.

The time when I would have liked his look to have been perpetuated, was that of all others the least likely, or indeed possible;—it was, when after administering the Sacrament to his

people, and having solemnized every one, and been himself profoundly moved by that Divine, everlasting memorial, he left the elders' seat and returned to the pulpit, and after giving out the psalm, sat down wearied and satisfied, filled with devout gratitude to his Master—his face pale, and his dark eyes looking out upon us all, his whole countenance radiant and subdued. Any likeness of him in this state, more like that of the proto-martyr, when his face was as that of an angel, than anything I ever beheld, would have made one feel what it is so impossible otherwise to convey,—the mingled sweetness, dignity, and beauty of his face. When it was winter, and the church darkening, and the lights at the pulpit were lighted so as to fall upon his face and throw the rest of the vast assemblage into deeper shadow, the effect of his countenance was something never to forget.

He was more a man of power than of genius in the ordinary sense. His imagination was not a primary power; it was not originative, though in a quite uncommon degree receptive, having the capacity of realizing the imaginations of others, and through them bodying forth the unseen. When exalted and urged by the understanding, and heated by the affections, it

burst out with great force, but always as servant, not master. But if he had no one faculty that might be, to use the loose words of common speech, original, he was so as a whole,—such a man as stood alone. No one ever mistook his look, or would, had they been blind, have mistaken his voice or words, for those of any one else, or any one else's for his.

His mental characteristics, if I may venture on such ground, were clearness and vigour, intensity, fervour,[1] concentration, penetration, and perseverance,—more of depth than width.[2] The

[1] This earnestness of nature pervaded all his exercises. A man of great capacity and culture, with a head like Benjamin Franklin's, an avowed unbeliever in Christianity, came every Sunday afternoon, for many years, to hear him. I remember his look well, as if interested, but not impressed. He was often asked by his friends why he went when he didn't believe one word of what he heard. "Neither I do, but I like to hear and to see a man earnest once a week, about anything." It is related of David Hume, that having heard my great-grandfather preach, he said, "That's the man for me, he means what he says, he speaks as if Jesus Christ was at his elbow."

[2] The following note from the pen to which we owe "St. Paul's Thorn in the Flesh" is admirable, both for its reference to my father, and its own beauty and truth.

"One instance of his imperfect discernment of associations of thought that were not of a purely logical character was afforded, we used to think, by the decided and almost contemptuous manner in which he always rejected the theory of what is called the double interpretation of prophecy. This, of course, is not the place to discuss whether he was absolutely right or wrong in his opinion. The subject, however,

moral conditions under which he lived were the love, the pursuit, and the practice of truth in everything; strength and depth, rather than external warmth of affection; fidelity to principles and to friends. He used often to speak of the moral obligation laid upon every man to *think truly*, as well as to speak and act truly, and said that much intellectual demoralization

is one of somewhat curious interest, and it has also a strictly literary as well as a theological aspect, and what we have to say about it shall relate exclusively to the former. When Dr. Brown then said, as he was accustomed in his strong way to do, that 'if prophecy was capable of two senses, it was impossible it could have any sense at all,' it is plain, we think, that he forgot the specific character of prophetic literature, viz., its being in the highest degree poetic. Now every one knows that poetry of a very elevated cast almost invariably possesses great breadth, variety, we may say multiplicity of meaning. Its very excellence consists in its being capable of two, three, or many meanings and applications. Take, for example, these familiar lines in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream:'—

> 'Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
> Could ever hear by tale or history,
> The course of true love never did run smooth:
> But either it was different in blood,
> Or else misgraffed in respect of years,
> Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;
> Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
> War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
> Making it momentary as a sound,
> Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
> Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
> That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth,
> And ere a man hath power to say "Behold!"
> The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
> So quick bright things come to confusion.'

We remember once quoting these lines to a lady, and being

and ruin resulted from neglecting this. He was absolutely tolerant of all difference of opinion, so that it was sincere; and this was all the more remarkable from his being the opposite of an indifferentist, being very strong in his own convictions, holding them keenly, even passionately, while, from the structure of his mind, he was somehow deficient in comprehending, much less of sympathizing with the opinions of men who greatly differed from him. This made his hom-

rather taken aback by her remark, 'They are very beautiful, but I don't think they are true.' We really had forgot for the moment the straightforward, matter-of-fact sense of which they are capable, and were not adverting to the possibility of their being understood to mean that—nothing but love-crosses are going, and that no tolerable amount of comfort or happiness is to be found in the life matrimonial, or in any of the approaches towards it. Every intelligent student of Shakspere's, however, will at once feel that the poet's mind speedily passes away from the idea with which he starts, and becomes merged in a far wider theme, viz., in the disenchantment to which all lofty imaginations are liable, the disappointment to which all extravagant earthly hopes and wishes are doomed. This, in fact, is distinctly expressed in the last line, and in this sense alone can the words be regarded as at all touching or impressive. Sudden expansions and transitions of thought, then, are nothing more than what is common to all poetry; and when we find the Hebrew bards, in their prophetic songs, mingling in the closest conjunction the anticipations of the glories of Solomon's reign, or the happy prospects of a return from Babylon, with the higher glory and happiness of Messiah's advent, such transitions of thought are in perfect accordance with the ordinary laws of poetry, and ought not to perplex even the most unimaginative student of the Bible."

age to entire freedom of thought all the more genuine and rare. In the region of theological thought he was scientific, systematic, and authoritative, rather than philosophical and speculative. He held so strongly that the Christian religion was mainly a religion of facts, that he perhaps allowed too little to its also being a philosophy that was ready to meet, out of its own essence and its ever unfolding powers, any new form of unbelief, disbelief, or misbelief, and must front itself to them as they moved up.

With devotional feeling—with everything that showed reverence and godly fear—he cordialized wherever and in whomsoever it was found,—Pagan or Christian, Romanist or Protestant, bond or free; and while he disliked, and had indeed a positive antipathy to intellectual mysticism, he had a great knowledge of and relish for such writers as Dr. Henry More, Culverwel, Scougall, Madame Guyon, whom (besides their other qualities) I may perhaps be allowed to call affectionate mystics, and for such poets as Herbert and Vaughan, whose poetry was pious, and their piety poetic. As I have said, he was perhaps too impatient of all obscure thinking, from not considering that on certain subjects, necessarily in their substance, and on the skirts of all subjects, obscurity and vague-

ness, difficulty and uncertainty, are inherent, and must therefore appear in their treatment. Men who rejoiced in making clear things obscure, and plain things the reverse, he could not abide, and spoke with some contempt of those who were original merely from their standing on their heads, and tall from walking upon stilts. As you have truly said, his character mellowed and toned down in his later years, without in any way losing its own individuality, and its clear, vigorous, unflinching perception of and addiction to principles.

His affectionate ways with his students were often very curious: he contrived to get at their hearts, and find out all their family and local specialities, in a sort of short-hand way, and he never forgot them in after life; and watching him with them at tea, speaking his mind freely and often jocularly upon all sorts of subjects, one got a glimpse of that union of opposites which made him so much what he was—he gave out far more liberally to them the riches of his learning and the deep thoughts of his heart, than he ever did among his full-grown brethren. It was like the flush of an Arctic summer, blossoming all over, out of and into the stillness, the loneliness, and the chill rigour of winter. Though authoritative in his class without any

effort, he was indulgent to everything but conceit, slovenliness of mind and body, irreverence, and above all handling the Word of God deceitfully. On one occasion a student having delivered in the Hall a discourse tinged with Arminianism, he said, "That may be the gospel according to Dr. Macknight, or the gospel according to Dr. Taylor of Norwich, but it is not the gospel according to the Apostle Paul; and if I thought the sentiments expressed were his own, if I had not thought he has taken his thoughts from commentators without carefully considering them, I would think it my duty to him and to the church to make him no longer a student of divinity here." He was often unconsciously severe, from his saying exactly what he felt. On a student's ending his discourse, his only criticism was, "the strongest characteristic of this discourse is weakness," and feeling that this was really all he had to say, he ended. A young gentleman on very good terms with himself, stood up to pray with his hands in his pockets, and among other things he put up a petition he might "be delivered from the fear of man, which bringeth a snare;" my father's only remark was that there was part of his prayer which seemed to be granted before it was asked. But he was always unwilling to criticise prayer, feel-

ing it to be too sacred, and as it were beyond his province, except to deliver the true principles of all prayer, which he used to say were admirably given in the *Shorter Catechism*—"Prayer is an offering up of the desires of the heart to God, for things agreeable to his will, in the name of Christ; with confession of our sins, and thankful acknowledgment of his mercies."

For the "heroic" old man of Haddington my father had a peculiar reverence, as indeed we all have—as well we may. He was our king, the founder of our dynasty; we dated from him, and he was "hedged" accordingly by a certain sacredness or "divinity." I well remember with what surprise and pride I found myself asked by a blacksmith's wife in a remote hamlet among the hop gardens of Kent, if I was "the son of the Self-interpreting Bible." I possess, as an heirloom, the New Testament which my father fondly regarded as the one his grandfather, when a herd laddie, got from the Professor who heard him ask for it, and promised him it if he could read a verse; and he has in his beautiful small hand written in it what follows:—"He (John Brown of Haddington) had now acquired so much of Greek as encouraged him to hope that he might at length be prepared to reap the richest of all rewards which

classical learning could confer on him, the capacity of reading in the original tongue the blessed New Testament of our Lord and Saviour. Full of this hope, he became anxious to possess a copy of the invaluable volume. One night, having committed the charge of his sheep to a companion, he set out on a midnight journey to St. Andrews, a distance of twenty-four miles. He reached his destination in the morning, and went to the bookseller's shop asking for a copy of the Greek New Testament. The master of the shop, surprised at such a request from a shepherd boy, was disposed to make game of him. Some of the professors coming into the shop questioned the lad about his employment and studies. After hearing his tale, one of them desired the bookseller to bring the volume. He did so, and drawing it down, said, 'Boy, read this, and you shall have it for nothing.' The boy did so, acquitted himself to the admiration of his judges, and carried off his Testament, and when the evening arrived, was studying it in the midst of his flock on the braes of Abernethy." —*Memoir of Rev. John Brown of Haddington*, by Rev. J. B. Patterson.

"There is reason to believe *this* is the New Testament referred to. The name on the opposite page was written on the fly-leaf. It is

obviously the writing of a boy, and bears a resemblance to Mr. Brown's handwriting in mature life. It is imperfect, wanting a great part of the Gospel of Matthew. The autograph at the end is that of his son, Thomas, when a youth at college, afterwards Rev. Dr. Thomas Brown of Dalkeith.—J. B."

I doubt not my father regarded this little worn old book, the sword of the Spirit which his ancestor so nobly won, and wore, and warred with, with not less honest veneration and pride than does his dear friend James Douglas of Cavers the Percy pennon borne away at Otterbourne. When I read, in Uncle William's admirable Life of his father, his own simple story of his early life—his loss of father and mother before he was eleven, his discovering (as true a *discovery* as Dr. Young's of the characters of the Rosetta stone, or Rawlinson's of the cuneiform letters) the Greek characters, his defence of himself against the astonishing and base charge of getting his learning from the devil (that shrewd personage would not have employed him on the Greek Testament), his eager, indomitable study, his running miles to and back again to hear a sermon after folding his sheep at noon, his keeping his family creditably on never more than £50, and for long on £40 a year,

giving largely in charity, and never wanting, as he said, "lying money"—when I think of all this, I feel what a strong, independent, manly nature he must have had. We all know his saintly character, his devotion to learning, and to the work of preaching and teaching; but he seems to have been, like most complete men, full of humour and keen wit. Some of his *snell* sayings are still remembered. A lad of an excitable temperament waited on him, and informed him he wished to be a preacher of the gospel. My great-grandfather, finding him as weak in intellect as he was strong in conceit, advised him to continue in his present vocation. The young man said, "But I wish to preach and glorify God." "My young friend, a man may glorify God making broom besoms; stick to your trade, and glorify God by your walk and conversation."

The late Dr. Husband of Dunfermline called on him when he was preparing to set out for Gifford, and was beginning to ask him some questions as to the place grace held in the Divine economy. "Come away wi' me, and I'll expound that; but when I'm speaking, look you after my feet." They got upon a rough bit of common, and the eager and full-minded old man was in the midst of his unfolding the

Divine scheme, and his student was drinking in his words, and forgetting *his* part of the bargain. His master stumbled and fell, and getting up, somewhat sharply said, "James, the grace o' God can do much, but it canna gi'e a man common sense;" which is as good theology as sense.

A scoffing blacksmith seeing him jogging up to a house near the smithy on his pony, which was halting, said to him, "Mr. Brown, ye're in the Scripture line the day—'the legs o' the lame are not equal.'" "So is a parable in the mouth of a fool."

On his coming to Haddington, there was one man who held out against his "call." Mr. Brown meeting him when they could not avoid each other, the non-content said, "Ye see, sir, I canna say what I dinna think, and I think ye're ower young and inexperienced for this charge." "So I think too, David, *but it would never do for you and me to gang in the face o' the hale congregation!*"

The following is a singular illustration of the prevailing dark and severe tone of the religious teaching of that time, and also of its strength:—A poor old woman, of great worth and excellent understanding, in whose conversation Mr. Brown took much pleasure, was on her death-bed. Wishing to try her faith, he said

to her, "Janet, what would you say if, after all He has done for you, God should let you drop into hell?" "E'en's (even as) he likes; if he does, *He'll lose mair than I'll do.*" There is something not less than sublime in this reply.

Than my grandfather and "Uncle Ebenezer," no two brothers could be more different in nature or more united in affection. My grandfather was a man of great natural good sense, well read and well knowledged, easy but not indolent, never overflowing but never empty, homely but dignified, and fuller of love to all sentient creatures than any other human being I ever knew. I had, when a boy of ten, two rabbits, Oscar and Livia: why so named is a secret I have lost; perhaps it was an Ossianic union of the Roman with the Gael. Oscar was a broad-nosed, manly, rather *brusque* husband, who used to snort when angry, and bite too; Livia was a thin-faced, meek, and I fear, deceitfullish wife, who could smile, and then bite. One evening I had lifted both these worthies, by the ears of course, and was taking them from their clover to their beds, when my grandfather, who had been walking out in the cool of the evening, met me. I had just kissed the two creatures, out of mingled love to them, and pleasure at having caught

them without much trouble. He took me by the chin, and kissed me, and then *Oscar and Livia!* Wonderful man, I thought, and still think! doubtless he had seen me in my private fondness, and wished to please me.

He was for ever doing good in his quiet yet earnest way. Not only on Sunday when he preached solid gospel sermons, full of quaint familiar expressions, such as I fear few of my readers could take up, full of solemn, affectionate appeals, full of his own simplicity and love, the Monday also found him ready with his everyday gospel. If he met a drover from Lochaber who had crossed the Campsie Hills, and was making across Carnwath Moor to the Calstane Slap, and thence into England by the drove-road, he accosted him with a friendly smile, — gave him a reasonable tract, and dropped into him some words of Divine truth. He was thus *continually* doing good. Go where he might, he had his message to every one; to a servant lass, to a poor wanderer on the bleak streets, to gentle and simple—he flowed for ever *pleno rivo.*

Uncle Ebenezer, on the other hand, flowed *per saltum;* he was always good and saintly, but he was great once a week; six days he brooded over his message, was silent, with-

drawn, self-involved; on the Sabbath, that downcast, almost timid man, who shunned men, the instant he was in the pulpit, stood up a son of thunder. Such a voice! such a piercing eye! such an inevitable forefinger, held out trembling with the terrors of the Lord; such a power of asking questions and letting them fall deep into the hearts of his hearers, and then answering them himself, with an "ah, sirs!" that thrilled and quivered from him to them.

I remember his astonishing us all with a sudden burst. It was a sermon upon the apparent *plus* of evil in this world, and he had driven himself and us all to despair—so much sin, so much misery—when, taking advantage of the chapter he had read, the account of the uproar at Ephesus in the Theatre, he said, "Ah, sirs! what if some of the men who, for 'about the space of two hours,' cried out, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians,' have for the space of eighteen hundred years and more been crying day and night, 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are all thy ways, thou King of saints; who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy.'"

You have doubtless heard of the story of Lord Brougham going to hear him. It is very

characteristic, and as I had it from Mrs. Cuninghame, who was present; I may be allowed to tell it. Brougham and Denman were on a visit to James Stuart of Dunearn, about the time of the Queen's trial. They had asked Stuart where they should go to church; he said he would take them to a Seceder minister at Inverkeithing. They went, and as Mr. Stuart had described the saintly old man, Brougham said he would like to be introduced to him, and arriving before service time, Mr. Stuart called, and left a message that some gentlemen wished to see him. The answer was that "Maister" Brown saw nobody before divine worship. He then sent in Brougham and Denman's names. "Mr. Brown's compliments to Mr. Stuart, and he sees nobody before sermon," and in a few minutes out came the stooping shy old man, and passed them, unconscious of their presence. They sat in the front gallery, and he preached a faithful sermon, full of fire and of native force. They came away greatly moved, and each wrote to Lord Jeffrey to lose not a week in coming to hear the greatest natural orator they had ever heard. Jeffrey came next Sunday, and often after declared he never heard such words, such a sacred, untaught gift of speech. Nothing was more beautiful than my father's admiration

and emotion when listening to his uncle's rapt passages, or than his childlike faith in my father's exegetical prowess. He used to have a list of difficult passages ready for "my nephew," and the moment the oracle gave a decision, the old man asked him to repeat it, and then took a permanent note of it, and would assuredly preach it some day with his own proper unction and power. One story of him I must give; my father, who heard it not long before his own death, was delighted with it, and for some days repeated it to every one. Uncle Ebenezer, with all his mildness and general complaisance, was, like most of the Browns, *tenax propositi*, firm to obstinacy. He had established a week-day sermon at the North Ferry, about two miles from his own town, Inverkeithing. It was, I think, on the Tuesdays. It was winter, and a wild, drifting, and dangerous day; his daughters —his wife was dead—besought him not to go; he smiled vaguely, but continued getting into his big-coat. Nothing would stay him, and away he and the pony stumbled through the dumb and blinding snow. He was half-way on his journey, and had got into the sermon he was going to preach, and was utterly insensible to the outward storm: his pony getting its feet *balled*, staggered about, and at last upset his

master and himself into the ditch at the road-side. The feeble, heedless, rapt old man might have perished there, had not some carters, bringing up whisky casks from the Ferry, seen the catastrophe, and rushed up, raising him, and *dichtin'* him, with much commiseration and blunt speech—"Puir auld man, what brocht ye here in sic a day?" There they were, a rough crew, surrounding the saintly man, some putting on his hat, sorting and cheering him, and others knocking the balls off the pony's feet, and stuffing them with grease. He was most polite and grateful, and one of these cordial ruffians having pierced a cask, brought him a horn of whisky, and said, "Tak that, it 'll hearten ye." He took the horn, and bowing to them, said, "Sirs, let us give thanks!" and there, by the road-side, in the drift and storm, with these wild fellows, he asked a blessing on it, and for his kind deliverers, and took a tasting of the horn. The men cried like children. They lifted him on his pony, one going with him, and when the rest arrived in Inverkeithing, they repeated the story to everybody, and broke down in tears whenever they came to the blessing. "And to think o' askin' a blessin' on a tass o' whisky!" Next Presbytery day, after the ordinary business was over, he rose up—he seldom spoke—and

said, "Moderator, I have something personal to myself to say. I have often said, that real kindness belongs only to true Christians, but" —and then he told the story of these men; "but more true kindness I never experienced than from these lads. They may have had the grace of God, I don't know; but I never mean again to be so *positive* in speaking of this matter."

When he was on a missionary tour in the north, he one morning met a band of Highland shearers on their way to the harvest; he asked them to stop and hear the word of God. They said they could not, as they had their wages to work for. He offered them what they said they would lose; to this they agreed, and he paid them, and closing his eyes engaged in prayer; when he had ended, he looked up, and his congregation had vanished! His shrewd brother Thomas, to whom he complained of this faithlessness, said, "Eben, the next time ye pay folk to hear you preach, keep your eyes open, and pay them when you are done." I remember, on another occasion, in Bristo Church, with an immense audience, he had been going over the Scripture accounts of great sinners repenting and turning to God, repeating their names, from Manasseh onwards. He seemed to have closed

the record, when, fixing his eyes on the end of the central passage, he called out abruptly, "I see a man!" Every one looked to that point—"I see a man of Tarsus; and he says, Make mention of me!" It must not be supposed that the discourses of "Uncle Ebenezer," with these abrupt appeals and sudden starts, were unwritten or extempore; they were carefully composed and written out,—only these flashes of thought and passion came on him suddenly when writing, and were therefore quite natural when delivered —they came on him again.

The Rev. John Belfrage, M.D., had more power over my father's actions and his relations to the world, than any other of his friends: over his thoughts and convictions proper, not much, —few living men had, and even among the mighty dead, he called no man master. He used to say that the three master intellects devoted to the study of divine truth since the apostles, were Augustine, Calvin, and Jonathan Edwards; but that even they were only *primi inter pares*,—this by the bye.

On all that concerned his outward life as a public teacher, as a father, and as a member of society, he consulted Dr. Belfrage, and was swayed greatly by his judgment, as, for instance, the choice of a profession for myself, his second

marriage, etc. He knew him to be his true friend, and not only wise and honest, but pre-eminently a man of affairs, *capax rerum*. Dr. Belfrage was a great man *in posse*, if ever I saw one,—"a village Hampden." Greatness was of his essence; nothing paltry, nothing secondary, nothing untrue. Large in body, large and handsome in face, lofty in manner to his equals or superiors;[1] homely, familiar, cordial with the young and the poor,—I never met with a more truly royal nature—more native and endued to rule, guide, and benefit mankind. He was for ever scheming for the good of others, and chiefly in the way of helping them to help themselves. From a curious want of ambition—his desire for advancement was for that of his friends, not for his own, and here he was ambitious and zealous enough,—from non-concentration of his faculties in early life, and from an affection of the heart which ultimately killed him—it was too big for his body, and, under the relentless hydrostatic law, at last shattered the tabernacle

[1] On one occasion, Mr. Hall of Kelso, an excellent but very odd man, in whom the *ego* was very strong, and who, if he had been a Spaniard, would, to adopt Coleridge's story, have taken off or touched his hat whenever he spoke of himself, met Dr. Belfrage in the lobby of the Synod, and drawing himself up as he passed, he muttered, "high and michty!" "There's a pair of us, Mr. Hall."

it moved, like a steam-engine too powerful for the vessel it finds itself in,—his mental heart also was too big for his happiness,—from these causes, along with a love for gardening, which was a passion, and an inherited competency, which took away what John Hunter calls "the stimulus of necessity," you may understand how this remarkable man—instead of being a Prime Minister, a Lord Chancellor, or a Dr. Gregory, a George Stephenson, or likeliest of all, a John Howard, without some of his weaknesses, lived and died minister of the small congregation of Slateford, near Edinburgh. It is also true that he was a physician, and an energetic and successful one, and got rid of some of his love of doing good to and managing human beings in this way; he was also an oracle in his district, to whom many had the wisdom to go to take as well as ask advice, and who was never weary of entering into the most minute details, and taking endless pains, being like Dr. Chalmers a strong believer in "the power of littles." It would be out of place, though it would be not uninteresting, to tell how this great resident power—this strong will and authority, this capacious, clear, and beneficent intellect—dwelt in its petty sphere, like an oak in a flower-pot; but I cannot help recalling that signal act of friendship

and of power in the matter of my father's translation from Rose Street to Broughton Place, to which you have referred.

It was one of the turning-points of my father's history. Dr. Belfrage, though seldom a speaker in the public courts of his Church, was always watchful of the interests of the people and of his friends. On the Rose Street question he had from the beginning formed a strong opinion. My father had made his statement, indicating his leaning, but leaving himself absolutely in the hands of the Synod. There was some speaking, all on one side, and for a time the Synod seemed to incline to be absolute, and refuse the call of Broughton Place. The house was everywhere crowded, and breathless with interest, my father sitting motionless, anxious, and pale, prepared to submit without a word, but retaining his own mind; everything looked like a unanimous decision for Rose Street, when Dr. Belfrage rose up and came forward into the "passage," and with his first sentence and look, took possession of the house. He stated, with clear and simple argument, the truth and reason of the case; and then having fixed himself there, he took up the personal interests and feelings of his friend, and putting before them what they were about to do in sending back my father,

closed with a burst of indignant appeal—"I ask you now, not as Christians, I ask you as gentlemen; are you prepared to do this?" Every one felt it was settled, and so it was. My father never forgot this great act of his friend.

This remarkable man, inferior to my father in learning, in intensity, in compactness and in power of—so to speak—*focussing* himself,—admiring his keen eloquence, his devotedness to his sacred art, rejoicing in his fame, jealous of his honour—was, by reason of his own massive understanding, his warm and great heart, and his instinctive knowledge of men, my father's most valued friend, for he knew best and most of what my father knew least; and on his death, my father said he felt himself thus far unprotected and unsafe. He died at Rothesay of hypertrophy of the heart. I had the sad privilege of being with him to the last; and any nobler spectacle of tender, generous affection, high courage, child-like submission to the Supreme Will, and of magnanimity in its true sense, I do not again expect to see. On the morning of his death he said to me, "John, come and tell me honestly how this is to end; tell me the last symptoms in their sequence." I knew the man, and was honest, and told him

all I knew. "Is there any chance of stupor or delirium?" "I think not. Death (to take Bichat's division) will begin at the heart itself, and you will die conscious." "I am glad of that. It was Samuel Johnson, wasn't it, who wished not to die unconscious, that he might enter the eternal world with his mind unclouded; but you know, John, that was physiological nonsense. We leave the brain, and all this ruined body, behind; but I would like to be in my senses when I take my last look of this wonderful world," looking across the still sea towards the Argyleshire hills, lying in the light of sunrise, "and of my friends—of you," fixing his eyes on a faithful friend and myself. And it was so; in less than an hour he was dead, sitting erect in his chair—his disease had for weeks prevented him from lying down,—all the dignity, simplicity, and benignity of its master resting upon, and, as it were, supporting that "ruin," which he had left.

I cannot end this tribute to my father's friend and mine, and my own dear and earliest friend's father, without recording one of the most extraordinary instances of the power of will, under the pressure of affection, I ever witnessed or heard of. Dr. Belfrage was twice married. His second wife was a woman of great sweetness and

delicacy, not only of mind, but, to his sorrow, of constitution. She died, after less than a year of singular and unbroken happiness. There was no portrait of her. He resolved there should be one; and though utterly ignorant of drawing, he determined to do it himself. No one else could have such a perfect image of her in his mind, and he resolved to realize this image. He got the materials for miniature painting, and, I think, eight prepared ivory plates. He then shut himself up from every one, and from everything, for fourteen days, and came out of his room, wasted and feeble, with one of the plates (the others he had used and burnt), on which was a portrait, full of subtle likeness, and drawn and coloured in a way no one could have dreamt of having had such an artist. I have seen it; and though I never saw the original, I felt that it must be like, as indeed every one who knew her said it was. I do not, as I said before, know anything more remarkable in the history of human sorrow and resolve.

I remember well that Dr. Belfrage was the first man I ever heard speak of Free-trade in religion and in education. It was during the first election after the Reform Bill, when Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards Lord Stair, was can-

vassing the county of Mid-Lothian. They were walking in the doctor's garden, Sir John anxious and gracious. Dr. Belfrage, like, I believe, every other minister in his body, was a thorough-going Liberal, what was then called a Whig; but partly from his natural sense of humour and relish of power, and partly, I believe, for my benefit, he was putting the Baronet through his facings with some strictness, opening upon him startling views, and ending by asking him, "Are you, Sir John, for free trade in corn, free-trade in education, free-trade in religion? I am." Sir John said, "Well, doctor, I have heard of free-trade in corn, but never in the other two." "You'll hear of them before ten years are gone, Sir John, or I'm mistaken."

I have said thus much of this to me memorable man, not only because he was my father's closest and most powerful personal friend, but because by his word he probably changed the whole future course of his life. Devotion to his friends was one of the chief ends of his life, not caring much for, and having in the affection of his heart a warning against the perils and excitement of distinction and energetic public work, he set himself far more strenuously than for any selfish object, to promote the triumphs of those whom his acquired instinct—for he knew a man

as a shepherd knows a sheep, or "*Caveat Emptor*" a horse—picked out as deserving them. He rests in Colinton churchyard,

"Where all that mighty heart is lying still,"—

his only child William Henry buried beside him. I the more readily pay this tribute to Dr. Belfrage, that I owe to him the best blessing of my professional and one of the best of my personal life—the being apprenticed to Mr. Syme. This was his doing. With that sense of the capacities and capabilities of other men, which was one of his gifts, he predicted the career of this remarkable man. He used to say, "Give him life, let him live, and I know what and where he will be thirty years hence;" and this long before our greatest clinical teacher and wisest surgeon, had made the public and the profession feel and acknowledge the full weight of his worth.

Another life-long and ever strengthening friendship was that with James Henderson, D.D., Galashiels, who survived my father only a few days. This remarkable man, and exquisite preacher, whose intellect and worth had for nearly fifty years glowed with a pure, steady, and ever-growing warmth and lustre in his own region, died during the night, and probably

asleep, when, like Moses, no one but his Maker was with him. He had for years laboured under that form of disease of the heart called *angina pectoris* (Dr. Arnold's disease), and for more than twenty years lived as it were on the edge of instant death; but during his later years his health had improved, though he had always to "walk softly," like one whose next step might be into eternity. This bodily sense of peril gave to his noble and leonine face a look of suffering and of seriousness, and of what, in his case, we may truly call godly fear, which all must remember. He used to say he carried his grave beside him. He came in to my father's funeral, and took part in the services. He was much affected, and we fear the long walk through the city to the burial-place was too much for him; he returned home, preached a sermon on his old and dear friend's death of surpassing beauty. The text was, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." It was, as it were, his own funeral sermon too, and there was, besides its fervour, depth, and heavenly-mindedness, a something in it that made his old hearers afraid—as if it were to be the last crush of the grapes. In a letter to me soon after the funeral, he said:—"His removal is another *memento* to me that my own course is drawing near to its

end. Nearly all of my contemporaries and of the friends of my youth are now gone before me. Well! I may say, in the words of your friend Vaughan—

> 'They are all gone to that world of light,
> And I alone sit lingering here;
> Their very memory 's calm and bright,
> And my sad thoughts doth cheer.'"

The evening before his death he was slightly unwell, and next morning, not coming down as usual, was called, but did not answer; and on going in, was found in the posture of sleep, quite dead: at some unknown hour of the night *abiit ad plures*—he had gone over to the majority, and joined the famous nations of the dead. *Tu vero felix non vitæ tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis!* dying with his lamp burning, his passport made out for his journey; death an instant act, not a prolonged process of months, as with his friend.

I have called Dr. Henderson a remarkable man, and an exquisite preacher; he was both, in the strict senses of the words. He had the largest brain I ever saw or measured. His hat had to be made for him; and his head was great in the nobler regions; the anterior and upper were full, indeed immense. If the base of his brain and his physical organization, especially

his circulating system, had been in proportion, he would have been a man of formidable power, but his defective throb of the heart, and a certain lentitude of temperament, made this impossible; and his enormous organ of thought and feeling, being thus shut from the outlet of active energy, became intensely *meditative*, more this than even reflective. The consequence was, in all his thoughts an exquisiteness and finish, a crystalline lustre, purity, and concentration; but it was the exquisiteness of a great nature. If the first edge was fine, it was the sharp end of a wedge, the broad end of which you never reached, but might infer. This gave *momentum* to everything he said. He was in the true sense what Chalmers used to call a "man of *wecht*." His mind acted by its sheer absolute power; it seldom made an effort; it was the hydraulic pressure, harmless, manageable, but irresistible; not the perilous compression of steam. Therefore it was that he was untroubled and calm, though rich; clear, though deep; though gentle, never dull; "strong without rage, without o'erflowing full." Indeed this element of water furnishes the best figure of his mind and its expression. His language was like the stream of his own Tweed; it was a translucent medium, only it brightened everything seen through it,

as wetting a pebble brings out its lines and colour. That lovely, and by him much-loved river was curiously like him, or he like it, gentle, great, strong, with a prevailing mild seriousness all along its course, but clear and quiet; sometimes, as at old Melrose, turning upon itself, reflecting, losing itself in beauty, and careless to go, deep and inscrutable, but stealing away cheerily down to Lessudden, all the clearer of its rest; and then again at the Trows, showing unmistakably its power in removing obstructions and taking its own way, and chafing nobly with the rocks, sometimes, too, like him, its silver stream rising into sudden flood, and rolling irresistibly on its way.[1]

We question if as many carefully thought and

[1] Such an occasional paroxysm of eloquence is thus described by Dr. Cairns:—"At certain irregular intervals, when the loftier themes of the gospel ministry were to be handled, his manner underwent a transformation which was startling, and even electrical. He became rapt and excited as with new inspiration; his utterance grew thick and rapid; his voice trembled and faltered with emotion; his eye gleamed with a wild unearthly lustre, in which his countenance shared; and his whole frame heaved to and fro, as if each glowing thought and vivid figure that followed in quick succession were only a fragment of some greater revelation which he panted to overtake. The writer of this notice has witnessed nothing similar in any preacher, and numbers the effects of a passage which he once heard upon the scenes and exercises of the heavenly world among his most thrilling recollections of sacred oratory."—*Memoir prefixed to posthumous volume of Discourses.*

worded, and rapidly and by no means laboriously written sermons, were composed anywhere else in Britain during his fifty years—every Sunday two new ones; the composition faultless—such as Cicero or Addison would have made them, had they been U. P. ministers; only there was always in them more soul than body, more of the spirit than of the letter. What a contrast to the much turbid, hot, hasty, perilous stuff of our day and preachers! The original power and *size* of Dr. Henderson's mind, his roominess for all thoughts, and his still reserve, his lentitude, made, as we have said, his expressions clear and quiet, to a degree that a coarse and careless man, spoiled by the violence and noise of other pulpit men, might think insipid. But let him go over the words slowly, and he would not say this again; and let him see and feel the solemnizing, commanding power of that large, square, leonine countenance, the broad massive frame, as of a compressed Hercules, and the living, pure, melodious voice, powerful, but not by reason of loudness, dropping out from his compressed lips the words of truth, and he would not say this again. His voice had a singular pathos in it; and those who remember his often-called-for sermon on "The Bright and the Morning Star," can reproduce in their mind its tones and refrain.

The thoughts of such men—so rare, so apt to be unvisited and unvalued—often bring into my mind a spring of pure water I once saw near the top of Cairngorm; always the same, cool in summer, keeping its few plants alive and happy with its warm breath in winter, floods and droughts never making its pulse change; and all this because it came from the interior heights, and was distilled by nature's own cunning, and had taken its time—was indeed a well of living water. And with Dr. Henderson this of the mountain holds curiously; he was retired, but not concealed; and he was of the primary formation, he had no *organic remains* of other men in him; he liked and fed on all manner of literature; knew poetry well; but it was all outside of him; his thoughts were essentially his own.

He was peculiarly a preacher for preachers, as Spenser is a poet for poets. They felt he was a master. He published, after the entreaties of years, a volume of sermons which has long been out of print, and which he would never prepare for a second edition; he had much too little of the love of fame, and though not destitute of self-reliance and self-value, and resolved and unchangeable to obstinacy, he was not in the least degree vain.

But you will think I am writing more about my father's friends and myself than about him. In a certain sense we may know a man by his friends; a man chooses his friends from harmony, not from sameness, just as we would rather sing in parts than all sing the air. One man fits into the mind of another not by meeting his points, but by dovetailing; each finds in the other what he in a double sense wants. This was true of my father's friends. Dr. Balmer was like him in much more than perhaps any,—in love of books and lonely study, in his general views of divine truth, and in their metaphysical and literary likings, but they differed deeply. Dr. Balmer was serene and just rather than subtle and profound; his was the still, translucent stream,—my father's the rapid, and it might be deep; on the one you could safely sail, the other hurried you on, and yet never were two men, during a long life of intimate intercourse, more cordial.

I must close the list; one only and the best —the most endeared of them all—Dr. Heugh. He was, in mental constitution and temper, perhaps more unlike my father than any of the others I have mentioned. His was essentially a practical understanding; he was a man of action, a man for men more than for

man, the curious reverse in this of my father. He delighted in public life, had a native turn for affairs, for all that society needs and demands,—clear-headed, ready, intrepid, adroit; with a fine temper, but keen and honest, with an argument and a question and a joke for every one; not disputatious, but delighting in a brisk argument, fonder of wrestling than of fencing, but ready for action; not much of a long shot, always keeping his eye on the immediate, the possible, the attainable, but in all this guided by genuine principle, and the finest honour and exactest truth. He excelled in the conduct of public business, saw his way clear, made other men see theirs, was for ever getting the Synod out of difficulties and confusions, by some clear, tidy, conclusive "motion;" and then his speaking, so easy and bright and pithy, manly and gentlemanly, grave when it should be, never when it should not—mobile, fearless, rapid, brilliant as Saladin—his silent, pensive, impassioned and emphatic friend was more like the lion-hearted Richard, with his heavy mace; he might miss, but let him hit, and there needed no repetition. Each admired the other; indeed Dr. Heugh's love of my father was quite romantic; and though they were opposed on several great public questions, such as the Apocrypha contro-

versy, the Atonement question at its commencement; and though they were both of them too keen and too honest to mince matters or be mealy-mouthed, they never misunderstood each other, never had a shadow of estrangement, so that our Paul and Barnabas, though their contentions were sometimes sharp enough, never "departed asunder;" indeed they loved each other the longer the more.

Take him all in all, as a friend, as a gentleman, as a Christian, as a citizen, I never knew a man so thoroughly delightful as Dr. Heugh. Others had more of this or more of that, but there was a symmetry, a compactness, a sweetness, a true *delightfulness* about him I can remember in no one else. No man, with so much temptation to be heady and high-minded, sarcastic, and managing, from his overflowing wit and talent, was ever more natural, more honest, or more considerate, indeed tender-hearted. He was full of animal spirits and of fun, and one of the best wits and jokers I ever knew; and such an asker of questions, of posers! We children had a pleasing dread of that nimble, sharp, exact man, who made us explain and name everything. Of Scotch stories he had as many original ones as would make a second volume for Dean Ramsay. How well I remember the very cor-

ner of the room in Biggar manse, forty years ago, when from him I got the first shock and relish of humour; became conscious of mental tickling; of a word being made to carry double, and being all the lighter of it. It is an old story now, but it was new then: a big, perspiring countryman rushed into the Black Bull coach-office, and holding the door, shouted, "Are yir insides a' oot?" This was my first tasting of the flavour of a joke.

Had Dr. Heugh, instead of being the admirable clergyman he was, devoted himself to public civil life, and gone into Parliament, he would have taken a high place as a debater, a practical statesman and patriot. He had many of the best qualities of Canning, and our own Premier, with purer and higher qualities than either. There is no one our church should be more proud of than of this beloved and excellent man, the holiness and humility, the jealous, godly fear in whose nature was not known fully even to his friends, till he was gone, when his private daily self-searchings and prostrations before his Master and Judge were for the first time made known. There are few characters, *both sides* of which are so unsullied, so pure, and without reproach.

I am back at Biggar at the old sacramental times; I see and hear my grandfather, or Mr.

Horne of Braehead, Mr. Leckie of Peebles, Mr. Harper of Lanark, as inveterate in argument as he was warm in heart, Mr. Comrie of Penicuik, with his keen, Voltaire-like face, and much of that unhappy and unique man's wit, and sense, and perfection of expression, without his darker and baser qualities. I can hear their hearty talk, can see them coming and going between the meeting-house and the *Tent* on the side of the burn, and then the Monday dinner, and the cheerful talk, and the many clerical stories and pleasantries, and their going home on their hardy little horses, Mr. Comrie leaving his curl-papers till the next solemnity, and leaving also some joke of his own, clear and compact as a diamond, and as cutting.

I am in Rose Street on the monthly lecture, the church crammed, passages and pulpit stairs. Exact to a minute, James Chalmers—the old soldier and beadle, slim, meek, but incorruptible by proffered half-crowns from ladies who thus tried to get in before the doors opened—appears, and all the people in that long pew rise up, and he, followed by his minister, erect and engrossed, walks in along the seat, and they struggle up to the pulpit. We all know what he is to speak of; he looks troubled even to distress;—it is the matter of Uriah the Hittite. He gives out

the opening verses of the 51st Psalm, and offering up a short and abrupt prayer, which every one takes to himself, announces his miserable and dreadful subject, *fencing* it, as it were, in a low, penetrating voice, daring any one of us to think an evil thought; there was little need at that time of the warning,—he infused his own intense, pure spirit, into us all.

He then told the story without note or comment, only personating each actor in the tragedy with extraordinary effect, above all, the manly, loyal, simple-hearted soldier. I can recall the shudder of that multitude as of one man when he read, "And it came to pass in the morning, that David wrote a letter to Joab, and sent it by the hand of Uriah. And he wrote in the letter, saying, Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die." And then, after a long and utter silence, his exclaiming, "Is this the man according to God's own heart? Yes, it is; we must believe that both are true." Then came Nathan. "There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds; but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb"—and all that exquisite, that divine fable—ending, like a thunder-clap, with

"Thou art the man!" Then came the retribution, so awfully exact and thorough,—the misery of the child's death; that brief tragedy of the brother and sister, more terrible than anything in Æschylus, in Dante, or in Ford; then the rebellion of Absalom, with its hideous dishonour, and his death, and the king covering his face, and crying in a loud voice, "O my son Absalom! O Absalom! my son! my son!"—and David's psalm, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions," — then closing with, "Yes; 'when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death. Do not err,' do not stray, do not transgress (μὴ πλανᾶσθε),[1] 'my beloved brethren,' it is first 'earthly, then sensual, then devilish;'" he shut the book, and sent us all away terrified, shaken, and humbled, like himself.

I would fain say a few words on my father's last illness, or rather on what led to it, and I wish you and others in the ministry would take to heart, as matter of immediate religious duty, much of what I am going to say. My father was a seven months' child, and lay, I believe, for

[1] James i. 15, 16. It is plain that "do not err" should have been in verse 15th.

a fortnight in black wool, undressed, doing little but breathe and sleep, not capable of being fed. He continued all his life slight in make, and not robust in health, though lively, and capable of great single efforts. His attendance upon his mother must have saddened his body as well as his mind, and made him willing and able to endure, in spite of his keen and ardent spirit, the sedentary life he in the main led. He was always a very small eater, and nice in his tastes, easily put off from his food by any notion. He therefore started on the full work of life with a finer and more delicate mechanism than a man's ought to be, indeed, in these respects he was much liker a woman; and being very soon "placed," he had little travelling, and little of that tossing about the world, which in the transition from youth to manhood, hardens the frame as well as supples it. Though delicate, he was almost never ill. I do not remember, till near the close of his life, his ever being in bed a day.

From his nervous system, and his brain predominating steadily over the rest of his body, he was habitually excessive in his professional work. As to quantity, as to quality, as to manner and expression, he flung away his life without stint every Sabbath-day, his sermons being laboriously prepared, loudly mandated,

and at great expense of body and mind, and then delivered with the utmost vehemence and rapidity. He was quite unconscious of the state he worked himself into, and of the loud piercing voice in which he often spoke. This I frequently warned him about, as being, I knew, injurious to himself, and often painful to his hearers, and his answer always was, that he was utterly unaware of it; and thus it continued to the close, and very sad it was to me who knew the peril, and saw the coming end, to listen to his noble, rich, persuasive, imperative appeals, and to know that the surplus of power, if retained, would, by God's blessing, retain him, while the effect on his people would, I am sure, not have lost, but in some respects have gained, for much of the discourse which was shouted and sometimes screamed at the full pitch of his keen voice, was of a kind to be better rendered in his deep, quiet, settled tones. This, and the great length of his public services, I knew he himself felt, when too late, had injured him, and many a smile he had at my proposal to have a secret sub-congregational string from him to me in the back seat, to be authoritatively twitched when I knew he had done enough; but this string was never pulled, even in his mind.

He went on in this expensive life, sleeping

very little, and always lightly, eating little, never walking except of necessity; little in company, when he would have eaten more and been, by the power of social relish, made likelier to get the full good out of his food; never diverting his mind by any change but that of one book or subject for another; and every time that any strong affliction came on him, as when made twice a widower, or at his daughter's death, or from such an outrage upon his entire nature and feelings as the Libel, then his delicate machinery was shaken and damaged, not merely by the first shock, but even more by that unrelenting self-command by which he terrified his body into instant submission. Thus it was, and thus it ever must be, if the laws of our bodily constitution, laid down by Him who knows our frame, and from whom our substance is not hid, are set at nought, knowingly or not—if knowingly, the act is so much the more spiritually bad—but if not, it is still punished with the same unerring nicety, the same commensurate meting out of the penalty, and paying "in full tale," as makes the sun to know his time, and splits an erring planet into fragments, driving it into space "with hideous ruin and combustion." It is a pitiful and a sad thing to say, but if my father had not been a prodigal in a true but

very different meaning, if he had not spent his substance, the portion of goods that fell to him, the capital of life given him by God, in what we must believe to have been needless and therefore preventable excess of effort, we might have had him still with us, shining more and more, and he and they who were with him would have been spared those two years of the valley of the shadow, with its sharp and steady pain, its fallings away of life, its longing for the grave, its sleepless nights and days of weariness and langour, the full expression of which you will find nowhere but in the Psalms and in Job.

I have said that though delicate he was never ill: this was all the worse for him, for, odd as it may seem, many a man's life is lengthened by a sharp illness; and this in several ways. In the first place, he is laid up, out of the reach of all external mischief and exertion, he is like a ship put in dock for repairs; time is gained. A brisk fever clarifies the entire man: if it is beaten and does not beat, it is like cleaning a chimney by setting it on fire; it is perilous but thorough. Then the effort to throw off the disease often quickens and purifies and corroborates the central powers of life; the flame burns more clearly; there is a cleanness, so to speak, about all the wheels of life. Moreover, it is a

warning, and makes a man meditate on his bed, and resolve to pull up; and it warns his friends, and likewise, if he is a clergyman, his people, who if their minister is always with them, never once think he can be ever anything but as able as he is.

Such a pause, such a breathing-time my father never got during that part of his life and labours when it would have availed most, and he was an old man in years, before he was a regular patient of any doctor. He was during life subject to sudden headaches, affecting his memory and eyesight, and even his speech; these attacks were, according to the thoughtless phrase of the day, called bilious; that is, he was sick, and was relieved by a blue pill and smart medicine. Their true seat was in the brain; the liver suffered because the brain was ill, and sent no nervous energy to it, or poisoned what it did send. The sharp racking pain in the forehead was the cry of suffering from the anterior lobes, driven by their master to distraction, and turning on him wild with weakness and fear and anger. It was well they did cry out; in some brains (large ones) they would have gone on dumb to sudden and utter ruin, as in apoplexy or palsy; but he did not know, and no one told him their true meaning, and he set about seek-

ing for the outward cause in some article of food, in some recent and quite inadequate cause.

He used, with a sort of odd shame and distress, to ask me why it was that he was subjected to so much suffering from what he called the lower and ignoble regions of his body; and I used to explain to him that he had made them suffer by long years of neglect, and that they were now having their revenge, and in their own way. I have often found, that the more the nervous centres are employed in those offices of thought and feeling the most removed from material objects,—the more the nervous energy of the entire nature is concentrated, engrossed, and used up in such offices,—so much the more, and therefore, are those organs of the body which preside over that organic life, common to ourselves and the lowest worm, defrauded of their necessary nervous food,—and being in the organic and not in the animal department, and having no voice to tell their wants or wrongs, till they wake up and annoy their neighbours who have a voice, that is, who are sensitive to pain, they may have been long ill before they come into the sphere of consciousness. This is the true reason—along with want of purity and change of air, want of exercise,[1] want of shifting

[1] "The youth Story was in all respects healthy, and even

the work of the body—why clergymen, men of letters, and all men of intense mental application, are so liable to be affected with indigestion, constipation, lumbago, and lowness of spirits, *melancholia*—black bile. The brain may not give way for long, because for a time the law of exercise strengthens it; it is fed high, gets the best of everything, of blood and nervous pabulum, and then men have a joy in the victorious work of their brain, and it has a joy of its own, too, which deludes and misleads.

All this happened to my father. He had no formal disease when he died—no structural change; his sleep and his digestion would have been quite sufficient for life even up to the last; the mechanism was entire, but the motive power was gone—it was expended. The silver cord was not so much loosed as relaxed. The golden bowl, the pitcher at the fountain, the wheel at the cistern, were not so much broken as emptied and stayed. The clock had run down before its time, and there was no one but He who first wound it up and set it who could wind it up again; and this He does not do, because it is

robust; he died of overwork, or rather, as I understand, of a two years' almost total want of exercise, which it was impossible to induce him to take."—*Arnold's Report to the Committee of Council on Education*, 1860.

His law—an express injunction from Him—that, having measured out to his creatures each his measure of life, and left him to the freedom of his own will and the regulation of his reason, He also leaves him to reap as he sows.

Thus it was that my father's illness was not so much a disease as a long death; life ebbing away, consciousness left entire, the certain issue never out of sight. This, to a man of my father's organization—with a keen relish for life, and its highest pleasures and energies, sensitive to impatience, and then over-sensitive of his own impatience; cut to the heart with the long watching and suffering of those he loved, who, after all, could do so little for him; with a nervous system easily sunk, and by its strong play upon his mind darkening and saddening his most central beliefs, shaking his most solid principles, tearing and terrifying his tenderest affections: his mind free and clear, ready for action if it had the power, eager to be in its place in the work of the world and of its Master, to have to spend two long years in this ever-descending road—here was a combination of positive and negative suffering not to be thought of even now, when it is all sunk under that "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

He often spoke to me freely about his health,

went into it with the fearlessness, exactness, and persistency of his nature; and I never witnessed, or hope to witness, anything more affecting than when, after it had been dawning upon him, he apprehended the true secret of his death. He was deeply humbled, felt that he had done wrong to himself, to his people, to us all, to his faithful and long-suffering Master; and he often said, with a dying energy lighting up his eye, and nerving his voice and gesture, that if it pleased God to let him again speak in his old place, he would not only proclaim again, and, he hoped, more simply and more fully, the everlasting gospel to lost man, but proclaim also the gospel of God to the body, the religious and Christian duty and privilege of living in obedience to the divine laws of health. He was delighted when I read to him, and turned to this purpose that wonderful passage of St. Paul —"For the body is not one member, but many. If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? if the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him. And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more those members of the body, which

seem to be more feeble, are necessary;" summing it all up in words with life and death in them—"That there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it."

The lesson from all this is, Attend to your bodies, study their structure, functions, and laws. This does not at all mean that you need be an anatomist, or go deep into physiology, or the doctrines of prevention and cure. Not only has each organism a resident doctor, placed there by Him who can thus heal all our diseases; but this doctor, if watched and waited on, informs any man or woman of ordinary sense what things to do, and what things not to do. And I would have you, who, I fear, not unfrequently sin in the same way, and all our ardent, self-sacrificing young ministers, to reflect whether, after destroying themselves and dying young, they have lost or gained. It is said that God raises up others in our place. God gives you no title to say this. Men—such men as I have in my mind—are valuable to God in proportion to the time they are here. They are the older, the better, the riper and richer, and more enriching.

Nothing will make up for this absolute loss of life. For there is something which every man who is a good workman is gaining every year just because he is older, and this nothing can replace. Let a man remain on his ground, say a country parish, during half a century or more —let him be every year getting fuller and sweeter in the knowledge of God and man, in utterance and in power—can the power of that man for good over all his time, and especially towards its close, be equalled by that of three or four young, and, it may be, admirable men, who have been succeeding each other's untimely death, during the same space of time? It is against all spiritual, as well as all simple arithmetic, to say so.

You have spoken of my father's prayers. They were of two kinds: the one, formal, careful, systematic, and almost stereotyped, remarkable for fulness and compression of thought; sometimes too manifestly the result of study, and sometimes not purely prayer, but more of the nature of a devotional and even argumentative address; the other, as in the family, short, simple, and varied. He used to tell of his master, Dr. Lawson, reproving him, in his honest but fatherly way, as they were walking home from the Hall. My father had in his

prayer the words, "that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death,—that is, the devil." The old man, leaning on his favourite pupil, said, "John, my man, you need not have said '*that is the devil;*' you might have been sure that *He* knew whom you meant." My father, in theory, held that a mixture of formal, fixed prayer, in fact, a liturgy, along with *extempore* prayer, was the right thing. As you observe, many of his passages in prayer, all who were in the habit of hearing him could anticipate, such as "the enlightening, enlivening, sanctifying, and comforting influences of the good Spirit," and many others. One in especial you must remember; it was only used on very solemn occasions, and curiously unfolds his mental peculiarities; it closed his prayer—"And now, unto Thee, O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the one Jehovah and our God, we would—as is most meet—with the church on earth and the church in heaven, ascribe all honour and glory, dominion and majesty, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen." Nothing could be liker him than the interjection, "as is most meet." Sometimes his abrupt, short statements in the Synod were very striking. On one occasion, Mr. James Morison having stated his views

as to prayer very strongly, denying that a sinner *can* pray, my father, turning to the Moderator, said—"Sir, let a man feel himself to be a sinner, and, for anything the universe of creatures can do for him, hopelessly lost,—let him feel this, sir, and let him get a glimpse of the Saviour, and all the eloquence and argument of Mr. Morison will not keep that man from crying out, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' That, sir, is prayer—that is acceptable prayer."

There must be, I fear, now and then an apparent discrepancy between you and me, especially as to the degree of mental depression which at times overshadowed my father's nature. *You* will understand this, and I hope our readers will make allowance for it. Some of it is owing to my constitutional tendency to overstate, and much of it to my having had perhaps more frequent, and even more private, insights into this part of his life. But such inconsistency as that I speak of—the co-existence of a clear, firm faith, a habitual sense of God and of his infinite mercy, the living a life of faith, as if it was in his organic and inner life, more than in his sensational and outward—is quite compatible with that tendency to distrust himself, that bodily darkness and mournfulness, which at times came over him. Any one who knows "what a piece

of work is man;" how composite, how varying, how inconsistent human nature is, that each of us are

"Some several men, all in an hour,"

—will not need to be told to expect, or how to harmonize these differences of mood. You see this in that wonderful man, the apostle Paul, the true typical fulness, the *humanness*, so to speak, of whose nature comes out in such expressions of opposites as these—"By honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report: as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

I cannot, and after your impressive and exact history of his last days, I need not say anything of the close of those long years of suffering, active and passive, and that slow ebbing of life; the body, without help or hope, feeling its doom steadily though slowly drawing on; the mind mourning for its suffering friend, companion, and servant, mourning also, sometimes, that it must be "unclothed," and take its flight all alone into the infinite unknown; dying daily, not in the heat of fever, or in the insensibility or lethargy of paralytic disease, but having the

mind calm and clear, and the body conscious of its own decay,—dying, as it were, in cold blood. One thing I must add. That morning when you were obliged to leave, and when "cold obstruction's apathy" had already begun its reign—when he knew us, and that was all, and when he followed us with his dying and loving eyes, but could not speak—the end came; and then, as through life, his will asserted itself supreme in death. With that love of order and decency which was a law of his life, he deliberately composed himself, placing his body at rest, as if setting his house in order before leaving it, and then closed his eyes and mouth, so that his last look—the look his body carried to the grave and faced dissolution in—was that of sweet, dignified self-possession.

I have made this letter much too long, and have said many things in it I never intended saying, and omitted much I had hoped to be able to say. But I must end.

Yours ever affectionately,

J. Brown.

"MYSTIFICATIONS."

"*Health to the auld wife, and weel mat she be,*
That busks her fause rock wi' the lint o' the lee (lie),
Whirling her spindle and twisting the twine,
Wynds aye the richt pirn into the richt line."

"MYSTIFICATIONS."

THOSE who knew the best of Edinburgh society eight-and-thirty years ago—and when was there ever a better than that best?—must remember the personations of an old Scottish gentlewoman by Miss Stirling Graham, one of which, when Lord Jeffrey was victimized, was famous enough to find its way into *Blackwood*, but in an incorrect form.

Miss Graham's friends have for years urged her to print for them her notes of these pleasant records of the harmless and heart-easing mirth of bygone times; to this she has at last assented, and the result is this entertaining, curious, and beautiful little quarto, in which her friends will recognise the strong understanding and goodness, the wit and invention, and fine *pawky* humour of the much-loved and warm-hearted

[1] Edinburgh: printed privately, 1859.

representative of Viscount Dundee—the terrible Clavers.[1] They will recal that blithe and winning face, sagacious and sincere, that kindly, cheery voice, that rich and quiet laugh, that mingled sense and sensibility, which all met, and still, to our happiness, meet in her, who, with all her gifts and keen perception of the odd, and power of embodying it, never gratified her consciousness of these powers, or ever played

"Her quips and cranks and wanton wiles,"

so as to give pain to any human being.

The title of this memorial is *Mystifications*, and in the opening letter to her dear kinswoman and life-long friend, Mrs. Gillies, widow of Lord Gillies, she thus tells her story:—

[1] Miss Graham's genealogy in connexion with Claverhouse—the same who was killed at Killiecrankie—is as follows:—John Graham of Claverhouse married the Honourable Jean Cochrane, daughter of William Lord Cochrane, eldest son of the first Earl of Dundonald. Their only son, an infant, died December 1689. David Graham, his brother, fought at Killiecrankie, and was outlawed in 1690—died without issue—when the representation of the family devolved on his cousin, David Graham of Duntrune. Alexander Graham of Duntrune died 1782; and on the demise of his last surviving son, Alexander, in 1804, the property was inherited equally by his four surviving sisters, Anne, Amelia, Clementina, and Alison. Amelia, who married Patrick Stirling, Esq., of Pittendreich, was her mother. Clementina married Captain Gavin Drummond of Keltie; their only child was Clementina Countess of Airlie, and mother of the present Earl.

DUNTRUNE, *April* 1859.

MY DEAREST MRS. GILLIES,

To you and the friends who have partaken in these "Mystifications," I dedicate this little volume, trusting that, after a silence of forty years, its echoes may awaken many agreeable memorials of a society that has nearly passed away.

I have been asked if I had no remorse in ridiculing singularities of character, or practising deceptions;—certainly not.

There was no personal ridicule or mimicry of any living creature, but merely the personation or type of a bygone class, that had survived the fashion of its day.

It was altogether a fanciful existence, developing itself according to circumstances, or for the amusement of a select party, among whom the announcement of a stranger lady, an original, led to no suspicion of deception. No one ever took offence: indeed it generally elicited the finest individual traits of sympathy in the minds of the dupes, especially in the case of Mr. Jeffrey, whose sweet-tempered kindly nature manifested itself throughout the whole of the tiresome interview with the law-loving Lady Pitlyal.

No one enjoyed her eccentricities more than he did, or more readily devised the arrangement of a

similar scene for the amusement of our mutual friends.

The cleverest people were the easiest mystified, and when once the deception took place, it mattered not how arrant the nonsense or how exaggerated the costume. Indeed, children and dogs were the only detectives.

I often felt so identified with the character, so charmed with the pleasure manifested by my audience, that it became painful to lay aside the veil, and descend again into the humdrum realities of my own self.

These personations never lost me a friend; on the contrary, they originated friendships that cease only with life.

The Lady Pitlyal's course is run; she bequeaths to you these reminiscences of beloved friends and pleasant meetings.

And that the blessing of God may descend on "each and all of you," is the fervent prayer of her kinswoman and executrix,

CLEMENTINA STIRLING GRAHAM.

I now beg to "convey," as Pistol delicately calls it, or as we on our side the Border would say, to "lift," enough of this unique volume to make my readers hunger for the whole.

MRS. RAMSAY SPELDIN.

Another evening Miss Guthrie requested me to introduce my old lady to Captain Alexander Lindsay, a son of the late Laird of Kinblethmont, and brother to the present Mr. Lindsay Carnegie, and Mr. Sandford, the late Sir Daniel Sandford.

She came as a Mrs. Ramsay Speldin, an old sweetheart of the laird's, and was welcomed by Mrs. Guthrie as a friend of the family. The young people hailed her as a perfectly delightful old lady, and an original of the pure Scottish character, and to the laird she was endeared by a thousand pleasing recollections.

He placed her beside himself on the sofa, and they talked of the days gone by—before the green parks of Craigie were redeemed from the muir of Gotterston, and ere there was a tree planted between the auld house of Craigie and the Castle of Claypotts.

She spoke of the "gude auld times, when the laird of Fintry widna gie his youngest dochter to Abercairney, but tell'd him to tak them as God had gien them to him, or want."

"And do you mind," she continued, "the grand ploys we had at the Middleton; and hoo

Mrs. Scott of Gilhorn used to grind lilts out o' an auld kist to wauken her visitors i' the mornin'.

"And some o' them didna like it sair, tho' nane o' them had courage to tell her sae, but Anny Graham o' Duntrune.

"'Lord forgie ye,' said Mrs. Scott, 'ye'll no gae to heaven, if ye dinna like music;' but Anny was never at a loss for an answer, and she said, 'Mrs. Scott—heaven's no the place I tak it to be, if there be auld wives in't playing on hand-organs.'"

Many a story did Mrs. Ramsay tell. The party drew their chairs close to the sofa, and many a joke she related, till the room rung again with the merriment, and the laird, in ecstasy, caught her round the waist, exclaiming "Oh! ye are a canty wifie."

The strangers seemed to think so too; they absolutely hung upon her, and she danced reels, first with the one, and then with the other, till the entrance of a servant with the newspapers produced a seasonable calm.

They lay, however, untouched upon the table till Mrs. Ramsay requested some one to read over the claims that were putting in for the King's coronation, and see if there was any mention of hers.

"What is your claim?" said Mr. Sandford.

"To pyke the King's teeth," was the reply.

"You will think it very singular," said Mr. Guthrie, "that I never heard of it before; will you tell us how it originated?"

"It was in the time of James the First," said she, "that monarch cam to pay a visit to the monks of Arbroath, and they brought him to Ferryden to eat a fish dinner at the house o' ane o' my forefathers. The family name, ye ken, was Speldin, and the dried fish was ca'd after them.

"The king was well satisfied wi' a' thing that was done to honour him. He was a very polished prince, and when he had eaten his dinner he turned round to the lady and sought a preen to pyke his teeth.

"And the lady, she took a fish bane and wipit it, and gae it to the king; and after he had cleaned his teeth wi' it, he said, '*They 're weel pykit.*'

"And henceforth, continued he, the Speldins of Ferryden shall pyke the king's teeth at the coronation. And it shall be done wi' a fish bone, and a pearl out o' the Southesk on the end of it. And their crest shall be a lion's head wi' the teeth displayed, and the motto shall be *weel pykit.*"

Mr. Sandford read over the claims, but there was no notice given of the Speldins.

"We maun just hae patience," said Mrs. Ramsay, "and nae doubt it will appear in the next newspaper."

Some one inquired who was the present representative?

"It's me," replied Mrs. Ramsay Speldin; "and I mean to perform the office mysel'. The estate wad hae been mine too, had it existed; but Neptune, ye ken, is an ill neighbour, and the sea has washed it a' awa but a sand bunker or twa, and the house I bide in at Ferryden."

At supper every one was eager to have a seat near Mrs. Ramsay Speldin. She had a universal acquaintance, and she even knew Mr. Sandford's mother, when he told her that her name was Catherine Douglas. Mr. Sandford had in his own mind composed a letter to Sir Walter Scott, which was to have been written and despatched on the morrow, giving an account of this fine specimen of the true Scottish character whom he had met in the county of Angus.

We meant to carry on the deception next morning, but the laird was too happy for concealment. Before the door closed on the good-night of the ladies, he had disclosed the secret, and before we reached the top of the stairs, the gentlemen were scampering at our heels like a pack of hounds in full cry.

Here are at random some extracts from the others:—

Mr. Jeffrey now inquired what the people in her part of the country thought of the trial of the Queen. She could not tell him, but she would say what she herself had remarked on sicklike proceedings: "Tak' a wreath of snaw, let it be never so white, and wash it through clean water, it will no come out so pure as it gaed in, far less the dirty dubs the poor Queen has been drawn through."

Mr. Russell inquired if she possessed any relics of Prince Charles from the time he used to spin with the lasses:—

"Yes," she said, "I have a *flech* that loupit aff him upon my aunty, the Lady Brax, when she was helping him on wi' his short-gown; my aunty rowed it up in a sheet of white paper, and she keepit it in the tea canister, and she ca'd it aye the King's Flech; and the laird, honest man, when he wanted a cup of gude tea, sought aye a cup of the *Prince's mixture*." This produced peals of laughter, and her ladyship laughed as heartily as any of them. When somewhat composed again, she looked across the table to Mr. Clerk, and offered to let him see it. "It is now set on the pivot of my watch, and a' the warks gae round the *flech* in place of turning on a diamond."

Lord Gillies thought this flight would certainly betray her, and remarked to Mr. Clerk that the flea must be painted on the watch, but Mr. Clerk said he had known of relics being kept of the Prince quite as extraordinary as a flea; that Mr. Murray of Simprim had a pocket-handkerchief in which Prince Charles had blown his nose.

The Lady Pitlyal said her daughter did not value these things, and that she was resolved to leave it as a legacy to the Antiquarian Society.

Holmehead was rather amused with her originality, though he had not forgotten the attack. He said he would try if she was a real Jacobite, and he called out, "Madam, I am going to propose a toast for ye!

"May the Scotch Thistle choke the Hanoverian Horse."

"I wish I binna among the Whigs," she said.

"And whare wad ye be sae weel?" retorted he.

"They murdered Dundee's son at Glasgow."

"There was nae great skaith," he replied; "but ye maun drink my toast in a glass of this cauld punch, if ye be a true Jacobite."

"Aweel, aweel," said the Lady Pitlyal; "as my auld friend Lady Christian Bruce was wont to say, 'The best way to get the better of temptation is just to yield to it;'" and as she

nodded to the toast and emptied the glass, Holmehead swore exultingly — "*Faith, she's true!*"

Supper passed over, and the carriages were announced. The Lady Pitlyal took her leave with Mrs. Gillies.

Next day the town rang with the heiress of Pitlyal. Mr. W. Clerk said he had never met with such an extraordinary old lady, "for not only is she amusing herself, but my brother John is like to expire, when I relate her stories at second-hand."

He talked of nothing else for a week after, but the heiress, and the flea, and the rent-roll, and the old turreted house of Pitlyal, till at last his friends thought it would be right to undeceive him; but that was not so easily done, for when the Lord Chief-Commissioner Adam hinted that it might be Miss Stirling, he said that was impossible, for Miss Stirling was sitting by the old lady the whole of the evening.

Here is a bit of Sir Walter—

Turning to Sir Walter, "I am sure you had our laird in your e'e when you drew the character of Monkbarns."

"No," replied Sir Walter, "but I had in my eye a very old and respected friend of my own, and one with whom, I daresay you, Mrs. Ar-

buthnott, were acquainted—the late Mr. George Constable of Wallace, near Dundee."

"I kenned him weel," said Mrs. Arbuthnott, "and his twa sisters that lived wi' him, Jean and Christian, and I 've been in the blue-chamber of his *Hospitium;* but I think," she continued, "our laird is the likest to Monkbarns o' the twa. He 's at the Antiquarian Society the night, presenting a great curiosity that was found in a quarry of mica slate in the hill at the back of Balwylie. He 's sair taken up about it, and puzzled to think what substance it may be; but James Dalgetty, wha's never at a loss either for the name or the nature of onything under the sun, says it 's just Noah's auld wig that blew aff yon time he put his head out of the window of the ark to look after his corbie messenger."

James Dalgetty and his opinion gave subject of much merriment to the company, but Doctor Coventry thought there was nothing so very ludicrous in the remark, for in that kind of slate there are frequently substances found resembling hairs.

Lord Gillies presented Doctor Coventry to Mrs. Arbuthnott, as the well-known professor of agriculture, and they entered on a conversation respecting soils. She described those of Balwylie, and the particular properties of the

Surroch Park, which James Dalgetty curses every time it's spoken about, and says, "it greets a' winter, and girns a' simmer."

The doctor rubbed his hands with delight, and said that was the most perfect description of cold wet land he had ever heard of; and Sir Walter expressed a wish to cultivate the acquaintance of James Dalgetty, and extorted a promise from Mrs. Arbuthnott that she would visit Abbotsford, and bring James with her. "I have a James Dalgetty of my own," continued Sir Walter, "that governs me just as yours does you."

Lady Ann and Mr. Wharton Duff and their daughter were announced, and introduced to Mrs. Arbuthnott.

At ten, Sir Walter and Miss Scott took leave, with a promise that they should visit each other, and bending down to the ear of Mrs. Arbuthnott, Sir Walter addressed her in these words; "Awa! awa! the deil's ower grit wi' you."

And now are we not all the better for this pleasantry? so womanly, so genial, so rich, and so without a sting,—such a true diversion, with none of the sin of effort or of mere cleverness; and how it takes us into the midst of the strong-brained and strong-hearted men and women of

that time! what an atmosphere of sense and good breeding and kindliness! And then the Scotch! cropping out everywhere as blithe and expressive and unexpected as a gowan or sweet-briar rose, with an occasional thistle, sturdy, erect, and bristling with *Nemo me*. Besides the deeper and general interest of these *Mystifications*, in their giving, as far as I know, a unique specimen of true personation—distinct from acting—I think it a national good to let our youngsters read, and, as it were, hear the language which our gentry and judges and men of letters spoke not long ago, and into which such books as Dean Ramsay's and this are breathing the breath of its old life. Was there ever anything better or so good, said of a stiff clay, than that it "girns (grins) a' simmer, and greets (weeps) a' winter"?

NOTES ON ART.

"*The use of this feigned history*" (*the Ideal Arts of Poesy, Painting, Music, &c.*) "*hath been to give* SOME SHADOW OF SATISFACTION TO THE MIND OF MAN IN THESE POINTS WHEREIN THE NATURE OF THINGS DOTH DENY IT, *the world being in proportion inferior to the soul; by reason whereof, there is, agreeable to the spirit of man,* A MORE AMPLE GREATNESS, A MORE EXACT GOODNESS, AND A MORE ABSOLUTE VARIETY, *than can be found in the nature of things. So it appeareth that Poesy*" (*and the others*) "*serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation. And therefore it was even thought to have some participation of divineness because* IT DOTH RAISE AND ERECT THE MIND, BY SUBMITTING THE SHEWS OF THINGS TO THE DESIRES OF THE MIND; *whereas reason*" (*science, philosophy*) "*doth buckle and bow the mind to the nature of things.*"—OF THE PROFICIENCE AND ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING.

"*To look on noble forms*
Makes noble through the sensuous organism
That which is higher."—THE PRINCESS.

NOTES ON ART.

ONE evening in the spring of 1846, as my wife and I were sitting at tea, *Parvula* in bed, and the Sputchard reposing, as was her wont, with her rugged little brown forepaws over the edge of the fender, her eyes shut, toasting, and all but roasting herself at the fire,—a note was brought in, which, from its fat, soft look, by a hopeful and not unskilled *palpation* I diagnosed as that form of lucre which in Scotland may well be called filthy. I gave it across to Madam, who, opening it, discovered four five-pound notes, and a letter addressed to me. She gave *it* me. It was from Hugh Miller, editor of the *Witness* newspaper, asking me to give him a notice of the Exhibition of the Scottish Academy then open, in words I now forget, but which were those of a thorough gentleman, and enclosing the aforesaid fee. I can still remember, or indeed feel the kind of shiver, half of fear and pleasure, on encountering this tempta-

tion; but I soon said, "You know I can't take this; I can't write; I never wrote a word for the press." She, with "wifelike government," kept the money, and heartened me to write, and write I did, but with awful sufferings and difficulty, and much destruction of sleep. I think the only person who suffered still more must have been the compositor. Had this packet not come in, and come in when it did, and had the *Sine Qua Non* not been peremptory and retentive, there are many chances to one I might never have plagued any printer with my bad hand and my endless corrections, and general incoherency in all transactions as to proofs.

I tell this small story, partly for my own pleasure, and as a tribute to that remarkable man, who stands alongside of Burns, and Scott, Chalmers, and Carlyle, the foremost Scotsmen of their time,—a rough, almost rugged nature, shaggy with strength, clad with zeal as with a cloak, in some things sensitive and shamefaced as a girl; moody and self-involved, but never selfish, full of courage, and of keen insight into nature and men, and the principles of both, but simple as a child in the ways of the world; self-taught and self-directed, argumentative and scientific, as few men of culture have ever been, and yet with more imagination than either logic

or knowledge; to the last as shy and *blate* as when working in the quarries at Cromarty. In his life a noble example of what our breed can produce, of what energy, honesty, intensity, and genius can achieve; and in his death a terrible example of that revenge which the body takes upon the soul when brought to bay by its inexorable taskmaster. I need say no more. His story is more tragic than any tragedy. Would to God it may warn those who come after to be wise in time, to take the same—I ask no more —care of their body, which is their servant, their beast of burden, as they would of their horse.

Few men are endowed with such a brain as Hugh Miller—huge, active, concentrated, keen to fierceness; and therefore few men need fear, even if they misuse and overtask theirs as he did, that it will turn, as it did with him, and rend its master. But as assuredly as there is a certain weight which a bar of iron will bear and no more, so is there a certain weight of work which the organ by which we act, by which we think, and feel, and will—cannot sustain, blazing up into brief and ruinous madness, or sinking into idiocy. At the time he wrote to me, Mr. Miller and I were strangers, and I don't think I ever spoke to him: but his manner of doing the above act made me feel, that

in that formidable and unkempt nature there lay the delicacy, the generosity, the noble trustfulness of a gentleman born—not made. But my chief reason for what I have written is to make a sort of excuse for reprinting portions of these papers, and of some others which have appeared from time to time in the *Scotsman*. I reprint them mainly, it must be confessed, to fill up the volume, having failed to do what I had purposed in the way of new matter, from want of leisure; and I suspect also from want of material. I therefore must be understood as making much the same sort of apology as a housewife makes for a cold dinner,—a want of time, and, it may be, a want of beef.

Most men have, and almost every man should have a hobby: it is exercise in a mild way, and does not take him away from home; it diverts him; and by having a double line of rails, he can manage to keep the permanent way in good condition. A man who has only one object in life, only one line of rails, who exercises only one set of faculties, and these only in one way, will wear himself out much sooner than a man who shunts himself every now and then, and who has trains coming as well as going; who takes in, as well as gives out.

My hobby has always been pictures, and all we

call Art. I have fortunately never been a practitioner, though I think I could have made a tolerable hand; but unless a man is a thoroughly good artist, he injures his enjoyment, generally speaking, of the art of others. I am convinced, however, that to enjoy art thoroughly, every man must have in him the possibility of doing it as well as liking it. He must feel it in his fingers, as well as in his head and at his eyes; and it must find its way from all the three to his heart, and be emotive.

Much has been said of the power of Art to refine men, to soften their manners, and make them less of wild beasts. Some have thought it omnipotent for this; others have given it as a sign of the decline and fall of the nobler part of us. Neither is, and both are true. Art does, as our Laureate says, make nobler in us what is higher than the senses through which it passes; but it can only make nobler what is already noble; it cannot regenerate, neither can it of itself debase and emasculate and bedevil mankind; but it is a symptom, and a fatal one, when Art ministers to a nation's vice, and glorifies its naughtiness—as in old Rome, as in Oude—as also too much in places nearer in time and place than the one and the other. The truth is, Art, unless quickened from above and from within, has in it

nothing beyond itself, which is visible beauty—the ministration to the lust, the desire of the eye. But apart from direct spiritual worship, and self-dedication to the Supreme, I do not know any form of ideal thought and feeling which may be made more truly to subserve, not only magnanimity, but the purest devotion and godly fear; by fear, meaning that mixture of love and awe, which is specific of the realization of our relation to God. I am not so silly as to seek painters to paint religious pictures in the usual sense: for the most part, I know nothing so profoundly profane and godless as our sacred pictures; and I can't say I like our religious beliefs to be symbolized, even as Mr. Hunt has so grandly done in his picture of the Light of the World. But if a painter is himself religious; if he feels God in what he is looking at, and in what he is rendering back on his canvas; if he is impressed with the truly divine beauty, infinity, perfection, and meaning of unspoiled material nature—the earth and the fulness thereof, the heaven and all its hosts, the strength of the hills, the sea and all that is therein; if he is himself impressed with the divine origin and divine end of all visible things,—then will he paint religious pictures and impress men religiously, and thus make good men listen

and possibly make bad men good. Take the landscapes of our own Harvey. He is my dear old friend of thirty years, and his power as a painter is only less than his fidelity and ardour as a friend, and that than his simple, deep-hearted piety; I never see one of his transcripts of nature, be they solemn and full of gloom, with a look "that threatens the profane;" or laughing all over with sunshine and gladness, but I feel something beyond, something greater and more beautiful than their greatness and their beauty—the idea of God, of the beginning and the ending, the first and the last, the living One; of whom, and through whom, and to whom are all things; who is indeed God over all, blessed for ever; and whom I would desire, in all humbleness of mind, to sanctify in my heart, and to make my fear and my dread. This is the true moral use of Art, to quicken and deepen and enlarge our sense of God. I don't mean so much our belief in certain articulate doctrines, though I am old-fashioned enough to think that we must know what as well as in whom we believe—that our religion, like everything else, must "have its seat in reason, and be judicious;" I refer rather to that temper of the soul, that mood of the mind in which we feel

the unseen and eternal, and bend under the power of the world to come.

In my views as to the office of the State I hold with John Locke and Coventry Dick,[1] that its primary, and probably its only function is to protect us from our enemies and from ourselves: that to it is intrusted by the people "the regulation of physical force;" and that it is indeed little more than a transcendental policeman. This is its true sphere, and here lies its true honour and glory. When it intermeddles with other things,—from your Religion, Education, and Art, down to the number, and size, and metal of your buttons, it goes out of its line and fails; and I am convinced that with some benefits, specious and partial, our Government interference has, in the main and in the long run, done harm to the real interests of Art. Spontaneity, the law of

[1] In the thin octavo, *The Office of the State*, and in its twin volume on *Church Polity*, there will be found in clear, strong, and singularly candid language, the first lines of the sciences of Church and State politics. It does not say much for the sense and perspicuity of the public mind, if two such books are allowed to fall aside, and such a *farrago* of energetic nonsense and error as Mr. Buckle's first, and we trust last, volume on Civilisation, is read, and admired, and bought, with its bad logic, its bad facts, and its bad conclusions. In bulk and in value his volume stands in the same relation to Mr. Dick's, as a handful, I may say a *gowpen* of chaff does to a grain of wheat, or a bushel of sawdust to an ounce of meal.

free choice, is as much the life of Art as it is of marriage, and it is not less beyond the power of the State to choose the nation's pictures, than to choose its wives. Indeed there is a great deal on the physiological side to be said for law interfering in the matter of matrimony. I would certainly make it against law, as it plainly is against nature, for cousins-german to marry; and if we could pair ourselves as we pair our live stock, and give ear to the teaching of an enlightened zoonomy, we might soon drive many of our fellest diseases out of our breed; but the law of personality, of ultroneousness, of free will, that which in a great measure makes us what we are, steps in and forbids anything but the convincement and force of reason. Much in the same way, though it be a more trivial matter, pleasure, in order to please, must be that which you yourself choose. You cannot make an Esquimaux forswear train oil, and take to tea and toast like ourselves, still less to boiled rice like a Hindoo; neither can you all at once make a Gilmerton carter prefer Raphael and claret to a glass of raw whisky and the *Terrific Register*. Leviathan is not so tamed or taught. And our Chadwicks and Kaye Shuttleworths and Coles—kings though they may be—enlightened, energetic, earnest, and as full of will

as an egg is full of meat, cannot in a generation make the people of England as intelligent as themselves, or as fond and appreciative of the best Art as Mr. Ruskin. Hence all their plans are failing and must fail; and I cannot help thinking that in the case of Art, the continuance of the Cole dynasty is not to be prayed for very much. As far as I can judge, it has done infinitely more harm than good. These men think they are doing a great work, and, worse still, the country thinks so too, and helps them, whereas I believe they are retarding the only wholesome, though slow growth of knowledge and taste.

Take the Kensington Museum: the only thing there (I speak in all seriousness) worth any man spending an hour or a shilling upon, are the Sheepshank and Turner galleries; all those costly, tawdry, prodigious, and petty displays of arts and manufactures, I look upon as mere delusions and child's-play. Take any one of them, say the series illustrating the cotton fabrics; you see the whole course of cotton from its *Alpha* to its *Omega*, in the neatest and prettiest way. What does that teach? what impression does that make upon any young mind? Little beyond mere vapid wonder. The eye is opened, but not filled; it is a stare, not a look.

If you want to move, and permanently rivet, a young mind with what is worth the knowing, with what is to deepen his sense of the powers of the human mind, and the resources of nature, and the grandeur of his country, take him to a cotton-mill. Let him hear and come under the power of that wonderful sound pervading the whole vast house, and filling the air with that diapason of regulated, harmonious energy. Let him enter it, and go round with a skilled workman, and then follow the *Alpha* through all its marvellous transformations to the *Omega;* do this, and you bring him out into the fresh air not only more knowing, but more wise. He has got a lesson. He has been impressed. The same with calico-printing, and pottery, and iron-founding, and, indeed, the whole round of that industry which is our glory. Do you think a boy will get half the good from the fine series of ores and specimens of pig-iron, and all the steels he may see in cold blood, and with his grandmother or his sweetheart beside him at Kensington, that he will from going into Dixon's foundry at Govan, and seeing the half-naked men toiling in that place of flame and energy and din—watching the mighty shears and the Nasmyth-hammers, and the molten iron kneaded like dough, and planed and shaved like wood: he gets the dead

and dissected body in the one case; he sees and feels the living spirit and body working as one, in the other. And upon all this child's-play, this mere make-believe, our good-natured nation is proud of spending some half-million of money. Then there is that impertinent, useless, and unjust system of establishing Government Schools of Design in so many of our towns, avowedly, and, I believe (though it is amazing that clever men should do such a foolish thing) honestly, for the good of the working-classes, but actually and lamentably, and in every way harmfully, for the amusement and benefit of the wealthy classes, and to the ruin of the hard-working and legitimate local teachers.

I have not time or space, but if I had I could prove this, and show the curiously deep injuries this system is inflicting on true Art, and upon the freedom of industry.

In the same line, and to the same effect, are our Art-Unions and Associations for "the encouragement" of Art; some less bad than others, but all bad, because founded upon a wrong principle, and working to a wrong end. No man can choose a picture for another, any more than a wife or a waistcoat. It is part of our essential nature to choose these things for ourselves, and paradoxical as it may seem, the

wife and the waistcoat and the work of Art our departmental wiseacres may least approve of, if chosen *suâ sponte* by Giles or Roger, will not only give them more delectation, but do them more good, than one chosen by somebody else for him upon the finest of all possible principles. Besides this radical vice, these Art-Unions have the effect of encouraging, and actually bringing into professional existence, men who had much better be left to die out, or never be born; and it, as I well know, discourages, depreciates, and dishonours the best men, besides keeping the public, which is the only true and worthy patron, from doing its duty, and getting its due. Just take our Edinburgh Association, in many respects one of the best, having admirable and devoted men as its managers, what is the chance that any of the thousand members, when he draws a prize, gets a picture he cares one straw for, or which will do his nature one particle of good? Why should we be treated in this matter, as we are treated in no way else? Who thinks of telling us, or founding a Royal Association with all its officers, to tell us what novels or what poetry to read, or what music to listen to? Think of a Union for the encouragement of Poetry, where Mr. Tennyson would be obliged to put in his *In Memoriam*, or

his *Idylls of the King*, along with the Lyrics and the Sonnets of we don't say who, into a common lottery, and be drawn for at an annual speechifying? All such associations go to encourage quantity rather than quality. Now, in the ideal and pleasurable arts *quality* is nearly everything. Our Turner not only transcends ten thousand Claudes and Vanderveldes; he is in another sphere. You could not thus sum up his worth.

One of the most flagrant infractions of the primary laws of political economy, and one of the most curious illustrations of the fashionable fallacies as to Government encouragement to Art, is to be found in the revelations in the Report of the Select Committee on the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Lowe, and the majority of the Committee, gave it as their opinion, that Government should deal in photographs, and *undersell* them (thereby ruining the regular trade), and all for the encouragement of Art, and the enlightenment of the public! Can there be anything more absurd than this, and at this time of day? and not only absurd and expensive, but mischievous. All this, you see, would be avoided, and society left to provide its own Art, as it provides its own beef and trowsers for itself; if men would hold with John Locke, and Coventry Dick, and *Egomet*, that

Government, the State, has simply nothing to do with these things, that they are *ultra vires* not less than religion, and, I am bold to add, education.

One other drawback to Art taking its place alongside its sisters—Poetry and Music—is the annual exhibitions. Nothing more thoroughly barbarous and childish could be devised than this concentrating the mental activity of the nation in regard to the Art of the year upon one month. Fancy our being obliged to read all our novels, and all our poetry, and hear all our music in a segment of our year. Then there is the mixing up of all sorts of pictures —sacred and profane, gay and sombre, etc.— all huddled together, and the eye flitting from one to the other.[1] Hence the temptation to paint down to the gaudiest pictures, instead of up or into the pure intensity of nature. Why should there not be some large public hall to which artists may send their pictures at any time when they are perfected; but better still, let purchasers frequent the studios, as they did of old, full of love and knowledge. Why will we insist in pressing our Art and our taste,

[1] In our excellent National Gallery (Edinburgh), a copy of Titian's Ariadne in Naxos is hung immediately above Wilkie's sacred sketch of John Knox administering the Sacrament in Calder House!

as we did long ago our religion and our God, upon our neighbours! Why not trust to time, and to cultivating our own tastes earnestly, thoroughly, humbly, and for ourselves, filling our houses with the best of everything, and making all welcome to see them, and believing that the grandchildren of those who come to see our Turners and Wilkies and Hogarths will be wiser and more refined than we? It is most lamentable to witness the loss of money, of energy, and in a measure of skill, and, above all, of time, on those engravings, which no one but a lodging-keeper frames, and those Parian statuettes and Etruscan pitchers and tazzas of all sorts, which no one thinks half so much of, or gets half so much real pleasure and good from, as from one of John Leech's woodcuts. One true way to encourage Art is to buy and enjoy *Punch*. There is more fun, more good drawing, more good sense, more beauty in John Leech's *Punch* pictures, than in all the Art-Union illustrations, engravings, statuettes, etc. etc., put together. Could that mighty Potentate have been got up, think you, by a committee of gentlemen, and those drawings educed by proffered prizes? No; they came out, and have flourished according to a law as natural and as effective as the law of seed-time and harvest; and

Art, as a power to do good, will never reach its full perfection till it is allowed to walk at liberty, and follow the course of all other productions, that of supply and demand, individual demand and voluntary supply. It is not easy to tell how far back these well-meaning, zealous, deluded men who have managed these "encouragements," have put the progress of the nation in its power of knowing and feeling true Art.

One other heresy I must vent, and that is to protest against the doctrine that scientific knowledge is of much direct avail to the artist; it may enlarge his mind as a man, and sharpen and strengthen his nature, but the knowledge of anatomy is, I believe, more a snare than anything else to an artist as such. Art is the *tertium quid* resulting from observation and imagination, with skill and love and downrightness as their executors; anything that interferes with the action of any of these, is killing to the soul of Art. Now, painting has to do simply and absolutely with the surfaces, with the appearances of things; it knows and cares nothing for what is beneath and beyond, though if it does its own part aright it indicates them. Phidias and the early Greeks, there is no reason to believe, ever dissected even a monkey, much less a man, and yet where is there such skin,

and muscle, and substance, and breath of life? When Art became scientific, as among the Romans, and lost its heart in filling its head, see what became of it: anatomy offensively thrust in your face, and often bad anatomy; men skinned and galvanized, not men alive and in action. In the same way in landscape, do you think Turner would have painted the strata in an old quarry, or done Ben Cruachan more to the quick, had he known all about geology, gneiss, and greywacke, and the Silurian system? Turner might have been what is called a better-informed man, but we question if he would have been so good, not to say a better representer of the wonderful works of God, which were painted on his retina, and in his inner chamber—the true *Camera lucida*, the chamber of imagery leading from the other, —and felt to his finger-tips. No; science and poetry are to a nicety diametrically opposed, and he must be a Shakspere and a Newton, a Turner and a Faraday all in one, who can consort much with both without injury to each. It is not what a man has learned from others, not even what he thinks, but what he sees and feels, which makes him a painter.

The moral from all this is, love Art, and if you choose, practise Art. Purchase Art for itself

alone, and in the main for yourself alone. If you so do, you will encourage Art to more purpose than if you spent thousands a year in Art-Unions, and in presenting the public with what pleased you; just as a man does most good by being good. Goldsmith puts it in his inimitable way—"I was ever of opinion that the honest man, who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population."

I have said those things strongly, abruptly, and perhaps rudely; but my heart is in the matter. Art is part of my daily food, like the laughter of children, and the common air, the earth, the sky; it is an affection, not a passion to come and go like the gusty wind, nor a principle cold and dead; it penetrates my entire life, it is one of the surest and deepest pleasures, one of the refuges from "the nature of things," as Bacon would say, into that enchanted region, that "ampler æther," that "diviner air," where we get a glimpse not only of a Paradise that is past, but of a Paradise that is to come.

There is one man amongst us who has done more to breathe the breath of life into the literature and the philosophy of Art, who has "encouraged" it ten thousand times more effectually than all our industrious Coles and anxious Art-

Unions, and that is the author of *Modern Painters*. I do not know that there is anything in our literature, or in any literature, to compare with the effect of this one man's writings. He has by his sheer force of mind, and fervour of nature, the depth and exactness of his knowledge, and his amazing beauty and power of language, raised the subject of Art from being subordinate and technical, to the same level with Poetry and Philosophy. He has lived to see an entire change in the public mind and eye, and, what is better, in the public heart, on all that pertains to the literature and philosophy of representative genius. He combines its body and its soul. Many before him wrote about its body, and some well; a few, as Charles Lamb and our own "Titmarsh," touched its soul: it was left to John Ruskin to do both.[1]

[1] This great writer was first acknowledged as such by our big quarterlies, in the *North British Review*, fourteen years ago, as follows:—

"This is a very extraordinary and a very delightful book, full of truth and goodness, of power and beauty. If genius may be considered (and it is as serviceable a definition as is current) that power by which one man produces for the use or the pleasure of his fellow-men, something at once new and true, then have we here its unmistakable and inestimable handiwork. Let our readers take our word for it, and read these volumes thoroughly, giving themselves up to the guidance of this most original thinker, and most attractive writer, and they will find not only that they are richer in

true knowledge, and quickened in pure and heavenly affections, but they will open their eyes upon a new world—walk under an ampler heaven, and breathe a diviner air. There are few things more delightful or more rare, than to feel such a kindling up of the whole faculties as is produced by such a work as this; it adds a "precious seeing to the eye,"—makes the ear more quick of apprehension, and, opening our whole inner-man to a new discipline, it fills us with gratitude as well as admiration towards him to whom we owe so much enjoyment. And what is more, and better than all this, everywhere throughout this work, we trace evidences of a deep reverence and godly fear—a perpetual, though subdued acknowledgment of the Almighty, as the sum and substance, the beginning and the ending of all truth, of all power, of all goodness, and of all beauty.

"This book (*Modern Painters*) contains more true philosophy, more information of a strictly scientific kind, more original thought and exact observation of nature, more enlightened and serious enthusiasm, and more eloquent writing, than it would be easy to match, not merely in works of its own class, but in those of any class whatever. It gives us a new, and we think, the only true theory of beauty and sublimity; it asserts and proves the existence of a new element in landscape painting, placing its prince upon his rightful throne; it unfolds and illustrates, with singular force, variety, and beauty, the laws of art; it explains and enforces the true nature and specific function of the imagination, with the precision and fulness of one having authority,—and all this delivered in language which, for purity and strength and native richness, would not have dishonoured the early manhood of Jeremy Taylor, of Edmund Burke, or of the author's own favourite Richard Hooker."—J. B.

DISTRAINING FOR RENT.

Of this picture it is not easy to speak. We do not at first care to say much about feelings such as it produces. It is, to our liking, Wilkie's most perfect picture. If they were all to be destroyed but one, we would keep this. His "Blind Man's Buff," his "Penny Wedding," his "Village Politicians," and many others, have more humour,—his "John Knox preaching," more energy,—his "John Knox at the Sacrament," more of heaven and victorious faith; but there is more of human nature, more of the human heart, in this, than in any of the others. It is full of

> "The still, sad music of humanity;"

still and sad, but yet musical, by reason of its true ideality, the painter acting his part as reconciler of men to their circumstances. This is one great end of poetry and painting. Even when painful and terrible in their subjects, "they are of power, by raising pity and fear or terror, to purge the mind of suchlike passions,—that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight;" or, in the words of Charles Lamb, "they dispose the mind to a meditative tenderness."

But to return to this most touching and impressive picture. What an immediate hold it took of us! How that sad family was in our mind for days after, and how we found ourselves wondering if nothing could be done for them! It is just about as difficult to bring the mind to criticise it, as it would be to occupy ourselves in thinking why and how we were affected, if we were ourselves to witness the scene in actual life. We would be otherwise occupied. Our eyes first fell on what is the immediate occasion of it all, the paper warrant; you feel its sharp parallelogram cutting your retina, it is the whitest, and therefore the first thing you see; and then on the husband. What utter sadness,—what a sober certainty of misery,—how uncomplaining, as if he could not speak, his firm mouth keeping it to himself! His eyes are all but shut,—how their expression is given, seems to us quite marvellous,—and his attitude cast down, but not abject, —bearing it like a man. How his fingers are painted, and his careless, miserable limbs, his thin cheek, with that small hungry hollow mark in its centre! What a dignity and beauty in his face! This is to us a finer head than the wonderful one in Retzsch's "Man playing at Chess with the Devil for his Soul," and this is

not saying little. Reason and steady purpose are still uppermost.

Not so with his poor wife: her heart is fast failing; she is silent too; but she is fainting, and just about to slip off her chair in utter unconsciousness; her eyes are blind; the bitterness of death is gathering on her soul. She is forgetting her sucking child, as she is all outward things; it is rolling off her knee, and is caught by her motherly daughter; while her younger brother, whose expressive back is only seen, is pulling his father's coat, as if to say, "Look at mother!" Behind are two neighbours come in, and sympathizing both, but differently; the meek look of the one farthest away, what can be finer than that! The paleness of the fainting mother is rendered with perfect truth. What an eye the painter must have had! How rapid, how true, how retentive of every impression! Behind these silent sufferers goes on the action of the story. The brother, a young, good-looking, fearless fellow, is shaking his fist and fixing his angry eyes on the constable, who returns the look as resolutely, but without anger. This figure of the constable is in many respects as astonishing as anything in the picture. He is "a man with a presence" —inexorable, prompt, not to be trifled with; but

he is not, as many other artists would have made him, and wished us to call him, "the brutal Bailiff." He is doing his duty, as he is plainly saying, pointing to his warrant, and nothing more; he cannot help it, and the law must have its course. What a fine figure he is, the only one standing erect, and what rich colour in his waistcoat! Seated on the bed is the smart indifferent clerk, with his pale smug countenance. A man of business, and of nothing else, he seems to be running up the value of these bed-clothes, —that bed, with its sad-coloured curtains, and all its memories of births and deaths. Behind is a man whose face we don't exactly make out: he has a sleepy, tipsy, altogether unknowable sort of expression. We don't think this a defect in the painter: it is the most likely thing in the world that such a person would be there.

Then comes the cobbler, straight from his stall, where, as from a throne, he dispenses his "think,"—and a strong think it is,—to all comers, upon all subjects. He has opinions of his own about most things, but chiefly upon civil, ecclesiastical, and marital jurisdiction, with a "power of law" in him. He is enjoining submission and composure upon all the onlookers. His hands, how they speak! the one to the bailiff, deferential, confidential, gently deprecatory; the

other, to the company in general, imperative, final, minatory. He is vindicating the law, and laying it down somewhat unseasonably, and is even hinting that they should rejoice at its arrangements. That brave old woman, inspired by anger, is bearing down upon both cobbler and bailiff, with occasional darts of her furious eye at the unconscious clerk. This woman's face is expressive beyond all description. Look at her fore-finger, as straight, as well-aimed, as unmistakably deadly in intention, as a sword, or rather pistol; and, could intensity of will have made it fire, we may reckon on its shot having been soon into the stately bailiff. But she has a sword in her tongue: how it is plying its work from behind these old straggling teeth!—no man can tame it; and her cruel, furious eyes, aiming every word, sending it home.

How well Shakspere describes this brilliant old lady!—"She is misusing him past the endurance of a block: an oak with but one green leaf would have answered her. She huddles jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance, that he stands like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at him!"

What a contrast to her, the woman behind, "her face foul with weeping," crying her very eyes and soul out, like a child!

What a picture! so simple, so great, so full (to use a word of Wilkie's own) of intellectuality, —and the result, though sad, salutary. How strange! We never saw these poor sufferers, and we know they have no actual existence; and yet our hearts go out to them,—we are moved by their simple sorrows. We shall never forget that enduring man and that fainting mother.

There is another personage yet to speak of. Some of our readers may never have seen him: we can assure them he has seen them. This is the dog,—the family dog,—the friend of them all, from baby upwards. We find him just where he should be, and at his own proper work. He is under his master's chair, and at his feet, looking out from between his legs. His master, as Burns has with wonderful meaning expressed it, is his god. "Man is the god of the dog."[1] How much may we learn from this!

With that fine instinct, compounded of curiosity, experience, and affection, he has made his observations on the state of things. All is not right, he sees,—something very far wrong. He never before saw *her* look in that way, or *him* so quiet and strange. Accordingly, as he is eminently practical, and holds with Hume and many

[1] I am wrong in this. Bacon first uses this thought in his Essay on Atheism. Burns improves it.

great men, that all we know of causation is one thing following upon another (being a dog, and not a philosopher, he pays no attention to the qualification "invariably"); and, putting two things together, he finds this dismal, unintelligible state of matters following upon the entrance of these three strange men. He has been doing diligence, and serving and executing warrants, in his own wild and vigorous way, upon their six legs—specially, we doubt not, upon the tight pantaloons of that cold-blooded clerk. They are so tempting! Having been well kicked by all for his pains, he has slunk into his den, where he sits biding his time. What a pair of wide awake, dangerous eyes! No "speculation" in them—no looking before or after; but looking into the present—the immediate. Poor fellow, his spare diet for some time back—his half-filled bicker—have not lessened his natural acuteness, his sharpness of teeth and temper. Our readers will, we fear, be tired of all this about a dog, and "such a vulgar little dog." We happen to hold high views on the moral and social bearings of dogs, especially of terriers, those affectionate and great-hearted little ruffians; but as our friends consider us not sane on this point, and as we (as is common in such cases) think quite the reverse, we shall not now dispute the matter.

One thing we may say, that we are sure Wilkie would have taken our side. He has a dog, and often more, in almost every one of his pictures; and such dogs! not wee men in hairy skins, pretending to be dogs. His dogs are dogs in expression, as well as in body. Look, in his engravings, at the dog in the "Rent Day;" in "Blindman's Buff," that incomparable one especially, who is flattened hopelessly and ludicrously under the weight of a chair and a man—how utterly quenched, and yet how he is giving a surly grin at his own misery; and the dog in the Gentle Shepherd, as gentle as his master; and that great-headed mastiff under the gun-carriage—a very "dog of war"—in "The Maid of Saragossa"—to us the hero of the picture; and, above all, the little pet dog in the "Only Daughter"—its speaking, imploring ways, as it looks to its dying mistress. What a wonderful art! We cannot leave this inestimable picture, without expressing our personal gratitude to our public-spirited Academy for furnishing us every year with some of this great master's works. We trust we shall have one of his, and one of Turner's every year. They elevate public feeling; they tend, like all productions of high and pure genius, to the glory of God, and the good of mankind; they are a part of the common wealth. We end

our notice of this picture by bidding our readers return to it, and read it over and over, through and through. Let them observe its moral effect—not to make the law and its execution hateful or unsightly, or vice or improvidence interesting or picturesque. Wilkie takes no side but that of our common nature, and does justice to the bailiff as well as to the distressed family. We have here no hysterical passions—no shaking of fists against the heavens, and sending up thither mingled blasphemy and prayer, as some melo-dramatic genius might have done. Let them remark the stillness of the great sufferers, and how you know what they have come through—the consummate art in arranging the parts of the subject—its simplicity at first—its fulness afterwards when looked into—more in it than meets the eye. Mind must be exercised upon it to bring out its mind. The white table-cloth, leading the eye at once to the heart of the picture; the table dividing the two groups, and preventing its being a crowd; the figure of the father given entire, indicating his total dejection from head to foot, —his hands, his finger-nails,—the dignity and self-containment of his sorrow: all the hands are wonderful, and above all, as we have noticed, the cobbler's;—the general air of the house not

squalid—no beggarly elements—no horrors of actual starvation—all respectable, and poverty-stricken and scrimp;—the bone lying on the floor, on which our small four-footed 'Spartan' may have been rehearsing his "Pleasures of Memory," and whiling and whittling away his idle hours, and cheating his angry hunger;—the bed—its upright posts—the stately Bailiff alone as erect and firm;—the colour of the curtains—their very texture displayed; the colouring sober, powerful, not loud (to borrow from the ear);—the absence of all effort, or mere cleverness, or pretension;—no trace of handicraft; you know it to be painted—you do not feel it; the composition as fine, as musical, as Raphael's;—the satisfying result;—your whole nature, moral and affectionate—your inward and outward eye—fed with food convenient for them.

It has long been a question in the ethics of fiction, whether sympathy with ideal sorrows be beneficial or mischievous. That it is pleasurable we all know. And a distinction has been made between pity as an emotion ending with its own gratification, and pity as a motive, a moving power, passing, by a necessity of its nature, into action and practical performance.

But, without going into the subject, we may give, as a good practical rule, let your moral

sense be so clear and healthy as to discern at once the genuine objects of pity; and then, let them be fictitious or real, you may pity them safely with all your might. In either case you will get good, and the good will not end with yourself, even in the first case.

The story of Joseph, for instance, is to us fictitious, or rather, it is ideal; and in weeping over him, or over his heart-broken father, we know we can do them no good, or give them no sympathy; but where will you find a merely human story more salutary, more delightful, more appropriate, to every one of our intellectual, moral, and, let us add, our imaginative and æsthetical faculties?

We are inclined to rank Hogarth and Wilkie the most thoughtful of British painters, and two of the greatest of all painters.

Some people, even now, speak of Hogarth as being at best a sort of miraculous caricaturist, and a shockingly faithful delineator of low vice, and misery, and mirth, but as being deficient in knowledge of the human figure, and in academical skill, and as having fallen short of the requirements of "high art."

We thought Charles Lamb had disposed of this untruth long ago; and so he did. But some folks don't know Charles Lamb, and we

shall, for their sakes, give them a practical illustration of his meaning, and of ours. If Hogarth did not know the naked human figure (and we deny that he did not), he knew the human face and the naked human heart—he knew what of infinite good and evil, joy and sorrow, life and death, proceeded out of it. Look at the second last of the series of "Mariage à la Mode."

If you would see what are the wages of sin, and how, after being earned, they are beginning to be paid, look on that dying man,—his body dissolving, falling not like his sword, firm and entire, but as nothing but a dying thing could fall, his eyes dim with the shadow of death, in his ears the waters of that tremendous river, all its billows going over him, the life of his comely body flowing out like water, the life of his soul!—who knows what it is doing? Fleeing through the open window, undressed, see the murderer and adulterer vanish into the outer darkness of night, anywhere rather than remain; and that guilty, beautiful, utterly miserable creature on her knee, her whole soul, her whole life, in her eyes, fixed on her dying husband, dying for and by her! What is in that poor desperate brain, who can tell! Mad desires for life, for death,—prayers, affections, infinite tears,

—the past, the future,—her maiden innocence, her marriage, his love, her guilt,—the grim end of it all,—the night-watch with their professional faces,—the dreary wind blowing through the room, the prelude, as it were, of that whirlwind in which that lost soul is soon to pass away. The man who could paint so as to suggest all this, is a great man and a great painter.

Wilkie has, in like manner, been often misunderstood and misplaced. He is not of the Dutch school,—he is not a mere joker upon canvas,—he can move other things besides laughter; and he rises with the unconscious ease of greatness to whatever height he chooses. Look at John Knox's head in "The Administering the Sacrament in Calder House." Was the eye of faith ever so expressed,—the seeing things that are invisible?

Hogarth was more akin to Michael Angelo: they both sounded the same depths, and walked the same terrible road. Wilkie has more of Raphael,—his affectionate sweetness, his pleasantness, his grouping, his love of the beautiful.

THOMAS DUNCAN.

Duncan possessed certain primary qualities of mind, without which no man, however gifted,

can win and keep true fame. He had a vigorous and quick understanding, invincible diligence, a firm will, and that combination, in action, of our intellectual, moral, and physical natures, which all acknowledge, but cannot easily define,—manliness.

As an artist he had true genius, that incommunicable gift, which is born and dies with its possessor, never again to re-appear with the same image and superscription. The direction of this faculty in him was towards beauty of colour and form,—its tendency was objective rather than subjective; the outward world came to him, and he noted with singular vigilance and truth all its phenomena. His perception of them was immediate, intense, and exact, and he could re-produce them on his canvas with astonishing dexterity and faithfulness. This made his sketches from nature quite startling, from their direct truth. There are two of them in Mr. Hay's gallery,—one, a girl with her bonnet on, sitting knitting at a Highland fireside; the other, a quaint old vacant room in George Heriot's Hospital.

But his glory, his peculiar excellence, was his colouring; there was a charm about it, a thing that could not be understood, but was felt. How transparent its depth,—how fresh,—how

rich to gorgeousness,—how luminous, as from within!

His power over expression was inferior to his colouring. Not that he can be justly said to have failed in his exercise of this faculty; he rather did not attempt its highest range. His mind lingered delighted, at his eye; and if his mind did proceed inwards, it soon returned, and contented itself with that form of expression which, if we may so speak, lies in closest contact with material beauty. Therefore it is that he often brought out, with great felicity and force, some simple feeling, some fixed type of character common to a class, but did not care to ascend to the highest heaven of invention, or stir the depths of imagination and passion. Nature was perceived by him, rather than imagined; and he transferred rather than transfigured her likeness. As a consequence, his works delight more than move, interest more than arrest. In a remarkable sketch left behind him of an intended picture of Wishart administering the Sacrament before his execution, there is one truly ideal head,—a monk, who is overlooking the touching solemnity, and in whose pinched withered face are concentrated the uttermost bigotry, malice, and vileness of nature, his cruel small eyes gleaming as if "set on fire of hell."

Duncan's mind was romantic, rather than historical. We see this in his fine picture of "Prince Charles's Entry into Edinburgh." He brings that great pageant out of its own time into ours, rather than sends us back to it. This arose, as we have said, from the objective turn of his mind; and would have rendered him unsurpassed in the representation of contemporaneous events. What a picture, had he lived, would he have made of the Queen at Taymouth! the masterly, the inimitable sketch of which is now in the Exhibition. We have an ancient love of one of his early pictures,—"Cuddy Headrig and Jenny Dennistoun." Cuddy has just climbed up with infinite toil; and, breathless with it and love, he is resting on the window-sill on the tips of his toes and fingers, in an attitude of exquisite awkwardness, staring, with open mouth and eyes, and perfect blessedness, on his buxom, saucy Jenny. Duncan's fame will, we are sure, rest chiefly on his portraits. They are unmatched in modern times, except by one or two of Wilkie's, and that most noticeable "Head of a Lady," by Harvey, in the inner octagon. Duncan's portraits are liker than their originals. He puts an epitome of a man's character into one look. The likeness of Dr. Chalmers has something of everything in him,—

the unconsciousness of childhood,—the fervour of victorious manhood,—the wise contemplativeness of old age,—the dreamy inexpressive eye of genius, in which his soul lies, "like music slumbering on its instrument," ready to awake when called—the entire loveableness of the man —the light of his countenance,—his heavenly smile,—are all there, and will carry to after-times the express image of his person. How exquisite the head of D. O. Hill's daughter! so full of love and simpleness, the very realization of Wordsworth's lines :—

> "Loving she is, and tractable, though wild,
> And innocence hath privilege in her
> To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes,
> And feats of cunning."

There was something mournful and touching in the nature and progress of the last illness of this great artist. His unresting energy, his manly diligence, urged him beyond his powers; his brain gave way, and blindness crept slowly on him. It was a sort of melancholy consolation that, as the disease advanced, his intense susceptibility and activity were subdued, when their exercise must have only produced misery and regret. What is now infinitely more important is, that those who knew him best have little doubt, that while the outward world, with

its cares, its honours, its wondrous beauty, its vain shows, was growing dim, and fast vanishing away, the eyes of his understanding became more and more enlightened, and that he died in the faith of the truth. If so, he is, we may rest assured, in a region where his intense perception of beauty, his delight in all lovely forms, and in the goodliness of all visible things, will have full exercise and satisfaction, and where that gift which he carries with him as a part of himself will be dedicated to the glory of its Giver,—the Father of Lights.

We believe it to be more than a pleasant dream, that in the regions of the blessed each man shall retain for ever his innate gifts, and shall receive and give delight by their specific exercise. Such a thought gives, as it ought, to this life an awful, but not undelightful significance. He who, in his soul, and by a necessity of his nature, is a poet or a painter, will, in a spiritual sense, remain so for ever.

PALESTRINA.

We miss Turner's great landscape, "Palestrina," with its airy fulness and freedom,—its heaven and earth making one imagery,—its daylight, its sunlight, its magical shadows,—that

city set upon a hill, each house clinging to the rocks like swallows' nests,—its waters murmuring on for ever, and sending up their faint steam into the fragrant air,—that oblique bridge, so matchlessly drawn,—those goats browsing heedless of us,—in one word, its reality, and its something more!

One day last year, while waiting for a friend, we sat down in the rooms, and were thinking of absent things; some movement made us raise our eyes, and for that instant we were in Italy. We were in the act of wondering what we should see, when we reached the other end of that cool and silent avenue; and if one of these goats had looked up and stared at us, we should have hardly been surprised. It had, while it lasted, "the freshness and the glory of a dream."

We shall never forget this picture. It gave us a new sensation, a new and a higher notion of what the mind of man can put into, and bring out of, landscape painting; how its representative, and suggestive truthfulness, may be perfect, forming the material elements,—the body, as it were, of the picture,—while, at the same time, there may be superadded that fine sense of the undefinable relation of the visible world to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul.

How original, how simple, its composition! That tall tree, so inveterately twisted on itself, dividing the scene into two subjects, each contrasting with and relieving the other; the open country lying under the full power of the flaming mid-day sun; and that long alley, with its witchery of gleam and shadow, its cool air, a twilight of its own, at noon!

Nothing is more wonderful about Turner than the resolute way in which he avoids all imitation, even when the objects are in the very foreground and clearly defined. He gives you an oak, or a beech, or an elm, so as to be unmistakable, and yet he never thinks of giving their leaves botanically, so as that we might know the tree from a leaf. He gives us it not as we know it, but as we should see it from that distance; and he gives us all its characteristics that would carry that length, and no more. He is determined to give an idea, not a copy, of an oak. This is beautifully seen in his "Ivy Bridge,"—a picture, the magical simplicity of which grows upon every look. There is a birch there, the lady of the wood, which any nurseryman would tell you was a birch; and yet look into it, and what do you see? Turner sets down results of sight,—not the causes of these results. His way is the true æsthetic,—the other is the scientific.

HUNT THE SLIPPER.

We plead guilty to an inveterate, and, it may be, not altogether rational, antipathy to Mr. Maclise's pictures. As vinegar to the teeth, as smoke to the eyes, or as the setting of a saw to the ears, so are any productions of his pencil we have met with to our æsthetic senses. We get no pleasure from them except that of hearty anger and strong contrast. Their hot, raw, garish colour—the chalky dry skin of his women—the grinning leathern faces of his men—and the entire absence of toning—are as offensive to our eyesight as the heartlessness, the grimace, the want of all naturalness in expression or feeling, in his human beings, are to our moral taste.

There is, no doubt, wonderful cleverness and facility in drawing legs and arms in all conceivable positions, considerable dramatic power in placing his figures, and a sort of striking stage effect, that makes altogether a smart, effective scene; and if he had been able to colour like Wilkie, there would have been a certain charm about them. But you don't care—at least we don't care—to look at them again; they in no degree move us out of ourselves into the scene. They are so many automata, and no more. To

express shortly, and by example, all we feel about his picture of "Hunt the Slipper," we would say it is in all points the reverse of Wilkie's picture opposite, "The Distraining for Rent," in colour, conception, treatment, bodily expression, spiritual meaning, moral effect. Mr. Maclise's women are pretty, not beautiful; prim, not simple: their coyness, as old Fuller would say, is as different from true modesty as hemlock is from parsley—there is a meretriciousness about them all, which, as it is entirely gratuitous, is very disagreeable. The vicar is not Oliver Goldsmith's Dr. Primrose. The best thing in the picture is the mantelpiece, with its odds and ends: the china cups and saucers, and that Hindu god, sitting in dropsical dignity—these are imitated marvellously, as also is the old trunk in the right corner. As far as we have seen, Mr. Maclise's gift lies in this small fancy line. We remember some game and a cabinet in his "Robin Hood," that would have made Horace Walpole or our own Kirkpatrick Sharpe's mouth water; the nosegays of the two London ladies are also very cleverly painted, but too much of mere fac-similes. Nothing can be worse in colour or in aërial perspective than the quaint old shrubbery seen through the window; it feels nearer our eye than the figures. As to

the figures, perhaps the most life-like in feature and movement are the two bad women, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs and Lady Blarney.

The introduction of them into the story is almost the only blemish of that exquisite piece, and we have still less pleasure in seeing their portraits. How different from Hogarth's terrible pictures of the same miserable class! There you see the truth; you can imagine the past and the future, as well as perceive the present. Beauty, grace, often tenderness, sinking into ruin under the steady influence of a life of sin, make them objects at once of our profoundest compassion—and of our instant reprobation. But we must stay our quarrel with Mr. Maclise. We have perhaps been unlucky in the specimens of his genius that we have seen—the only other two being the "Bohemians" and "Robin Hood;" the first a picture of great but disagreeable power—a sort of imbroglio of everything sensual and devilish—the very superfluity of naughtiness—as bad, and not so good as the scene in the Brocken in Goethe's Faust. Mr. Maclise may find a list of subjects more grateful to the moral sense, more for his own good and that of his spectators, and certainly not less

fitted to bring into full play all the best powers of his mind, and all the craft of his hand, in Phil. iv. 8.

"Robin Hood" was rather better, because there were fewer women in it; but we could never get beyond that universal grin which it seemed the main function of Robin and his "merrie men" to sustain. Of the landscape we may say, as we did of his figures and Wilkie's, that it was in every respect the reverse of Turner's.

We have been assured by those whose taste we know in other matters to be excellent, that Mr. Maclise is a great genius, a man of true imagination; and that his "Sleeping Beauty," his scene from Macbeth, and some others, are the proofs of this. We shall wait till we see them, and hope to be converted when we do; but, meanwhile, we suspect that his Imagination may turn out to be mere Fancy, which are as different, the one from the other, as word-wit is from deep humour, or as Queen Mab (a purely fanciful description) is from Miranda or Ariel. Fancy is aggregative and associative,—Imagination is creative, motive. As Wordsworth in one of his prefaces beautifully says,—"The law under which the processes of Fancy are carried on is as capricious as the accidents of things, and

the effects are surprising, playful, ludicrous, or pathetic, as the objects happen to be appositely produced or fortunately combined. Fancy depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images, trusting that their numbers, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value; or she prides herself upon the curious subtilty, and the successful elaboration, with which she can detect their lurking affinities. If she can win you over to her purpose, she cares not how unstable or transitory may be her influence, knowing that it will not be out of her power to resume it on an apt occasion. But Imagination is conscious of an indestructible dominion,—the soul may fall away from it, not being able to sustain its grandeur, but if once felt and acknowledged, by no other faculty of the mind can it be relaxed, impaired, or diminished. *Fancy is given to quicken and beguile the temporal parts of our nature,—Imagination to awaken and to support the eternal.*" The one is the plaything, the other the food, the elixir of the soul. All great poets, as Homer, Shakspere, Milton, and Burns, have both faculties, and find fit work for each; and so have the great painters, Titian, Veronese, Albert Durer, Hogarth, Wilkie. We suspect

Mr. Maclise has little else than fancy, and makes it do the work of both. There must be something radically defective in the higher qualities of poetic sensibility and ideality in any man who could, as he has done in the lately published edition of Moore's Melodies, execute some hundreds of illustrations, without above three or four of them being such as you would ever care to see again, or, indeed, would recognise as having ever seen before.

We would not give such sweet humour, such maidenly simpleness, such exquisite mirth, such "quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles," as we can get in most of the current numbers of "Punch," from the hand of young Richard Doyle (1846), with drawing quite as astonishing, and far more expression,—for this sumptuous three-guinea quarto. Have our readers six and sixpence to spare?—then let them furnish wholesome fun and "unreproved pleasure" for the eyes and the minds of the small men and women in the nursery, by buying "The Fairy Ring," illustrated by him.

THREE LANDSEERS.

It would not be easy to say which of these three delightful pictures gives the most delight;

only, if we were forced to name which we should best like to possess, we would say, "Uncle Tom and his Wife for Sale,"—one of the most wonderful bits of genius and its handiwork we ever had the pleasure of enjoying and being the better of.

The others are "The Maid and the Magpie," and "The Pen, the Brush, and the Chisel,"—the latter presented by Lady Chantrey to Her Majesty, and having for its subjects Chantrey's well-known bust of Sir Walter in the clay, with the sculptor's tools lying beside it, and his finger-prints, fresh and soft, full of thought and will, giving a fine realization of work going on. The expression of the then Great Unknown is very noble—he looks like a mighty shade; beside the bust is a terrier, such as only Sir Edwin can give, with a keen look, as if he too smelt some one. Two woodcocks are resting in front in a fold of the tablecloth; doubtless the two famous birds which Sir Francis brought down at one shot, and immortalized in marble. At the corner of the picture, and stealthily peering from behind the tablecloth, is a cat's head, not yet seeing the game, but nosing it. You can easily imagine the lively scrimmage when puss makes herself and her ends known, and when the unsuspected "Dandie" comes down upon

her. The feeling and workmanship of this beautiful conceit is such as no one else could originate and express.

"The Maid and the Magpie" is a rustic tragedy told at a glance. It is milking-time, in a dreamy summer-day. Phillis,

"So buxom, blithe, and debonair,"

is filling her pail, her meek-eyed, lady-like cow —she is a high-bred Alderney—enjoying herself as cows know why during this process of evacuation and relief. Her glum, unsatisfied calf, who has been all the morning protesting and taking instruments, and craving extracts, and in vain, is looking and listening, hungry and sulky; he never can understand why he gets none of his mother's, of his own milk;—the leather muzzle, all bristling with sharp, rusty nails, tells his miseries and his mother's too. Thestylis is leaning forward, awkward and eager, at the door, making love to Phillis in his own clumsy and effective way, whittling all the while destructively at the door-post with his knife. It is the old, old story. She has her back turned to him, and is pretending to be very deep in the milking, while her eye—which you see, and he doesn't—says something quite else. In the right corner are two goats, one a magnificent rugged billy. On the green beyond,

in the sunshine, may be seen the geese making off on feet and wings to the well-known "hen-wife," who is at the wicket with her punctual mess. Among the trees, and up in the cloudless, sunny air, is the village spire, whose bells Thestylis doubtless hopes some day soon to set a ringing. All very pretty and innocent and gay. But look in the left corner,—as if he had this moment come in, he is just hopping into their paradise,—is that miscreant magpie, who, we all know, was a pilferer from the beginning, and who next moment, you know, will have noiselessly grabbed that fatal silver spoon in the posset-cup,—which Phillis can't see, for her heart is in her eye,—this same spoon, as we all know, bringing by and by death into that little world, and all their woe. We never remember the *amari aliquid* coming upon us so unawares, ugly and fell, like that old Toad squat at the ear of Eve. The drawing, the expression, the whole management of this little story, is exquisite. Perhaps there is a little over-crowding and huddling together in the byre; but it is a delicious picture, as wholesome and sweet as a cow's breath. You hear the music of the milk playing in the pail; you feel the gentle, rural naturalness of the whole scene.

Of "Uncle Tom and his Wife for Sale," it

is not easy to speak in moderation, as assuredly it is impossible to look at it, and keep from bursting into tears and laughter all at once. Anything more saturated, more insufferably overflowing with the best fun and misery, with the oddest, homeliest humour and despair, we never before encountered.

"Uncle Tom" is a small, old, dusky bull-dog, with bandy legs and broad chest, and an amazing look of a nigger. His eyes are crunched up in an ecstasy of woe, the crystal tears hailing down his dark and knobby cheeks, "which witness huge affliction;" his mouth is open to the full, and one black stump is all we see of teeth; his tongue, out to the utmost, quivering with agitation and panting,—a tongue, the delicate, moist pink of which, like the petal of some tropical flower, is in wonderful contrast to the cavern—the jaws of darkness—out of which it is flung. And what is all this for? Is he in pain? No. Is he afraid? Not he; that is a sensation unknown to Tom. He is plainly as full of pluck, as "game" as was ever Cribb or Molyneux. He is in this state of utter woe, because he is about to be sold, and his wife, "Aunt Chloe," the desire of his old eyes, may be taken from him, the mere idea of which has put him into this transport, so that he is written

all over with lamentation, utterly *begrutten*, and done for. It is this touching combination of immense affection and ugliness, which brings out the pathetic-comic effect instantly, and to the uttermost. We never saw anything like it except Mr. Robson's *Medea*. Why is it that we cannot but laugh at this? It is no laughing matter with the honest and ugly and faithful old beast.

Chloe, who is chained to Tom, is, with the trick of her sex, sinking her own grief in sorrow for his. She is leaning fondly towards him, and looking up to him with a wonderful eye, anxious to comfort him, if she knew how. Examine the painting of that congested, affectionate organ, and you will see what true work is. And not less so the bricks which form the background; all represented with the utmost modesty and truth, not only of form and colour, but of texture.

"THE RANDOM SHOT."

If any one wishes to know how finely, and to what fine issues, the painter's spirit and his own may be touched, how much of gentleness may be in power, how much of power in gentle-

ness, let him peruse the "Random Shot" by Landseer.

On the summit of some far remote Highland mountain, on the untrodden and azure-tinted snow, lies a dead or dying hind, its large brown velvety ears set off against the pure, pearly, infinite sky, into whose cloudless depths the darkness of night is already being poured. The deep, unequal footsteps of the miserable mother are faintly traced in blood, her calf is stooping down, and searching for its comfortable and ever-ready drink, but finding none. Anything more exquisite than this long-legged, bewildered creature, standing there all forlorn, stupid and wild—hunger and weariness, fear and amazement, busy at its poor silly heart—we have never seen in painting. By the long shadows on the snow, the delicate green tint of the sky, the cold splendour on the mountain tops, and the gloom in the corries, we know that day is fast going, and night with all her fears drawing on, and what is to become of that young desolate thing?

This is not a picture to be much spoken about; it is too quick with tenderness, and reaches too nicely that point which just stops short of sadness; words would only mar its pathetic touch.

Here is another by the same painter, which, though inferior and very different in subject, is not less admirable in treatment. It consists of the portraits of three sporting dogs. A retriever, with its *sonsy* and affectionate visage, holding gingerly in its mouth a living woodcock, whose bright and terror-stricken eye is painted to the life. In the centre is a keen thoroughgoing pointer, who has just found the scent among the turnips. This is perhaps the most masterly of the three, for colour and for expression. The last is a liver-coloured spaniel, panting over a plump pheasant, and looking to its invisible master for applause. The touch of genius is over them all, everywhere, from the rich eye of the retriever to the wasted turnip leaves. Yet there is no mere cleverness, no traces of handiwork; you are not made to think of work at all, till you have got your fill of pleasure and surprise, and then you wonder what cunning brain, and eye, and finger could have got so much out of so little, and so common.

We often hear of the decline of the Fine Arts in our time and country, but any age or nation might well be proud of having produced within fifty years, four such men as Wilkie, Turner, Etty, and Landseer.

THE EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY.

There is an immediateness and calm intensity, a certain simplicity and tragic tenderness, in this exquisite picture, which no one but Paul Delaroche has in our days reached. You cannot escape its power, you cannot fail to be moved; it remains in your mind as a thing for ever. It is the last scene of that story we all have by heart, of

"Her most gentle, most unfortunate."

That beautiful, simple English girl, the young wife, who has just seen the headless body of her noble young husband carried past, is drawing to the close of her little life of love and study, of misery and wrong. She is partially undressed, her women having disrobed her. She is blindfolded, and is groping almost eagerly for the block; groping as it were into eternity; her mouth slightly open, her face "steady and serene." Sir John Gage, the Constable of the Tower, is gently leading her by the left hand to the block, and gazing on her with a surprising compassion and regard—a very noble head. Her women, their work over, are aside; one fallen half-dead on the floor; the other turning her back, her hands uplifted and

wildly grasping the stone pillar, in utter astonishment and anguish. You can conceive what that concealed face must be like. We don't remember anything more terrible or more intense than this figure. In the other corner stands the headsman with his axe ready, still, but not unmoved; behind him is the coffin; but the eye gazes first and remains last on that pale, doomed face, beautiful and innocent, bewildered and calm. Let our readers take down Hume, and read the story. The cold and impassive philosopher writes as if his heart were full. Her husband, Lord Guildford, asked to see her before their deaths. She answered, No; that the tenderness of the parting would overcome the fortitude of both; besides, she said, their separation would be but for a moment. It had been intended to execute the Lady Jane and Lord Guildford together on the same scaffold on Tower Hill; but the Council, dreading the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence, and high birth, caused her to be beheaded within the verge of the Tower, after she had seen him from the window, and given him a token as he was led to execution. The conclusion by Hume is thus:—"After uttering these words, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women, and with a steady,

serene countenance submitted herself to the executioners." The engraving, which may be seen at Mr. Hill's, is worthy of the picture and the subject. It is a marvel of delicate power, and is one of the very few modern engravings we would desire our friends to buy.

NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU BEFORE HIS ABDICATION.

This is the first painting, by Delaroche, we have seen, though we have long been familiar with his works through their engravings. He is every inch a master. You get from his work that strange and delightful shock which asserts at once his genius and power. You are not *struck*, but you get a shock of surprise, of awe, and of pleasure, which no man who once gets ever mistakes for anything else. This picture, of

> "Him—
> Who in our wonder and astonishment
> Has built himself a livelong monument,"

has this charm and power. You never before saw anything like it, you will never see anything like it again, and you will never forget it. It is no easy matter to describe what passes through one's mind on looking at such a bit of intense and deep genius. One feels more in-

clined in such a case to look, and recollect, to feel, and be grateful, than to speak.

Napoleon is represented as alone—seated hurriedly and sideways upon a chair—one leg of which has trod upon a magnificent curtain and is trailing it down to ruin. He is dressed in his immortal grey coat, his leather breeches, and his big riding boots, soiled with travel; the shapely little feet of which he was so proud, are drawn comfortlessly in; his hat is thrown on the ground. His attitude is that of the deepest dejection and abstraction; his body is sunk and his head seems to bear it down, with its burden of trouble. This is finely indicated by the deep transverse fold of his waistcoat; one arm is across the back of the chair, the other on his knee, his plump hands lying idle; his hair, that thin, black straight hair, looks wet, and lies wildly across his immense forehead. But the face is where the artist has set his highest impress, and the eyes are the wonder of his face. The mouth is firm as ever—beautiful and unimpassioned as an infant's; the cheeks plump, the features expressive of weariness, but not distressed; the brow looming out from the dark hair, like something oppressively and supernaturally capacious; and then the eyes! his whole mind looking through them, bodily dis-

tress, want of sleep, fear, doubt, shame, astonishment, anger, speculation, seeking rest but as yet finding it not; going over all possibilities, calm, confounded, but not confused. There is all this in the grey, serious, perplexed eyes; we don't know that we ever saw anything at once so subtle, awful, and touching, as their *dreary* look. Your eyes begin soon to move your heart; you pity and sympathize with him, and yet you know all he has done, the havoc he has made of everything man holds sacred, or God holds just; you know how merciless he was and will be, how eaten up with ambition, how mischievous; you know that after setting at defiance all mankind, and running riot in victory, he had two years before this set his face against the heavens, and, defying the elements, had found to his own, and to his country's tremendous cost, that none can "stand before *His* cold." We know that he is fresh from the terrible three days at Leipsic, where he never was so amazing in his resources, and in all that constitutes military genius; we know that he has been driven from his place by the might and the wrath of the great German nation, and that he is as faithless and dangerous as ever; but we still feel for him. Our soul is "purged by terror and pity," which is the end

of tragic art as well as of tragic writing, and will be found like it one of the "gravest, moralest, and most profitable" of all human works. This is the touch "that makes the whole world kin."

This trouble in the eye—this looking into vacancy, and yet not being vacant—this irresolute and helpless look in one so resolute, so self-sustained, is to us one of the very highest results of that art which affects the mind through the eye.

The picture, as a work of art, is remarkable for its simplicity of idea and treatment, the severity of its manner, and the gloomy awfulness everywhere breathing from it. It seems to gather darkness as you gaze at it; the imperial eagles emblazoned on the wall are struggling through a sort of ruddy darkness produced by the deep shadow on the rich-coloured curtain. His sword is lying on a table, its hilt towards us.

But what impressed us most, and what still impresses us is, that we have seen the man as he then was, as he then was looking, and thinking, feeling, and suffering. We started at first as if we were before him, rather than he before us, and that we would not like to have that beautiful but dread countenance, and those

unsearchable, penetrating, cold eyes lifted up upon us.

No man need ask himself after this, if Delaroche is a great artist; but some of his other works display, if not more intensity, more variety of idea and expression: Their prevailing spirit is that of severe truthfulness, simplicity, and a kind of gloomy power—a certain awfulness, in its strict sense, not going up to sublimity perhaps, or forward into beauty, but lingering near them both. They are full of humanity, in its true sense; what he feels he feels deeply, and it asserts its energy in every bit of his handiwork.

It is remarkable how many of his best pictures are from English history, and how many are possessed by Englishmen. The following short sketch of his chief pictures may be interesting. His earliest works were on religious subjects; they are now forgotten. The first which attracted attention was the picture of Joan of Arc in prison, examined by Cardinal Winchester; this has been engraved, and is very great—full of his peculiar gloom. Then followed Flora Macdonald succouring the Pretender; the death of Queen Elizabeth, almost too intense and painful for pleasurable regard; a scene at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; death of the

English Princes in the Tower; Richelieu on the Rhone, with Cinq Mars and De Thou as prisoners; death of Cardinal Mazarin; Cromwell regarding the dead body of Charles I. This last is a truly great and impressive picture—we hardly know one more so, or more exactly suited for Art. The great Protector, with his well-known face, in which ugliness and affection and power kept such strange company, is by himself in a dark room. And yet not by himself. The coffin in which Charles, his king, is lying at rest, having ceased from troubling, is before him, and he has lifted up the lid and is gazing on the dead king—calm, with the paleness and dignity of death—of such a death, upon that fine face. You look into the face of the living man; you know what he is thinking of. Awe, regret, resolution. He knows the full extent of what has been done—of what *he* has done. He thinks, if the dead had not been false, anything else might have been forgiven; if he had but done this, and not done that; and his great human affections take their course, and he may wish it had been otherwise. But you know that having taken his gaze, and having let his mind go forth in its large issues, as was his way, he would again shut that lid, and shut his mind, and go away certain

that it was right, that it was the only thing, and that he will abide by it to the end. It is no mean art that can put this into a few square inches of paper, or that can raise this out of any ordinary looker-on's brain. What a contrast to Napoleon's smooth, placid face and cold eyes, that rough visage, furrowed with sorrow and internal convulsions, and yet how much better, greater, worthier, the one than the other! We have often wondered, if they had met at Lützen, or at some of the wild work of that time, what they would have made of each other. We would lay the odds upon the Brewer's Son. The intellect might not be so immense, the self-possession not so absolute, but the nature, the whole man, would be more powerful, because more in the right and more in sympathy with mankind. He would never try an impossible thing; he would seldom do a wrong thing, an outrage to human nature or its Author; and for all that makes true greatness and true courage, we would not compare the one with the other. But to return to our artist. There is St. Amelia praying, very beautiful; Death of Duke of Guise at Blois; Charles I. in the Guard-room, mocked by the soldiers; Lord Strafford going to execution, kneeling as he passes under the window of Laud's cell, whose outstretched

hands bless him. This is a great picture; nothing is seen of Laud but the thin, passionate, imploring hands, and yet you know what they express, you know what sort of a face there will be in the darkness within. Strafford is very fine.

There is a charming portrait of his wife as the angel Gabriel; a St. Cecilia playing; and a beautiful Holy Family, the Virgin, a portrait of his wife, and the child, a beautiful rosy creature, full of favour, with those deep, unfathomable, clear eyes, filled with infinity, such as you see in Raphael's Sistine Jesus.

NAPOLEON CROSSING THE ALPS.

Last year at this time we were all impressed, as we seldom are by anything of this sort, by Delaroche's picture of Napoleon at Fontainebleau. We are none of us likely to forget the feeling then experienced of being admitted into that dread presence, and looking, not only at the bodily form, but into the very soul of that great and miserable man. We may now get a different and yet a similar impression, from what we cannot but regard as a nobler and more touching work—something deeper and finer still. Those who knew what we thought

of the first, will understand how much praise of the second is involved in our saying this. Last year we saw before us the spectacle of power, perhaps the most intense and enormous ever committed by the Divine Disposer to one of his creatures, in ruins, having all but played the game out. It was the setting sun of a day of astonishment, brightness and tempest, lightning and thunder; but the great orb was sinking in disastrous storm and gloom—going down never to rise again. In this new picture, we have the rising sun climbing up its young morning sky; the hours of glory, of havoc, and of shame, are before him, and us. The innocent brightness of his new-born day is not yet gone; it will soon go.

Nothing can be simpler, or more everyday-like, than the body of the picture. A steady, painstaking mule, with his shoulder to the steep, his head well down, his nostrils dilated, his eye full of stress and courage, his last hind leg straining forward himself and his burden, his shaggy legs clotted with the sweat-ice-drops, the weather-worn harness painted as like as it can look, his ruffled and heated hide, the leash of thongs, which, dangling, has often amused and tickled his old and hungry sides, swinging forward in the gusty wind—his whole heart and

soul in his work: he is led by his old master, with his homely, hardy, and honest face, his sinewy alpenstock in his hand. Far back on the mule, sits Napoleon, consulting his own ease alone, not sparing man or beast—he was not given to spare man or beast—his muscles relaxed, his lean shapely leg instinctively gripping the saddle, his small handsome foot resting idly in the stirrup, the old useless knotted bridle lying on the mule's neck, his grey coat buttoned high up, and blown forward by the wind, his right hand in his inner coat, his slight graceful chest well up, and, above it, his face! and, above it, that well-known hat, firmly held by the prodigious head within, the powdery snow grizzling its rim. Ay, that face! look at it; let its vague, proud, melancholy gaze, not at you, or at anything, but into the immense future, take possession of your mind. He is turning the north side of the Alps; he is about descending into Italy; and what of that?—we all know *now* what of that, and do not know yet all of it. We were then, such of us as may have been born, as unconscious of what was before us and him, as that patient mule or his simple master. Look at the face narrowly: it is thin; the cheeks sunken; the chin exquisite, with its sweet dimple; the mouth gentle, and firm, and sensi-

tive, but still as death, not thinking of words or speech, but merely letting the difficult air of that Alpine region in and out. That same mouth which was to ignore the word *impossible* and call it a beast, and to know it, and be beaten by it in the end; that thin, delicate, straight nose leading you to the eyes, with their pencilled and well-pronounced brows; there is the shadow of youth, and of indifferent health, under and around these eyes, giving to their power and meaning a singular charm—they are the wonder of the picture. He is looking seriously, but blankly, far on and up, seeing nothing outwardly, the mind's eye seeing—who can tell what? His cheek is pale with the longing of greatness. The young and mighty spirit within is awakening, and hardly knows itself and its visions, but it looks out clearly and firmly, though with a sort of vague sadness, into its appointed field.

Every one must be struck with this look of sorrow; a certain startled air of surprise, of hope, and of fear; his mind plays deeply with the future that is far off,—besides doing anything but play with his work to-morrow, that, as we shall soon hear, was earnest enough, as Marengo can tell. Such is the natural impression, such the feelings, this picture made and

awakened in our minds through our eyes. It has a certain plain truth and immediateness of its own, which leads to *the idea* of all that followed; and, lest this effect be said to be ours, not the picture's, we would ask any man to try and bring such an idea, or indeed any idea, into the head of any one looking at David's absurd piece of horsemanship, called Crossing the Alps. And what is that idea? Everything ripening for that harvest, he is putting his sickle forth to reap. France, terrified and bleeding, and half free, getting sight of its future king—rousing itself and gathering itself up to act. Italy, Austria, and the drowsy, rotten, bewildered kingdoms, turning uneasily in their sleep, and awaking, some of them never again to rest; even the utmost north to bear witness of him, and take terrible vengeance for his wrongs. Egypt has already been filled with the glory, the execration, and disgrace of his name; and that Holy Land, the theatre of the unspeakable wonders and goodness of the Prince of Peace, that too has seen him, and has cast him out, by the hearty courage and hatred of an English captain and his sailors. England also is to play her part; to annihilate his fleets, beat him and his best marshals wherever she meets them, and finish him utterly at last.

And what changes—as strange, though more hidden—in character, in affection, in moral worth, are to take place in that beautiful and spiritual countenance, in that soul of which it is the image; infinite pride, and glory, and guilt, working their fell will upon him—his being (that most dreadful of calamities to a creature like man) left altogether to himself. How the wild, fierce courage of Lodi and Arcola is to waste away into the amazing meanness of "*Sauve qui peut*"—the Regent's letter, and the pitiful bullying on board the Bellerophon. Before him lie his victories, his mighty civil plans, his code of laws, his endless activity, his prodigious aims, even his medals so beautiful, so ridiculous, so full of lies—one of them telling its own shame, having on one side Hercules strangling the monster of the sea (England), and on the other the words "Struck at London!!" his perfidy and cruelty; the murdered young D'Enghien; the poisoned soldiers at Jaffa. The red field of Leipsic rises stark on our sight, where the great German people, that honest and right-hearted but slow race, fell and rose again, never again to fall so low, and, by and bye, through the same vital energy, it may be soon, to rise higher than many think, when, rousing themselves like a strong man after sleep,

they shall drive their enemies, be they kings or priests, as old Hermann and his Teuts chased the Roman Eagles across the Rhine, and returning, lift up like them their beer horns in peace; this has always seemed to us the great moral lesson to the world of Napoleon's career. But our readers are impatient; they have, perhaps, parted company with us long ago. One thing they will agree with us in, that this picture raises up the mind of the looker; fills his memory with living forms; breathes the breath of life and of human nature into the eventful past, and projects the mind forward upon the still greater future; deepens impressions, and writes "Vanity of vanity, all is vanity," on such mad ambition—

> "The glories of our earthly state
> Are shadows, not substantial things."

But to return to our picture. Behind Napoleon is another guide, leading the horse of a soldier, muffled up, and battling with the keen mountain wind. This closes the scene; around and above are the everlasting Alps, looking as they did when Hannibal passed nearly 3000 years before, and as they will do thousands of years hence. They bear down upon the eye in a formidable way, as if frowning at the intruder

on their snows and silence, and as if crowding down to withstand his steps. Under is the spotless snow, with some bits of ice, troubling the hoofs of the mule. This completes the picture, which, as we have already said, is homely and simple in its body, in all that first meets the eye, though informed throughout with the finest phantasy when the mind rests upon it and reaches its soul.

Every one must be struck with the personal beauty of Napoleon as represented here. He was in his 31st year; had been four years married to Josephine—the happiest years of his life; he had just come from Egypt, having been hunted across the Mediterranean by Nelson. His peasant guide who succeeded to the old man, and who brought him within sight of Italy, described him as "a very dark man, and with an eye which, though affable, he did not like to encounter." We can believe him; a single look of that eye, or a word from that mouth, cheered and set in motion the wearied army as they toiled up "the Valley of Desolation;" and if they stuck fast in despair, the Consul had the drums beat, and the trumpets sounded, as for the charge. This never failed. He knew his men.

This picture was conceived by Delaroche last

year, on the spot where the scene is laid, and painted very soon after. He was at Nice for his health, and had for his guide up the St. Bernard, the son of the man leading the mule, who told him many things about Napoleon, and how he looked. As regards colour, it is the best of Delaroche's pictures we have seen; it is a curious study to mark how little, and how much, the young, thin, spiritual face differs from that of last year's picture.

There is something to our minds, not unseasonable in directing our thoughts to such a spectacle of mere human greatness, at this (Christmas) sacred time. So much mischief, crime, and misery, and yet so much power, intelligence, progress, and a certain dreadful usefulness in the career of such a man. What a contrast to His life, who entered our world 1850 years ago, and whose birth was heralded by the angel-song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men;" whose religion and example, and continual living influence, has kept this strange world of ours from being tenfold more wicked and miserable than it is. We would conclude with the words of the poet of *In Memoriam*—

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow,
The year is young, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler forms of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

If this picture in any degree fulfil its object, if we are impressed and moved by it, then it is not matter for words, it partakes of the unspeakableness of its subject. If it fall short of this, it fails utterly, and is not worth any words but those of displeasure, for nothing is more worthless, nothing is more truly profane, and few things are more common, than the attempt to represent sacred ideas by a man who is himself profane, and incapable of impressing others. For

it is as unseemly, and in the true sense as profane, for a painter to paint such subjects if he do not feel them, as it is for a man to preach the great truths of our most holy faith, being himself an unbeliever, or at the best a Gallio, in both cases working merely for effect, or to bring in wages.

This picture is not liable to any such rebuke. Whatever may be thought of its central idea and of its expression, no one can doubt—no one can escape coming under—its power, its true sacredness. Watch the people studying it; listen, not to their words, but to their silence; they are all as if performing an act of worship, or at least of devout reverence. The meaning of the picture reaches you at once: that lonely, serious, sorrowful, majestic countenance and form; those wonderful listening eyes, so full of concern, of compassion—"acquainted with grief;" the attitude of anxious hearkening, as if "waiting to be gracious." This idea rules the whole. We all feel who He is, and what He is desiring; and we feel, perhaps it may be in a way never felt before, the divine depth of the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man open unto me, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me;" and we see that though He is a king, and is

"travelling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save," He cannot open the door—it must open from within—He can only stand and knock.

We confess that, with this thought filling our mind, we care little for the beautiful and ingenious symbols with which the painter has enriched his work; that garden run wild, that Paradise Lost, with the cold starlight indicating and concealing its ruin—all things waste; the light from the lantern falling on the apple (a wonderful bit of painting)—"the fruit of that forbidden tree;" the darnel or tares choking up the door, and the gentle but inveterate ivy grasping it to the lintel; the Jewish and the Gentile emblems clasped together across his breast; the crown, at once royal and of thorns, set with blood-red carbuncles; and many other emblems full of subtle, spiritual meaning. We confess to rather wishing the first impression had been left alone.

The faults of the picture as a work of art are, like its virtues, those of its school—imitation is sometimes mistaken for representation. There is a want of the unity, breadth, and spaciousness of nature about the landscape, as if the painter had looked with one eye shut, and thus lost the stereoscopic effect of reality—the solidarity of

binocular vision; this gives a displeasing flatness. It is too full of astonishing bits, as if it had been looked at, as well as painted, piecemeal. With regard to the face of our Saviour, this is hardly a subject for criticism, as we have said it is full of majesty and tenderness and meaning; but we have never yet seen any image of that face so expressive as not to make us wish that it had been left alone to the heart and imagination of each for himself. In the "Entombment," by Titian, one of the three or four greatest pictures in the world, the face of the dead Saviour is in shadow, as if the painter preferred leaving it thus, to making it more definite; as if he relied on the idea—on the spiritual image—rising up of itself; as if he dared not be definite; thus showing at once his greatness and modesty by acknowledging that there is "that within which passeth show."

RIZPAH.

Take one of Turner's sketches in his *Liber Studiorum*, a book which, for truth and power, and the very highest imaginative *vis*, must be compared, not with any other book of prints, but with such word-pictures as you find in Dante, in Cowper, in Wordsworth, or in Milton. It

is a dark foreground filled with gloom, savage and wild in its structure; a few grim heavy trees deepen the gloom: in the centre, and going out into the illimitable sky, is a brief, irregular bit of the purest radiance, luminous, but far off. There is a strange meaning about the place; it is "not uninformed with phantasy, and looks that threaten the profane." You look more keenly into it. In the centre of the foreground sits a woman, her face hidden, her whole form settled down as by some deep sorrow; she holds up, but with her face averted, a flaming torch; behind, and around her, lie stretched out seven bodies as of men, half naked, and dimly indicating far gone decay: at their feet are what seem like crowns. There is a lion seen with extended tail slinking off, and a bittern has just sprung up in the corner from a reedy pool. The waning moon is lying as if fainting in the grey heavens. The harvest sheaves stand near at hand, against the sky. The picture deepens in its gloom. The torch gives more of its fitful light as you steadily gaze. What is all this? These are two sons and five grandsons of Saul, who "fell all seven together, and were put to death in the days of harvest, in the beginning of barley harvest." And she who sits there solitary is "Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, who

took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest, until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest upon them, nor the beasts of the field by night." For five months did this desolate mother watch by the bodies of her sons! She is at her ceaseless work, morn, noon, and night incessantly. How your heart now fills, as well as your eyes! How you realize the idea! What a sacred significance it gives to the place, and receives from it. What thoughts it awakens! Saul and his miserable story, David and his lamentation, the mountains of Gilboa, the streets of Askelon. The king of beasts slinking off once more, hungry, angry, and afraid—finding her still there. The barley sheaves, indicating by a touch of wonderful genius, that it is nearer the beginning than the end of her time, so that we project our sympathy forward upon the future months. No one but a great artist would have thought of this. And that unfailing, forlorn woman—what love!—that only love which He whose name and nature it is has honoured by admitting to be nearest, though at an infinite distance from His own. "Can a woman forget?—Yea, she may forget." Here we have a scene in itself impressive, and truthfully rendered, enriched, and sanctified by

a subject of the highest dignity, and deepest tenderness, and in perfect harmony with it.

Many may say we bring out much that is not in it. This may be partly true, and is rather to that extent an enhancement of its worth. But the real truth is, that there is all this in it, if it be but sought for and received in simplicity and reverence. The materials for imagination are there; let the spectator apprehend them in the like spirit, and he will feel all, and more than we have described. Let a man try to bring anything out of some of the many landscapes we see in our exhibitions, and he may be strong and willing, but it will prove too hard for him; it is true here as everywhere else, *ex nihilo nihil fit—ex parvo, parvum—ex falso, falsum—ex magno, magnum—ex Deo, Optimo, Maximo, maximum, optimum, divinum.*

THE GLEN OF THE ENTERKIN.

This is a representation by Mr. Harvey of a deep, upland valley; its truthfulness is so absolute, that the geologist could tell from it what formation was under that grass. The store-farmer could say how many sheep it could feed, and what breed those are which are busy nibbling on that sunny slope. The

botanist could tell not only that that is a fern, but that it is the *Aspidium filix-mas;* and the naturalist knows that that water-wagtail on that stone is the *Motacilla Yarellii.* To all this, the painter has added his own thoughts and feelings when he saw and when he painted this consummate picture. It is his idea of the place, and, like all realized ideals, it has first crept into his study of imagination, before it comes into the eye and prospect of his soul or of ours. We feel the spirit of the place, its gentleness, its unspeakable seclusion. The one shepherd with his dog far up on the hillside, grey and steadfast, as any stone, adding the element of human solitude, which intensifies the rest. It were worth one's while to go alone to that glen to feel its beauty, and to know something of what is meant by the "sleep that is among the lonely hills," and to feel, moreover, how much more beautiful, how much more full of life the picture is than the reality, unless indeed we have the seeing eye, the understanding heart, and then we may make a picture to ourselves.

BEAUTY, ABSOLUTE AND RELATIVE.

We are not now going to try our 'prentice hand upon a new theory of Beauty, after so

many masters have failed; but we cannot help thinking that the dispute would be at an end if it were but allowed at once, that there are two kinds of beauty, that there is a material and necessary element of beauty, and another which is contingent and relative—a natural and a spiritual delightfulness to and through the eye; and that sometimes we see both together, as in the face and eyes of a beautiful and beloved woman; and moreover, that there is no more reason for denying either the sense or the emotion of beauty, because everybody does not agree about the kind or measure of either of these qualities in all objects, than there is for affirming that there is no such thing as veracity or natural affection, because the Spartans commended lying, and the Cretians practised it, or the New Zealanders the eating of one's grandmother. Why should the eye, the noblest, the amplest, the most informing of all our senses, be deprived of its own special delight? The light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eye to behold the sun; and why, when the ear has sound for informing, and music for delight —when there is smell and odour, taste and flavour, and even the touch has its sense of pleasant smoothness and softness—why should there not be in the eye a pleasure born and dying with

the sights it sees? it is like the infinite loving-kindness of Him who made the trees of the garden pleasant to the eye as well as good for food. We say nothing here of Relative or Associative Beauty,—this has never been doubted either in its essence or its value. It is as much larger in its range, as much nobler in its meaning and uses, as the heavens are higher than the earth, or as the soul transcends the body. This, too, gives back to material beauty more than it received: it was after man was made, that God saw, and, behold, everything was very good.

Our readers may perhaps think we make too much of imagination as an essential element—as *the* essential element—in Art. With our views of its function and its pervading influence in all the ideal arts, we can give it no other place. A man can no more be a poet or painter in the spiritual and only true sense without imagination, than an animal can be a bird without wings; and as, other things being equal, that bird can be longest on the wing and has the greatest range of flight which has the strongest pinions, so that painter is likely to have the farthest and keenest vision of all that is within the scope of his art, and the surest and most ample faculty of making known to others what he himself has seen, whose imagination is at once the most strong and quick.

At the same time, if it be true that the body without the spirit is dead, so it is equally true that the spirit without the body is vain, ineffectual, fruitless. Imagination alone can no more make a painter or a poet than wings can constitute a bird. Each must have a body. Unfortunately, in painting we have more than enough of body without spirit. Correct drawing, wonderful imitative powers, cleverness, adaptiveness, great facility and dexterity of hand, much largeness of *quotation*, and many material and mechanical qualities, all go to form an amusing, and, it may be, useful spectacle, but not a true picture. We have also, but not so often, the reverse of all this,—the vision without the faculty, the soul without the body, great thoughts without the power to embody them in intelligible forms. He, and he alone, is a great painter, and an heir of time, who combines both. He must have observation,—humble, loving, unerring, unwearied; this is the material out of which a painter, like a poet, feeds his genius, and "makes grow his wings." There must be perception and conception, both vigorous, quick and *true:* you must have these two primary qualities, the one first, the other last, in every great painter. Give him good sense and a good memory, it will be all the better for him and

for us. As for principles of drawing and perspective, they are not essential. A man who paints according to a principle is sure to paint ill; he may apply his principles after his work is done, if he has a philosophic as well as an ideal turn.

"OH, I'M WAT, WAT!"

The father of the Rev. Mr. Steven of Largs, was the son of a farmer, who lived next farm to Mossgiel. When a boy of eight, he found "Robbie," who was a great friend of his, and of all the children, engaged digging a large trench in a field, Gilbert, his brother, with him. The boy pausing on the edge of the trench, and looking down upon Burns, said "Robbie, what's that ye're doin' ?" "Howkin' a muckle hole, Tammie." "What for ?" "To bury the Deil in, Tammie!" (one can fancy how those eyes would glow.) "A'but, Robbie," said the logical Tammie, "hoo're ye to get him in ?" "Ay," said Burns, "that's it, hoo are we to get Him in !" and went off into shouts of laughter; and every now and then during that summer day shouts would come from that hole, as the idea came over him. If one could only have daguerreotyped his day's fancies !

"OH, I'M WAT, WAT!"

"WHAT is love, Mary?" said Seventeen to Thirteen, who was busy with her English lessons.

"Love! what do you mean, John?"

"I mean, what's love?"

"Love's just love, I suppose."

(Yes, Mary, you are right to keep by the concrete; analysis kills love as well as other things. I once asked a useful-information young lady what her mother was. 'Oh, mamma's a *biped!*' I turned in dismay to her younger sister, and said, What do you say? 'Oh, my mother's just my mother.')

"But what part of speech is it?"

"It's a substantive or a verb." (Young Horne Tooke didn't ask her if it was an active or passive, an irregular or defective verb; an inceptive, as *calesco*, I grow warm, or *dulcesco*, I grow sweet; a frequentative or a desiderative, as *nupturio*, I desire to marry.)

"I think it is a verb," said John, who was deep in other diversions, besides those of Purley;

"and I think it must have been originally *the Perfect of Live*, like thrive throve, strive strove."

"Capital, John!" suddenly growled Uncle Oldbuck, who was supposed to be asleep in his arm-chair by the fireside, and who snubbed and supported the entire household. "It was that originally, and it will be our own faults, children, if it is not that at last, as well as, ay, and more than at first. What does Richardson say, John? read him out." John reads—

LOVE, *v. s.* -LESS. -LY, *ad. av.* -LILY. -LINESS. -ER. -ING. -INGLY. -INGNESS. -ABLE.* -SOME.† ERED.‡

To prefer, to desire, as an object of possession or enjoyment; to delight in, to be pleased or gratified with, to take pleasure or gratification in, delight in.

Love, the *s* is app. emph. to the passion between the sexes.

Lover is, by old writers, app. as *friend*—by male to male.

Love is much used—prefi

**Wiclif.* †*Chaucer.* ‡*Shak.*

Love-locks,—locks (of hair) to set off the beauty; the loveliness.

A. S. *Luf-ian*; D. *Lie-ven*; Ger. *-ben*, amare, diligere. Wach. derives from *lieb*, bonum, because every one desires that which is good: *lieb*, it is more probable, is from *lieb-en*, grateful, and therefore *good*. It may at least admit a conjecture that A. S. *Lufian*, to *love*, has a reason for its application similar to that of L. *Di-ligere* (*legere*, to gather), to take up or out (of a number), to choose, sc. one in preference to another, to prefer; and that it is formed upon A. S. *Hlif-ian*, to lift or take up, to pick up, to select, to prefer. Be- Over- Un-

Uncle impatiently.—"Stuff; 'grateful!' 'pick

up!' stuff! These word-mongers know nothing about it. Live; love; that is it, the perfect of live."[1]

After this, Uncle sent the cousins to their beds. Mary's mother was in hers, never to rise from it again. She was a widow, and Mary was her husband's niece. The house quiet, Uncle sat down in his chair, put his feet on the fender, and watched the dying fire; it had a rich central glow, but no flame, and no smoke, it was flashing up fitfully, and bit by bit falling in. He fell asleep watching it, and when he slept, he dreamed. He was young; he was seventeen; he was prowling about the head of North St. David Street, keeping his eye on a certain door,—we call them common stairs in Scotland. He was waiting for Mr. White's famous English class for girls coming out. Presently out rushed four or five girls, wild and laughing; then came one, bounding like a roe:

> "Such eyes were in her head,
> And so much grace and power!"

[1] They are strange beings, these lexicographers. Richardson, for instance, under the word SNAIL, gives this quotation from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at Several Weapons*,

> "Oh, Master Pompey! how is't, man?
> *Clown*—SNAILS, I'm almost starved with love and cold, and one thing or other."

Any one else knows of course that it is "'s nails"—the contraction of the old oath or interjection—*God's nails*.

She was surrounded by the rest, and away they went laughing, she making them always laugh the more. Seventeen followed at a safe distance, studying her small, firm, downright heel. The girls dropped off one by one, and she was away home by herself, swift and reserved. He, impostor as he was, disappeared through Jamaica Street, to reappear and meet her, walking as if on urgent business, and getting a cordial and careless nod. This beautiful girl of thirteen was afterwards the mother of our Mary, and died in giving her birth. She was Uncle Oldbuck's first and only sweetheart; and here was he, the only help our young Horne Tooke, and his mother and Mary had. Uncle awoke, the fire dead, and the room cold. He found himself repeating Lady John Scott's lines—

"When thou art near me,
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I think, as well I may,
That on this earth there is no one
More blest than I.

But when thou leav'st me,
Doubts and fears arise,
And darkness reigns,
Where all before was light.
The sunshine of my soul
Is in those eyes,
And when they leave me
All the world is night.

But when thou art near me,
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I feel, as well I may,
That on this earth there dwells not one
So blest as I."[1]

Then taking down *Chambers's Scottish Songs*, he read aloud:—

"O I'm wat, wat,
O I'm wat and weary;
Yet fain wad I rise and rin,
If I thocht I would meet my dearie.
Aye waukin', O!
Waukin' aye, and weary;
Sleep, I can get nane
For thinkin' o' my dearie.

Simmer 's a pleasant time,
Flowers o' every colour;
The winter rins ower the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie,
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinkin' o' my dearie.

Lanely nicht comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin';
I think on my true love,
And blear my e'en wi' greetin'.

[1] Can the gifted author of these lines and of their music not be prevailed on to give them and others to the world, as well as to her friends?

Feather beds are saft—
Pentit rooms are bonnie;
But ae kiss o' my dear love
Better 's far than ony.

O for Friday nicht!—
Friday at the gloamin';
O for Friday nicht—
Friday's lang o' comin'!"

This love-song, which Mr. Chambers gives from recitation, is, thinks Uncle to himself, all but perfect; Burns, who in almost every instance, not only adorned, but transformed and purified whatever of the old he touched, breathing into it his own tenderness and strength, fails here, as may be seen in reading his version.

"Oh, spring 's a pleasant time!
Flowers o' every colour—
The sweet bird builds her nest,
And I lang for my lover.
Aye wakin', oh!
Wakin' aye and *wearie;*
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinkin' o' my dearie!

"When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie,
Rest I canna get,
For thinkin' o' my dearie.

Aye wakin', oh!
Wakin' aye and weary;
Come, come, blissful dream,
Bring me to my dearie.

"*Darksome* nicht comes doun—
A' the lave are sleepin';
I think on my kind lad,
And blin' my een wi' greetin'.
Aye wakin', oh!
Wakin' aye and wearie;
Hope is sweet, but ne'er
Sae sweet as my dearie!"

How weak these italics! No one can doubt which of these is the better. The old song is perfect in the procession, and in the simple beauty of its thoughts and words. A ploughman or shepherd—for I hold that it is a man's song—comes in "wat, wat" after a hard day's work among the furrows, or on the hill. The *watness* of wat, wat, is as much wetter than wet as a Scotch mist is more of a mist than an English one; and he is not only wat, wat, but "weary," longing for a dry skin and a warm bed and rest; but no sooner said and felt, than, by the law of contrast, he thinks on "Mysie" or "Ailie," his Genevieve; and then "all thoughts, all passions, all delights," begin to stir him, and "fain wad I rise and rin (what a swiftness beyond run is "rin"!) Love now makes him a poet; the

true imaginative power enters and takes possession of him. By this time his clothes are off, and he is snug in bed; not a wink can he sleep; that "fain" is domineering over him,—and he breaks out into what is as genuine passion and poetry, as anything from Sappho to Tennyson —abrupt, vivid, heedless of syntax. "Simmer's a pleasant time." Would any of our greatest geniuses, being limited to one word, have done better than take "pleasant?" and then the fine vagueness of "time!" "Flowers o' every colour;" he gets a glimpse of "herself a fairer flower," and is off in pursuit. "The water rins ower the heugh" (a steep precipice); flinging itself wildly, passionately over, and so do I long for my true lover. Nothing can be simpler and finer than

> "When I sleep, I dream;
> When I wauk, I'm eerie."

"Lanely nicht;" how much richer and touching than "darksome." "Feather beds are saft;" "paintit rooms are bonnie;" I would infer from this, that his "dearie," his "true love," was a lass up at "the big house"—a dapper Abigail possibly—at Sir William's at the Castle, and then we have the final paroxysm upon Friday nicht—Friday at the gloamin'! O for

Friday nicht!—Friday's lang o' comin'!—it being very likely Thursday before day-break, when this affectionate *ululatus* ended in repose.

Now, is not this rude ditty, made very likely by some clumsy, big-headed Galloway herd, full of the real stuff of love? He does not go off upon her eye-brows, or even her eyes; he does not sit down, and in a genteel way announce that "love in thine eyes for ever sits," etc. etc., or that her feet look out from under her petticoats like little mice: he is far past that; he is not making love, he is in it. This is one and a chief charm of Burns' love-songs, which are certainly of all love-songs except those wild snatches left to us by her who flung herself from the Leucadian rock, the most in earnest, the tenderest, the "most moving delicate and full of life." Burns makes you feel the reality and the depth, the truth of his passion: it is not her eyelashes or her nose, or her dimple, or even

> "A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
> I' the bottom of a cowslip,"

that are "winging the fervour of his love;" not even her soul; it is herself. This concentration and earnestness, this *perfervor* of our Scottish love poetry, seems to me to contrast curiously with the light, trifling philandering of

the English; indeed, as far as I remember, we have almost no love-songs in English, of the same class as this one, or those of Burns. They are mostly either of the genteel, or of the nautical (some of these capital), or of the comic school. Do you know the most perfect, the finest love song in our or in any language; the love being affectionate more than passionate, love in possession not in pursuit?

"Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

"Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen."

The following is Mr. Chambers' account of the origin of this song:—Jessy Lewars had a call one morning from Burns. He offered, if she would play him any tune of which she was

fond, and for which she desired new verses, that he would do his best to gratify her wish. She sat down at the piano, and played over and over the air of an old song, beginning with the words—

"The robin cam' to the wren's nest,
And keekit in, and keekit in:
'O weel's me on your auld pow!
Wad ye be in, wad ye be in?
Ye 'se ne'er get leave to lie without,
And I within, and I within,
As lang's I hae an auld clout,
To row ye in, to row ye in.'"

Uncle now took his candle, and slunk off to bed, slipping up noiselessly that he might not disturb the thin sleep of the sufferer, saying in to himself—"I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;" "If thou wert there, if thou wert there;" and though the morning was at the window, he was up by eight, making breakfast for John and Mary.

Love never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away; but love is of God, and cannot fail.

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